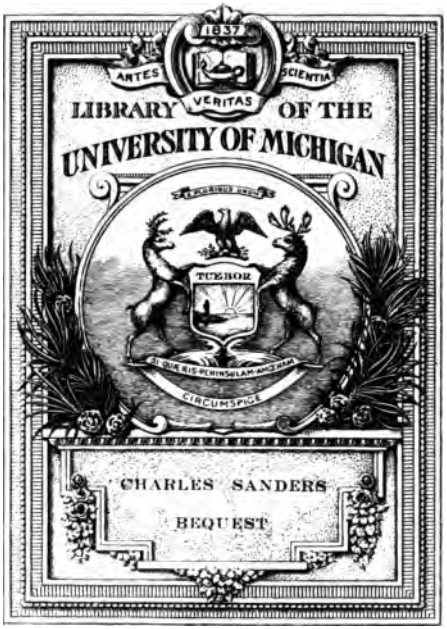

MEMOIRS

OF

T. WILKINSON.

VOL. IV.

MEMOIRS

OF

HIS OWN LIFE,

BY

TATE WILKINSON,

PATENTEE OF THE THEATRES-ROYAL, YORK & HULL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

——IF I HAD HELD MY PEN BUT HALF AS WELL AS I HAVE HELD MY BOTTLE——WHAT A CHARMING HAND I SHOULD HAVE WROTE BY THIS TIME!

VOL. IV.

YORK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

By WILSON, SPENCE, and MAWMAN;

And sold by G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON, Paternoster-Row;

And T. and J. EGERTON, Whitehall, London.

Anno 1790.

MEMOIRS

OF

TATE WILKINSON.

I HAVE been told I could prevent riotous proceedings.—But I must beg leave to observe, that theatrical opinions are so variable, unsettled, and prejudiced, that I fear my reasons will have as little effect as if I were to entreat that all methodists would follow the playhouse, or that methodists could persuade all play attendants to become devotees at the tabernacle.

The good government that prevails in general at Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres is owing to uniformity; decorum begets decorum. Consequently the strict order to be found in the London audiences does not owe its happy preservation entirely to three or four constables in waiting, or to ten or twelve of the King's guards.

Witneſs the great riot on the Chineſe Feſtival at Drury Lane, in ſpite of the ſanction of his Majeſty King George the Second, who was there in perſon.

Another inſtance.—When the French actors were to have performed at the Haymarket theatre, Juſtice Du Veil, attended by conſtables, and reinforced with the King's guards, were defeated by numbers and determined phrenzy; then, truly, might overcame right.

Nay, yearly at Chriſtmas holidays in London, on retroſpection, the plays are indiſtinctly and with difficulty got through.

On an uproar, when Lady Coventry and ſeveral other perſons of quality were obliged to quit the ſtage-box, on account of a ſuppoſed affront given to Miſs Bellamy in Juliet, it was the audience and not any other force compelled thoſe diſturbers to leave the theatre.

In 1754, when Captain Smith of the guards gave offence on the firſt night Mr. Murphy appeared in Jaffier, and only his ſecond character on the ſtage, it was the general voice that would not permit the play to proceed till the cauſe of interruption was removed.

At York formerly, on a Shrove Tueſday, merely from a ſavage cuſtom, the upper gallery was ſo noiſy from numbers, that it could not be conquered but by raiſing the price on that night, and

which has by the experiment in a great meaſure removed the evil.

I beg leave to be here underſtood as ſpeaking of theatres in general; but when the propriety of London is ſingled out, let it be well recollected that *the audiences there preſerve their own reſpect*; for the inſtant the curtain draws up all noiſe ſubſides, and every perſon ſits down; nor will they ſuffer the actors to proceed if a hat remains on a head: but in moſt country theatres, when the performance begins, the vgazers in the galleries ſtand up, and with their hats on; nay hats are too often ſeen on in the pit.

If at London a rioter is vociferous in the gallery, they are from cuſtom and good regulation ſo habituated to order and neceſſary attention, that the offender is by *univerſal* conſent delivered over to the conſtables, who not only conducts the culprit out of the gallery, but if guilty of throwing bottles, &c. on the ſtage, or into the pit or boxes, he is conveyed before a juſtice to be properly puniſhed. A diſturbance there, even of a ſhort duration, ſeldom happens in the pit; for the inſtant of interruption the perſon is removed by force, and turned out with diſgrace and ignominy.

To repeat more as to myſelf concerning the winter at Edinburgh in 1765 would not only be fulſome and impertinent, but is far from being

MEMOIRS

OF

T. WILKINSON.

VOL. IV.

Moore, is mentioned, not only by Mrs. Bellamy, but alſo by Doctor Smollet in his novel of Humphrey Clinker; all praiſed and loved him: and ſurely what every one ſaid muſt be true. I returned from Glaſgow to Newcaſtle, where my old friend Mr. Baker, manager of the York company, was ſtationed at the races at that town. It was their uſual yearly ſervice at that time for the ſummer ſeaſon, till York meeting the latter end of Auguſt.

I acted Cadwalladar on the Saturday in the Newcaſtle race-week, and Major Sturgeon the Monday following.—I had indeed been ſecretly engaged by Mr. Baker for Newcaſtle (where I had never played till that time) before my departure from Glaſgow. I continued at Newcaſtle (to the finiſhing of the ſeaſon in Auguſt) at Mr. Parker's, the Turk's-Head in the Big Market, which houſe Mr. Baker for many years made his conſtant place of reſidence. All went ſmoothly on—we had a good race-week, a good aſſize-week, and ſeveral very good benefits.—Sir Francis Delaval came down that ſummer from the ſouth to his ſeat of Seaton Delaval, built as I have been told under Sir John Vanbrugh's direction:—Mr. David Roſs came there at the ſame time by the invitation of Sir Francis:—Sir John (now Lord) Delaval and his Lady were there; alſo Thomas Delaval, Eſq. the younger brother; (and ſorry am I to add, what

is well known, that when Sir Francis died I loſt a valuable and honourable friend; the younger brother is alſo dead). So that with engagements at Sir Francis Delaval's, many invitations at Newcaſtle, where they are particularly hoſpitable, my time paſſed agreeably and profitably. I ſet myſelf a hard taſk preparatory to my own benefit, which was to finiſh the ſeaſon, by getting up Mr. Macklin's favourite farce of Love A-la-Mode: With patience and aſſiduity it was a poſſible work, and promiſed much credit and caſh:—To tell the truth I had by luck obtained the parts by the following method:—The part of Sir Archy I had to prepare myſelf in; Mr. Garrick ſent it to me at Wincheſter in the year 1760; Squire Groom from my friend Ned Shuter; Mordecai from Mr. Creſwick, who had acted the part at Covent Garden; the lady's part from Mrs. Burden's copy, who played it at the ſame theatre: So I had only to make the Iriſh character of Sir Callaghan, which by the frequency of ſeeing the farce, and the help of the firſt act being printed in a magazine, made it with a little trouble more than half ready to my hands; Sir Theodore, a part from remembrance; the reſt of my own manufacture.

Mr. Macklin, it is true, was juſtifiably angry; but mine, for his credit, was better acted, and

more like his farce than the ſtuff given in every country town with purloined lines only: And Mr. Shylock to me proved himſelf no Jew, but a friend and a good Chriſtian; he forgot and forgave, and occaſionally favoured me with his permiſſion to act the farce of Love A-la-Mode; though he after, jokingly, called me a great rogue. I could not but allow the juſtice of his accuſation; I have often invited him to viſit York; but he was always better pleaſed by my viſiting him, and accepting his cheer, good-will, and kindneſs, than trying the experiment of my Yorkſhire board.

I concluded at Newcaſtle with Love A-la-Mode. As the farce was got up with the care and the auſterity almoſt of Mr. Macklin himſelf, had he been the inſpector, it was received with an univerſal effect, almoſt equal to a London repreſentation, when that piece was in its higheſt eſtimation.——At Newcaſtle it was caſt as follows: Sir Archy, Mr. Wilkinſon; Sir Callaghan, Mr. Frodſham; Squire Groom, Mr. Creſwick, &c. A crowded houſe, and from the flattering reception it was honoured with at that town, and indeed from the compliments I received there at that time, my vanity ſuggeſted I ſhould be a laſting favourite; though I aftewards experienced a con-

vary temper, like the ſaying of friends, who are ſoon hot and as ſoon cold.

The York races (which in the year 1765 were in their great glory) made me imagine Love A-la-Mode would prove of the higheſt conſequence there:—Good old Mr. Baker ſaid, he could not be happy unleſs his adopted ſon Tate Wilkinſon would oblige him by being at York that race-week; and he really treated me as a ſon, with one fault attending a partial father, which was, "All I did was right." Mr. Baker's liberality I had not the leaſt occaſion to doubt; and if without any emolument whatever my ſervices could have pleaſed or ſerved ſo worthy and kind a friend, they were ſincerely at his command.—We came as father and ſon to his houſe at York, where in fact I was the *major domo*; and I ſaid to I by itſelf I, *I* ſhould do great things at the theatre from Love A-la-Mode, which would go down more pleaſantly than my tea which they had not approved; and expected to be applauded as a Garrick, a Foote, and a Macklin, in the different characters: And here, good reader, you will obſerve a leſſon for vanity, and as efficacious and as good a cure as are Spilſbury's drops for the ſcurvy, or Godbold's for a conſumption.—I was ſo aſſured of ſucceſs with Love A-la-Mode, &c. though when in May 1764 I had not thought of ever viſiting York

again, notwithſtanding I had left that city in tolerable favour that trip;—and mark, good reader, that to Love A-la-Mode—thereby hangs a tale and eventful hiſtory.

The Monday in the race week I fixed on Cadwallader in the farce, as a part I was certain the York audience were partial to me in, and judged I was eſtabliſhed in their opinions. (That year, 1765, was the ſecond of the new theatre.) When at rehearſal that noon a meſſage was ſent to me, while on the ſtage, that ſeveral gentlemen deſired to ſpeak with me in Mr. Baker's dining-room; I inſtantly obeyed the ſummons, (firſt deſiring the performers to wait) and in imagination aſſuring myſelf it muſt certainly be a complimentary intended beſpoke play, for my performing in ſome ſhining character the night following. When I made my entrance into the room, in high mirth and glee, where the gentlemen were, and was ſinging aloud———

> York races are juſt now beginning,
> The lads and their laſſes are coming,

after my bow, and on the ſurvey of features not recollecting one individual face there aſſembled, I naturally requeſted to be acquainted with the honour of their commands, as I was at that time buſily engaged with my attention to the rehearſal

of the Author, a farce of Mr. Foote's, which was intended for that very evening; when a young gentleman quickly replied, "Sir, it is that very rehearſal and farce I came to put an immediate ſtop to;" then turning to Mr. Baker, ſaid, "Sir, you need not be informed the York theatre is not licenſed; and if you are not acquainted with another circumſtance, I beg you will underſtand you are guilty of a double offence, by a flagrant breach of law and flying in the face of authority, as the impudent libel called the Author, written by that ſcoundrel Foote, was ſtopped from any future performance ſix years ago, in December 1758, and has not been permitted ſince.——My name, Mr. Wilkinſon, is Aprice, and the character of Cadwallader, you mean to perform, is an affront to the memory of my father (who is now dead): As his ſon, by G—d, I will not ſuffer ſuch inſolence to paſs either unnoticed or unpuniſhed—— therefore if at night you dare attempt or preſume to play that farce, myſelf and friends are determined, one and all, not to leave a bench or ſcene in your theatre; ſo, Mr. Wilkinſon your immediate and determinate anſwer."—I could only reply, refer to Mr. Baker, who was the manager and the proprietor; I was only on an engagement with that gentleman for the race week, and I ſhould be guided by his opi-

nion and direction.——"Well, Mr. Baker," ſaid Mr. Aprice, "we wait your deciſion."—The old gentleman ſpoke thus: "Why look ye, d'ye ſee, gentlemen, if ſo be that is the caſe, why as to the matter of that, Mr. Wilkinſon, d'ye ſee me, muſt not act Cadwallader this evening."——That, Mr. Aprice ſaid, was all he requeſted, and added, that himſelf and friends would all attend the theatre that night, but expected no infringement to be made on the treaty, either by ſecret or offenſive means, to cauſe an oppoſition after the manager's word was given, then wiſhed a good race week, and Aprice and his numerous aſſociation departed.

For ſome minutes Mr. Baker and I ſtood and gazed at each other like Gayleſs and Sharp after Kitty Pry's departure — where one ſays, "O Sharp! Sharp!"—the other anſwers, "O maſter! maſter!"—But when recovered a little from the dilemma, what was to be done? that was the queſtion!—To be or not to be? for I could not advance forward (the Author being a favourite farce) and ſay, "A party of gentlemen would not ſuffer it to be acted, for if it was they threatened a dangerous riot."—Nor could we give out hand-bills and inform the public a performer was dangerouſly ill, who might immediately contradict it and aſſert his being in perfect health: So in

council it was agreed to be naturally ſtupid, ſay nothing, but ſubſtitute the Mayor of Garratt, and proceed with the farce, ſo changed, without any apology whatever.—It certainly was the ſtrangeſt mode that ever was adopted, or that ever was ſuffered without momentous conſequences, attended with ſtrict inquiring and inveſtigation.

The firſt ſcene between Sir Jacob Jollup and Mr. Lint the apothecary, the *aſtoniſhed* audience ſat, each ſtaring in his fellow's face, like Shakſpeare's blackſmith with his hammer up and ſwallowing a tailor's news, and concluded it was ſomething new by Wilkinſon foiſted into the Author; but when I was announced as the Major, and made my entrance, the reader will not be ſurpriſed when informed I was received with an univerſal hiſs.—I took no notice, but went on—The diſapprobation continued, but not ſo virulently as to occaſion a ſtand ſtill; and the reader may be aſſured we loſt no time in getting our work over, but wiſhed for bed-time, and that all were well: for though I owed Heaven a debt, it is clearly evident it was not then due; and I was, like Falſtaff, loath to pay before the day. At laſt the death of that day's life came on, the curtain dropped, and the poor Major Sturgeon ſneaked away with marks of anger following at his heels, and ſlunk to bed to cover himſelf and his diſhonour.

So ended the firſt leſſon of the week, where I expected to have outdone my uſual outdoings; but the greateſt generals have met with diſgraces and misfortunes.

Tueſday I acted the Lyar, which went off wonderfully well; I breathed better than in the morning, and felt once more a little elated. I had fixed on the Apprentice as the entertainment, which the ſummer before had done much for me in London; but unfortunately it happened to be a favourite part of Mr. Frodſham's, (who in truth did not play it well, but quite the contrary) and in that character I failed again, without a ſingle hand to aſſiſt; I laboured through a part which in London I had been much flattered by applauſe in the extreme; my imitations were not known in Yorkſhire, therefore naturally paſſed without the leaſt effect:——The reader will ſmile at the pleaſant week I had promiſed myſelf, but I fed on thin diet, that of hope, which I doubted not would give a brilliant and good ending after the bad beginning.

Wedneſday, for my third performance, I intended Sir John Brute in the Provoked Wife—a favourite part in which I had been honoured with much approbation at Newcaſtle that ſummer.—The farce was the Upholſterer.—And as I had ſtood remarkably well in Dublin, in oppoſition even to that excellent actor Mr. Woodward, repeatedly in the

Tonſor, I judged my ſucceſs could not be doubted; and indeed I was ſo like in voice, dreſs, and manner, it was a moot point which was which; but the cracking of nuts were the only tokens of approbation; and my *nerves* are irritated at the ſound from that hour to the preſent. I was particularly attached to Sir John Brute, and think it was not improper for me as a comedian, as I had paid the ſtricteſt attention to Mr. Garrick in that part, and it might have been termed a lucky performance of mine. I had not ſtudied it from my own ſuggeſtion, but firſt at the particular deſire of Mr. *Johnny Moore* of Glaſgow.

About twelve on the Wedneſday, when I had finiſhed the rehearſal of the Provoked Wife; a deputation of gentlemen were ſent as ambaſſadors from the ladies aſſembled then at Giordani's concert.—York races were then in their high glory. Giordani was at that time under the patronage of Lady Bingley, who had great ſway in that town and county, and was really enthuſiaſtically muſical: ſhe ſettled 200l. a year on him; which annuity he enjoys to this day, and will to the end of his life.

The gentlemen who came from the rooms informed me and Mr. Baker, that Lady Bingley, and all the ladies aſſembled, ſent their compliments; they wiſhed that night to make a point of viſiting the theatre before they went to the rooms, in or-

der to ſhew every encouragement to the manager, but it was with the proviſo that ſo indecent a play as the Provoked Wife (which the ladies could not by any means countenance, and deſired if their protection and patronage was worth conſideration) might be changed to another comedy; but if their requeſt was not complied with, they ſhould not on any account enter the theatre, as they would not by any means think of ſetting out ſo improper a repreſentation.——(Here was another bar againſt my riſe to greatneſs at York, and from that fatal day my favourite part and play was almoſt exploded, and truly to my loſs by its being expunged; for ladies to the boxes I never by any means could get to that well-wrote, entertaining piece, though I confeſs it has its blemiſhes.)—The ladies added, that as to the farce of the Upholſterer being altered it was very immaterial, as very few would continue after the play, but go to the rooms.——More comfort ſtill for unfortunate Wilkinſon!

Well! the command, as it might be termed, from the boxes, was likely and neceſſary to be obeyed, however mortifying it was to me; freſh bills were iſſuedforth with every neceſſary information of the play being altered, at the univerſal deſire of perſons of diſtinction to Love in a Village, in which a lady of inimitable

talents and great muſical abilities performed the part of Roſetta: She is now in a ſuperior rank of life, by being united to a perſon diſtinguiſhable for his indefatigable talents, whoſe underſtanding has greatly added to the advantage of the commercial intereſt of the three kingdoms, and who is univerſally reſpected.—It is almoſt needleſs to add, the gentleman's name is Palmer, Comptroller of the General Poſt-Office. At that time York races were remarkable for attracting the firſt families, not only of that immenſe county, but the kingdom at large; and York was then honoured with as many ladies of the firſt diſtinction as gentlemen.——But O what a falling off is there! O woe is me to have ſeen what I have ſeen, and ſeeing what I ſee.——The houſe was full, the boxes were much crowded; and my only care for the evening was to prepare for the Barber—though moſt of the ladies and gentlemen would not wait to be SHAVED; but to thoſe who did I was not much indebted for the compliment of their attendance, as too ſure I had Pilgarlick's ill luck again; for as to my reſemblance of Woodward it did not occur to one in a hundred, but it ſtruck the fancy of the million that it was a part that appertained to their favourite Robertſon, their darling, (and deſervedly ſo for he was a comedian of true merit). But in regard to my playing

the Barber, it was not that night fortunate for me that I interfered with the Edwin or the Parſons of York ſtage on that occaſion; and my dreſſing like Woodward, I was afterwards informed, was in every article of it contrary to the dreſs of Mr. Robertſon; and as they pinned their faith upon his ſleeve, why he was right, and I was judged wrong in every particular; therefore abſurd and aſſuming in Wilkinſon to attempt Mr. Robertſon's part of the Barber; he would ſpoil it, and was impudent, ignorant, and deſerved chaſtiſement, and I quitted the ſtage the third night with an univerſal hiſs and general marks of diſapprobation:—It was to me a week of perplexity and woe! not pleaſure, to ſo great a man as *I* had fancied myſelf.

The next day I accidentally ſtepped into a milliner's ſhop, where a little elderly lady ſat knitting in the corner, and without once looking at me on my entrance (or if ſhe had ſhe would *not* have known me) ſaid, "Well, I am ſure, Nanny, you never ſhall perſuade me to go to the play again to ſee that hunch-backed Barber: Give me the Mourning Bride, and Mr. Frodſham, and then there is ſome ſenſe in it: But for that man, that Wilkinſon, as you call him, from London, pray let him go back and ſtay there, for he is the ugliеſt man I ever ſaw in my life; and ſo thought Jenny, I

am ſure if he was worth his weight in gold he ſhould never marry a daughter of mine."—— Miſs Prieſtley, who knew me, looked confounded, and ſaid, "My dear aunt, you would alter the ſevere opinion you are delivering to Nanny if you were to ſee Mr. Wilkinſon in ſome of his principal characters; therefore, dear aunt Doughty, go ſome other night, and that gentleman will make a convert of you."—"No, that he never will," replied the old lady haſtily, "for I ſhall never bear the ſight of him again." I turned round to her, and ſaid, "Dear madam, do not be ſo very hard-hearted—try the theatre once more when *I play*, and I will exert my beſt abilities to make you amends and deſerve your better ſentiments."—The old lady ſtared, down dropped the ſpectacles, the knitted garters followed, (which had buſily employed her attention while ſpeaking) and without a ſingle word ſhe took to her heels (which were nimble) and ran away out of the back door into New-ſtreet: I laughed immoderately: but with Miſs Prieſtley the odd circumſtance had not ſuch a whimſical effect: She appeared much hurt, and genteelly apologized for Mrs. Doughty as not being a competent judge of plays, though a worthy woman, which indeed was her true character.

It is ſtrange to mention (requeſting an excuſe for the being tedious on ſo trifling and unentertaining a ſubject) the contrary effect my acting the Barber in the Upholſterer had on the ſame audience at a diſtant period from this unfortunate week in 1765.—Mr. Woodward, late in April 1771, played four nights at York; and on Saturday the 27th fixed for his benefit the part of Razor, and of courſe was applauded and approved. The ſeaſon following I acted the Barber, and was received *as well* as, and pronounced not only like, but equal to, Woodward; which plainly proves the difference of being an eſtabliſhed favourite or the contrary; and let the reader only ruminate how many actors in London, have voices that give a ſhock and ſeem diſcordant to the ear on firſt reception; yet if any one of thoſe performers are bleſſed with ſterling merit, (without which he will never ſucceed) and the tones become cuſtomary to the ears of the audience, the very voice, which at firſt gave diſguſt, from cuſtom will in a few years become not only familiar but even agreeable, and rejoice the good hearers on the firſt diſtinguiſhable ſound, even ſo diſtant as from behind the ſcenes; which little hint will be ſufficient for a certain preparation to give ſhouts of welcome and applauſe, not

only from the gods, but every part of a charmed and a reſounding theatre.

I muſt not forget to mention a very particular circumſtance, which was the cauſe of my having related the foregoing accident, and ſhews how ſtrangely things occur. Know then reader, that in October 1768 (only three years after Mrs. Doughty's unfavourable opinion of me) with that ſaid lady's own conſent I actually was married to her daughter Jane, and have this year, 1790, ſtill the honour and happineſs to call that truly good woman my wife, and the Miſs Prieſtley's I am proud to call my couſins.

Not having finiſhed the career of that memorable race week, I muſt here regiſter that Fortune had not ceaſed plaguing me with my performance of the Barber; for on the night following Mrs. Centlivre's play of the Buſy Body was acted; Marplot, Mr. Frodſham: to which was added my highly-valued tower of ſtrength, my Ville de Paris, called Love A-la-Mode.—Thundering applauſe and ſhouts of expectation had pleaſingly diſturbed my ſleep the night before, with glorious vaſt ideas, ſuch as expecting thanks, and being the topic of admiring converſation, for the *favour* Mr. Wilkinſon had conferred on the town by ſo good and unexpected a feaſt as Mr. Macklin's Love A-la-Mode:—Indeed one material point was gained, for the theatre was crowded in every part.

The York audience then were particularly luke-warm as to applauſe, when compared to any other eſtabliſhed theatre; for Mr. Woodward was ſo hurt the firſt night he acted at his reception, that I was under the neceſſity of calling on all my acquaintance the next day to aſſure them Mr. Woodward was ſo chagrined by their coolneſs as to reception and expreſſing admiration, he could not act ſo well as if on the London, Dublin, or Edinburgh ſtages:—They took the hint, and the next night he acted Bobadil and the Apprentice, and from the different mode was ſo ſurpriſed and elated, that he ſat up till paſt two, after all his fatigue (aged 57) in the higheſt ſpirits. But that ſerenity is now altered, as if the children of another ſoil, and that ſometimes even to the overdoing: More than three plaudits, however their admiration may be raiſed, in my humble opinion, deſtroys their own dignity, and three is full ſufficient for any performer's greedineſs; beyond, enfeebles inſtead of ſtrengthening the intended effect: For though I well know and feel that true applauſe is the life and ſoul that gives vigour to the player, and equal pleaſure to the auditors, and is the cordial of all cordials, the true dramatic elixir, yet when too often repeated from miſtaken zeal it becomes faint, and the in-

tended compliment ſinks into a joke, and is rather a ſarcaſtic than an honoured intention to a cool, tho' highly entertained, obſerver. A man may be wondered at for his ſwiftneſs in running a mile, which may occaſion his trying to run two *ſwifter ſtill*, but in the trial his reputation is loſt, and the ſtrict wary eyes become weary with looking on the ſame object ſo long.

But to return to Love A-la-Mode, in which the firſt ſcene being merely introductory, not any applauſe could have been extorted from any audience; ſilence and attention was all that could be required, and that was granted. The ſcene of the Jew (Beau Mordecai) followed next:—Not a ſmile; as I ſtood behind the ſcenes on the very tenter hooks of expectation my vanity attributed that only to the want of a little rouſing and my deſired appearance.—A rat-a-tat at the ſtage door, and now for it ſays I.—When I entered as Sir Archy, ſcarcely a hand!—My heart ſunk ſomewhere—no matter where. I ſaid to myſelf, for comfort, aſſume courage——

> 'Tis not in mortals to command ſucceſs:
> I will do more—I will deſerve it.

I tried and tried, but all in vain; the ſcene dragged, and grew more and more dull: Next came Sir Callaghan, whom I was truly glad to ſee, as

it relieved me from a heavy tedious courtſhip with the lady which did not promiſe much better ſucceſs—any change, I truſted, would be for the better.—They gave applauſe on ſeeing Frodſham, and a few ſimpering ſmiles gave me a cheerer, and I judged all would befor the better. But when I as Sir Archy, and he as Sir Callaghan were left to ourſelves in the quarrelling ſcene, which is truly well executed by the author, and very entertaining, inſtead of peals of laughter, which I had aſſured myſelf would follow, and to my ſpeeches in particular, the full aſſemblage before us ſeemed as if by magnetiſm charmed into an evening's nap—all was huſh—they appeared perfectly willing to grant leave for our departure—we ended the act, but not with any honours to grace the remembrance—and indeed by the turn of faces in the boxes, and almoſt in every other part, it was very perceptible the actors or the piece were by no means approved. It was plain by its effect how dull it appeared to them; and the cool treatment I met with was ſufficiently grating, to prevent a poſſibility of my being good company—a ſtriking inſtance how much depends upon a firſt night's reception—for had they by general conſent wiſhed to have been pleaſed, laughed, and applauded, we ſhould have acted better, and they would have reliſhed and approved; but they were chilled

and diſappointed from having expected too much, felt chagrined, and were ſlow as to giving the leaſt encouragement; and it might truly be termed not Love A-la-Mode that night, but the farce of Croſs Purpoſes. I for my own part, as an actor, never felt ſo ſevere a diſappointment, and wiſhed for the week over, as I could then take my leave of York for ever.

While the muſic was playing, preparatory to the ſecond act, Frodſham flew eagerly to get relief from his fatal and falſe friend, the brandy bottle. I was not quite ſo raſh, but was contented with ſending for a bottle of Madeira, of which I took large and eager libations.———

If thus a man can die
Much bolder with brandy.
So I drink off this bumper, and now I can ſtand the teſt,
And my comrades ſhall ſee that I die as brave as the beſt.

Thus armed (after a tedious muſic) by the inſpiration of the invincible ſpirit of wine, I felt bold, and ſallied forth once more to take the field. I had to Frodſham confeſſed myſelf diſappointed and hurt, however ſubmiſſive reſignation to the decrees of the Fates was indiſpenſable; and as an honeſt witneſs on a trial often gives weight to the jury, ſo did I reſt hopes on my Squire Groom's ſet-

ting all matters right; and I predicted, that when the curtain dropped I ſhould be envious of his receiving all the honours and praiſes that would, from the part being ſo applicable to the week, inſure good fortune. When Squire Groom made his *entrée* in his new dreſs and *aw* his potificalibus, exactly as Mr. King had accoutred himſelf at London when he acted that part; why even there my hopes were fruſtrated, for his being dreſſed as a gentleman who had been riding his own match, gave offence inſtead of being pleaſing to the gentlemen of the turf; it was ſneered at as impertinently taking too great a liberty in the race week to have any freedom of character, or even to be permitted to paſs, at a time when the whole dependence of the theatre reſted on the reſort of company that attended York races.——Squire Groom's ſcene was permitted to get through with difficulty—at the end of which, apparent diſguſt and wearineſs leſſened the audience every minute, and then vaniſhed all my pleaſing proſpect of profit and applauſe from my fancied treaſure in poſſeſſing the celebrated farce of Love A-la-Mode; and as the people from all parts haſtily retired, we were equally quick in bringing about the cataſtrophe, and were not under much terror or apprehenſion for the concluſion, as none were left except a few harmleſs gazers, that nei-

ther cared for the audience, the farce, nor the actors, but found themſelves in the theatre they ſcarce knew how, and as peaceably departed they hardly knew why. Now let me ſpeak in my own defence as to my merit in acting the part of Sir Archy: Firſt, In the Scotch dialect I was very happy, having naturally a nice ear, and alſo repeated opportunities of improvement by having reſided two winters in Scotland.—In that point I certainly had the advantage even of Mr. Macklin, yet not too Scotch for an Engliſh audience (for that may be poſſible), as an actor may pronounce Scotch too well for a London audience, and yet that would be exactly right at Edinburgh. I could ſpeak Sir Archy without fear at Covent Garden theatre, but would not by any means attempt a Scotch character at Edinburgh, though I have been much honoured by their partiality; but at Newcaſtle, one hundred miles ſouth of Edinburgh, I was accounted a good actor, as to the dialect, and would have ſeemed ſtill better at York, and ſuperior to York again if I acted the part in London; as the purity of the language is naturally leſs underſtood the more diſtant from the country, than in or on the borders of Scotland; and the performers in London, not acquainted with Yorkſhire, ſubſtitute the Wiltſhire dialect inſtead of the northern, which is

quite oppoſite: but to the London galleries the ſubſtitute anſwers full as well; as, *iſe zure*, &c. fulfils every idea of a Cockney's common comprehenſion. As to my playing the character, I was perfect to a letter, and knew every other part, and had fully comprehended and executed Sir Archy in Mr. Macklin's manner—to do which I was competent: So the fault I may ſay, as to its being ſo unfavourably received, did not originate entirely from bad acting; in ſhort, it was no more than a chain of ill-luck that at one time or another, in a greater or leſs degree, pervades nearly all, who in the catalogue of life's calendar paſs for men; and I may venture to aſſert, without offence, that the public every where at times is a tickliſh and dangerous dependence, and there is no ſtanding on ſuch reliance with firmneſs, as the ſoil is but a ſandy foundation at the beſt.

I have ſeen Mr. Moſſop, when in Dublin, have a crowded houſe, with his name the only one thought of in the whole play-bill; yet by the public being there glutted with too many good performers, and from the frequency of feaſting at the temple of Parnaſſus, they grew ſurfeited; and after that, Mr. Moſſop, aided by Mrs. Fitzhenry, and the well-known and admired Miſs Catly, with an additional band, all combined, have performed to 5l.

Before I had acted the farce of Love A-la-Mode at York, I assured myself it would be called for, and draw great houses on the Friday and Saturday following; but the theatrical atmosphere continued dark, gloomy, and tempestuous, and I, after the storm was over, retired to bed, where I sulked most part of the following day.—I begged to be excused from any duty on the Friday: The Maid of the Mill was acted by Mrs. Mahon to a full house; Mr. Robertson performed the Mock Doctor, and I had not seen the audience so truly entertained in the course of the week.

The Saturday we concluded with the Wonder: Felix, Mr. Frodsham; to which I tacked the Minor, which was well received, and there I got much credit, as well as in the Lyar, that week; and though I loved applause (for who does not), the medicine came too late.—I made my bow, the curtain dropped, and, as I judged, for positively the last time with Tate Wilkinson as a performer on that stage.—But, ah me! our resolutions too much resemble April weather, and are a mere shadowy mixture of sunshine, clouds, and showers, and what we do determine oft we break. *And so and so* (as foolish Becky says) there ended my York race-week 1765, but not without a scourge for my vanity.—I inwardly said (and solemnly) "Farewell, Old York, on

thee I turn my back, *there is a world elſewhere.*" I might truly ſay I had undergone a ſevere penance, although I had not lacked plenty of the good things of this world.

The York company ſet off on the Monday for Beverley, its uſual place of reſidence at that time, for four or five weeks before the Hull ſeaſon.—Mr. Baker (as he was fully convinced I had no temptation to allure me again into Yorkſhire) behaved moſt liberally for my trouble during the race-week, and he wiſhed, as I was in the country, that I would try a ſhort ſeaſon at Hull, which he augured would anſwer mutually for our advantage, and be much more profitable than at any other time, if I made a journey on purpoſe for Hull only.—Mr. Baker's arguments were feaſible: Hull was a new ſpot, and I yielded to the temptation, and liked it better, as that place had the charms of inticing novelty to allure me.

We will here imagine the York company ſolacing themſelves at pleaſant Beverley, and myſelf idle, ſulky, and full of chagrin at York, ruminating on the late diſappointments, with all my vain glories tarniſhed, and fancied laurels withered.

Having deſcanted ſo long on theatrical ſubjects, I apprehend that many perſons in Yorkſhire, whether the old who have ſeen Mr. Frodſham,

or the young who have heard much of that gentleman, will be pleaſed with a deſcription of him, I have therefore in this niche placed him; and that the almoſt ſurfeited reader, after patiently poring over ſo much playhouſe matter, may either ſit ſtill and proceed with inſpecting this poor monument, or lay down the book and ſeek a more pleaſing or profitable recreation, I ſhall here give (according to my beſt recollection) a conciſe ſketch of the once much-talked-of, and the now almoſt forgotten Frodſham, who was thirty years ago termed the York Garrick.

The abilities of that performer were unqueſtionable:—He was naturally a good actor in ſpite of himſelf; for tho' London improves and matures, and is the moſt enviable theatrical ſituation, yet genius will be found in every rank, ſoil, and ſtation. Mr. Frodſham had a quick genius, aided by a liberal education: He was ſon of an ancient family in Cheſhire, of the town of Frodſham, ten miles from Cheſter, being the half way between Wigan and Cheſter:—But his mind, his underſtanding, and ſuperabundant good qualities, were all warped and undermined by nocturnal habits; which failings unfortunately were ſupplied by refreſhing pulls at the brandy-bottle in the morning, to take off all qualms from the ſtomach, till the certain conſequence enſued of be-

ing enfeebled, diſordered, mad, dropſical, and dead at the age of thiry-five.—With proper cultivation he would have been a good ſubſtitute for Barry—I do not ſay that would have done in his latter ſtate, but it would have been the caſe had he encountered London ſome years before he fell into ſuch poiſonous conduct to himſelf; and then he was the idol, which the remembrance of was the ſupport of his fame on his latter years' performance. — He was awkward merely from the want of modelling, and worſe, by being told, from his drunken inferiors, off the ſtage, that all he did was right: But had he been caught at a proper time, while wild, by ſuch a man as Mr. Garrick, and that Mr. G. would have really taken pains with him, the York hero would have done honour to London. In my experience and beſt obſervation his Hamlet (and Jaffier ſtill better) with all his eccentricity, I never ſaw equalled but by Mr. Garrick and Mr. Barry at that time; (and of that period I am ſpeaking, not of the preſent day;) though Mr. Kembel's judgment may challenge what I ſay; as, beſides *his* various excellencies in that character, where the play is performed in the third act, the execution is not only ſpirited, and poſſeſſes great feeling and fire, but the manner of conceiving thoſe paſſages, and conveying them to the audi-

ence, is ſuperior by Mr. Kemble to that of any other actor's whatever in my remembrance.—But I am now ſpeaking of an exuberant rude flower of the drama, poſſeſſed of voice, with melody and merit, all conſidered to an eminent degree: He had ſtrong feelings, and tears at will; and had he been a few years under the correction of a London audience, and attentive to his good adviſers, he would in all probability, long before this, have been in his meridian, and at this time a ſetting-ſun. There is a coarſe picture at York in the print-ſhops, of which portrait I cannot ſay the ſame of more expenſive ones; for it not only is very like his perſon, attitude, &c. but is what a picture of real worth ſhould be—it is a ſtrong conveyance without giving elegance, which he by no means ever attained, though his admirers allowed him certainly what he had not; and the ſaid trifling print does not make him *outré* as to awkwardneſs, but it juſt conveys him in Frodſham's manner and mode as an actor. One of the ſtrongeſt likeneſſes I ever was ſurpriſed with was when favoured with a ſight of Mr. Garrick's picture, at full length, in the character of Richard the Third, at Sir Watkin William Wynn's, St. James's-Square:—I turned ſuddenly round, and was actually aſtoniſhed—for there I ſaw my old maſter juſt as I had ſeen him in his life-time.

Mr. Powell of London, who the ſtage had cauſe to lament, is the neareſt aſſimilation I can give of Frodſham. Mr. Powell had the opportunity of ſtrictly obſerving real artiſts, Garrick, and Barry, in all their modes and ſhapes of grief—Inattentive Frodſham unhappily was his own maſter, and a careleſs one; for though he ſet himſelf difficult taſks, he only now and then purſued the trump of fame with ardency or alacrity, but lagged, and never reached the goal, though a very little ſpurring and jockeyſhip would have made him come in firſt, and won many a theatrical plate. The public were ſo infatuated (and indeed he was ſo ſuperior) that he caſt all others at a diſtance in his York ſituation; and the audience too blindly and too partially (for his good) approved all he did beyond compariſon; and when in full pride, before he wilfully ſunk himſelf, I do not think any actor but Garrick would have been liked ſo well; and even Garrick, not without ſome old maids' opinions at a ſecret cabal, where Frodſham would have been voted ſuperior, and under the roſe appointed the man for the ladies: Nor would that deciſion in favour of Frodſham have been from elderly ladies only, as he had often melted the youthful fair ones of the tendereſt moulds, whoſe hearts have been ſuſceptible whenever Frodſham was the lover. It was by no means a fortunate

circumſtance for that young gentleman to be ſo much ſuperior to all the reſt of the York company: No actors of high degree were at that time ever known thoſe boards to tread, nor was he ever more than ten days in London. Thus ſituated at 1l. 1s. per week ſalary, Frodſham had not any opportunity for obſervation or improvement:—no infringement was ſuffered, or change of characters. Nay, ſo tenacious was old Mr. Criſp *, that it was ſome time, I believe, before he could be prevailed upon to reſign Hamlet to Frodſham and act the ghoſt. Criſp kept Richard, Frodſham acted Richmond—Criſp, Sir John Brute, Frodſham merely Colonel Balby. Frodſham, beſides his tragic abilities, acted ſome ſuch parts as Lord Hardy, Young Bevil, Lord Townly, Sir George Airy, ſung very tolerably, and was a very decent Macheath. About thirty-two years ago he obtained a fortnight for holidays, which occaſioned great lamentations at York, for they were certain if Mr. Garrick ſaw Frodſham it would be a woeful day for the York ſtage. He not only was young and vain, but ſelf-opinionated to a ſuperabundant degree. When in London he left a card at Mr. Garrick's houſe, "Mr. Frodſham of York," with the ſame eaſe and facility as if it had

* An old actor at York.

been the firſt gentleman from Yorkſhire. Mr. Garrick judged this card of a *country ſtroller* very eaſy and very extraordinary, and from the ſample wiſhed to ſee the York actor, who had accordingly admittance the enſuing day; and after a ſlight converſation, during which Garrick was aſtoniſhed at the young man's being ſo very free and affable, particularly on any ſubject pertaining to Shakſpeare's plays, &c. and ſtill with a procraſtination that Garrick was not accuſtomed to, or by any means reliſhed a compliance with, he delayed, every minute expecting that Frodſham would preſent his petition to be heard, and receive his *commendation* from Garrick's eye of favour: But this obſequious requeſt not being made, Garrick urged preſent buſineſs, and preſented the York Romeo with an order for the pit, deſiring him that night to favour him with attendance to ſee him perform. Sir John Brute, accompanied with an invitation to breakfaſt the enſuing morning—at the ſame time aſking him, "Pray now, have you ſeen a play ſince your arrival in London?"—"O yes," quickly anſwered Mr. Frodſham, "I ſaw you play Hamlet two nights ago;" to which he added it was his own favourite character.—"Well," ſays Garrick, "pray now, how did you approve, Frodſham? I hope I pleaſed you:" for that night he had judged his performance a

lucky hit.—Frodſham replied, "O yes, certainly, my dear Sir, vaſtly clever in ſeveral paſſages; but I cannot ſo far ſubjoin mine to the public opinion of London, as to ſay, I was equally ſtruck with your whole performance in that part."——I do not conjecture that any actor who ſpoke to Garrick ever ſo amazed him.——Garrick ſtammered and ſaid, "Why—why now, to be ſure now, why I ſuppoſe you in the country—Pray now, Mr. Frodſham, what ſort of a place do you act in at York? Is it in a room, or riding-houſe, occaſionally fitted up?"—"O no, Sir, a theatre upon my honour."—"O ſure, why my Lord Burlington has ſaid that; why will—will you breakfaſt to-morrow, and we will have a trial of ſkill, and Mrs. Garrick ſhall judge between us, ha, ha, ha, now, I ſay.—Good day, Mr. York, for I muſt be at the theatre, ſo now pray remember breakfaſt." Frodſham promiſed he would, and made his exit. And though Garrick himſelf told me the circumſtance, and truly laughed then, yet I am certain at the time he had been greatly piqued, aſtoniſhed, and ſurpriſed at ſo ſtrange a viſit from a country actor; yet wiſhing to ſatisfy his curioſity, had done it for once at the expence of his pride and dignity. The following day arrived the York hero at *Palais Royale* in Southampton-ſtreet, according to appointment—breakfaſt finiſhed with Ma-

dam Garrick as good ſuperintendant, waiting with impatience, and full of various conjectures why the *poor* man from the country did not take courage and proſtrate before the foot of majeſty, humbly requeſting a trial, engagement, &c.; but as Frodſham did not, as expected, break the ice, Garrick did.—"Well, Mr. Frodſham, why now, well, that is, I ſuppoſe you ſaw my Brute laſt night?—Now no compliment, but tell Mrs. Garrick; well now, was it right?—Do you think it would have pleaſed at York? Now ſpeak what you think!"—"O!" ſays Frodſham, "certainly, certainly; and, upon my honour, without compliment, I never was ſo highly delighted and entertained—it was beyond my comprehenſion: But having ſeen you play Hamlet firſt, your Sir John Brute exceeded my belief; for I have been told, Hamlet, Mr. Garrick, is one of your firſt characters; but I muſt ſay, I flatter myſelf I play it almoſt as well; for comedy, my good Sir, is your *forte*.—But your Brute, d—n it, Mr. Garrick, your Brute was excellence itſelf! You ſtood on the ſtage in the drunken ſcene flouriſhing your ſword; you placed yourſelf in an attitude—I am ſure you ſaw me in the pit at the ſame time, and with your eyes you ſeemed to ſay, "Damn it, Frodſham, did you ever ſee any thing like that at York? Could you do that, Frodſham?" (and it

is poſſible that laſt remark was a juſt one.) The latter part of this harangue of Frodſham's poſſibly went not ſo glibly down as the tea at breakfaſt; and the eaſe and familiarity with which it was accompanied and delivered, not only ſurpriſed, but mortified Garrick, who expected adulation and the bended knee———

Where thrift might follow fawning.

Mr. Garrick not only loved, but eagerly ſwallowed flattery with a conjurer's avidity, with, hey! paſs and be gone; and had it daily ſerved up not only by inferiors, equals, and dependents, but by perſons of higher rank: Therefore to hear a country actor ſpeak ſlightly "touching his Lord Hamlet," was too much to bear, and, as Sir Archy ſays, "was vary new." After much affectation of laughter, and ſeemingly approving all Frodſham had uttered—"Well now, hey! for a taſte of your quality—now a ſpeech, Mr. Frodſham, from Hamlet; and, Mrs. Garrick, "bear a wary eye." Frodſham, with the utmoſt compoſure, ſpoke Hamlet's firſt ſoliloquy without any idea of fear or terror, or indeed allowing Garrick, as a tragedian, a better Hamlet, or ſuperior to himſelf, Garrick all the while darting his fiery eyes into the ſoul of Frodſham, a cuſtom of Garrick's to all whom he deemed ſubſervient, as if he meant to

alarm and convey from thoſe eyes an idea of intelligence to the beholder of his own amazing intellects. Garrick certainly poſſeſſed moſt extraordinary powers of eye, as they contained not only the fire and auſterity he meant to convey, but his ſimplicity in Scrub, and archneſs of eye in Don John, was equally excellent and as various:—On Frodſham, the eye of terror had no ſuch effect; for if he had noticed and thought Mr. Garrick's eyes were penetrating, he would inwardly have comforted himſelf his own were equally brilliant, if not ſuperiorly ſo. When Frodſham had finiſhed Hamlet's firſt ſpeech, and without ſtop, *To be or not to be*, &c. Garrick ſaid, "Well, hey now! hey! you have a ſmattering, but you want a little of my forming; and really in ſome paſſages you have acquired tones I do not by any means approve." Frodſham tartly replied, "Tones, Mr. Garrick! to be ſure I have tones, but you are not familiarized to them. I have ſeen you act twice, Hamlet the firſt, and I thought you had odd tones, and Mrs. Cibber ſtrange tones, and they were not quite agreeable to me on the firſt hearing, but I dare ſay I ſhould ſoon be reconciled to them."—"Why now," ſays the much aſtoniſhed wondering Garrick, "nay, now that is—why now really Frodſham, you are a d——d queer fellow—but for a fair and full trial of your genius my ſtage

ſhall be open, and you ſhall act any part you pleaſe; and if you ſucceed we will then talk of terms." "O!" ſays Frodſham, in the ſame flighty flow of ſpirits, "you are miſtaken, my dear Mr. Garrick, if you think I came here to ſolicit an engagement; I am a Roſcius at my own quarters! I came to London purpoſely to ſee a few plays, and looking on myſelf as a man not deſtitute of talents, I judged it a proper compliment to wait on a brother genius: I thought it indiſpenſable to ſee you, and have half an hour's converſation with you—I neither want nor wiſh for an engagement; for I would not abandon or relinquiſh the happineſs I enjoy in Yorkſhire for the firſt terms your great and grand city of London could afford;" and with a negligent wild bow made his exit, and left the gazing Garrick following his ſhade, like Shakſpeare's ghoſt, himſelf ſtanding in an attitude of ſurpriſe, to ruminate and reflect, and to relate this account of the ſtrangeſt mad actor he had ever ſeen, or ever after did ſee. Mr. Garrick told me theſe particulars himſelf, and a narrative much of the ſame purpoſe I had from Mr. Frodſham when I became acquainted with him in Yorkſhire. Mr. Garrick declared he never beheld ſuch a ſtrange mixture of merit and genius, as in that *eccentric* Frodſham; and Frodſham, without any idea of offence, weakly judged that

his fame was equally known with the other great man's; and he was determined ſuch an eſtabliſhed actor as the York idol ſhould not be deemed rude by being in London and not viſiting his brother Hamlet's altar. Frodſham's remarks were rude, and not true, relative to tones; for Mr. Garrick ſpoke Hamlet as naturally and void of particular tones as ever was heard, his voice being remarkably harmonious, ſtrong, and pleaſing, though in his heſitation and repetition, off the ſtage, he threw it into an affected manner, which habit had formed into nature. As to Mrs. Cibber's Ophelia, though I have ſeen many good ones I have not ſeen her like, nor ever expect it, as her ſinging voice, figure, and features, all combined, will never let me bury in oblivion her remembrance.—

> They all wither'd when my poor father died.
> Methinks I ſee her now!
> Where?
> In my mind's eye, Horatio.

But tones, until familiarized, may prevent favourite comedians, till their merit is eſtabliſhed, from having their voice reliſhed and approved. When I firſt heard Mr. Quick his voice did not much pleaſe me: Now I never hear the ſound of it, even from behind the ſcenes, but I am as eager as any other attendant involuntarily to laugh, it

has to me ſo whimſical and very agreeable an effect. With the tragedian this apparent difficulty is not ſo eaſily got over: Ryan's voice was bad to a degree, ſo was Mrs. Woffington's: Ryan, by having merit and worth, was ſanctioned; and Mrs. Woffington, by the aid of beauty and merit, was a great favourite in Jane Shore, Lady Jane Gray, &c. &c.; but theſe are wonderful hazards to encounter.

Before I quit Mr. Frodſham's mode of behaviour at London, I muſt inform the reader, that the ſaid harum-ſcarum young gentleman, unleſs he waited on Johnny Rich of Covent Garden theatre, that manager he feared would arraign him of being deficient in point of good-breeding, otherwiſe he had not the leaſt inclination to beſtow an hour on that gentleman; as he had been informed Mr. Rich's genius was ſuperficial, and ſuppoſing he neither underſtood plays, Greek, nor Latin, but encouraged pantomime only, he held him in the greateſt contempt.—Indeed the applauſe at York he commanded, and received from every alehouſe, had intoxicated his brain as much as the plentiful potations of *York burgundy*, with which, and other pleaſant ſpirited draughts, he too ſoon finiſhed his early days of life and fame: He had by the lower people been ſo loaded with more fancied honours than he could carry, that he had not a ſerious after-reflection or

thought to inform him he had acted wrong in his deportment, manners, and behaviour to Mr. Garrick: He knew Garrick's great fortune, and his own *no fortune at all*, but allowed no profeſſional ſuperiority in talents, &c.; and when he ſpoke to Mr. Garrick, he ſaid, he of courſe ſuppoſed that Mr. Garrick knew he was ſpeaking to as good a gentleman as himſelf, and an actor on much the ſame footing of merit: For the bravos and encouragement he received in his beſt days at York were certainly flattering; and from thoſe cauſes, combined with his own ſelf-opinion, had confirmed to him that he was ſecure of the higheſt opinion from all the nobility of England, becauſe a few ſaw him in a York race-week. With Rich he met with a very different reception from that of the Drury Lane patentee: He found him teaching a young lady to act, with three or four cats about him. After his being ſome time in the room, when announced, Rich viewed him through a very large reading-glaſs, took his ſnuff, and ſaid, "Well, Mr. Frogſmire, I ſuppoſe you are come from York to be taught, and that I ſhould give you an engagement: Did you ever act Richard, Mr. Frogſmire?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Why then you ſhall hear me act," ſays Rich:—when he ſpoke a ſpeech in a moſt ridiculous manner: And on its being concluded, Frodſham pettiſhly told him he

did not visit him nor come from York to be taught nor to hear him act; he came (like Lord Chalkstone) merely for a little conversation, and to view his Elysian fields. But as Mr. Rich loved leisure, and had little curiosity, he replied, that unless *Muster* Frogsmire would with humble attention hear his Richard, he would not hear Mr. Frogsmire at all. Frodsham was preparing to make an exit, while Rich was ruminating and proceeding with———

'Twas an excuse to avoid me!
Alas she keeps no bed!

When he was suddenly interrupted by Mr. Frodsham with, "I wish you good morning!" and so ended unthinking Frodsham's second managerial visit.——He returned to Ebor's plains, and was joyfully received there.——He was not forgot by Garrick, as he often, to his performers, related the story of that *mad York actor*, as he termed him: And Rich, without thinking of any such trifling occurrence, continued teaching young pupils to act, stroked his cats, and the York Roscius was never more by him remembered.

The last night Frodsham, ever spoke on the stage was in October 1768. After playing Lord Townly, and though in apparent great spirits, he died within three days after.——"Ladies and gentlemen,

on Monday evening *Coriolanus:* To which will be added (looking ſeriouſly, and laying his hand on his heart)

What we muſt all come to.

Which expreſſion will ſerve as a pauſe to my imperfections and digreſſions, and afford my reader a leiſure for five minutes reflection.

I will here take it for granted, that the reader has ruminated on giddy Frodſham's exit from the world's ſtage, and once more reſume my diſcourſe to inform the peruſer, that during my few days retirement at Mr. Baker's, after the races, I received the favour of an invitation from Mr. Whitely, director of the Doncaſter theatre, requeſting I would perform a few nights there after the races, as himſelf and troop were to attend that meeting, and continue ſome weeks afterwards. The offer exactly tallied with my plan for convenience, as it filled up the ſpace until I ſhould be wanted at Hull, and alſo would add griſt to my mill. I continued with good Mr. Baker at my houſe (or rather his) at York, till I went to Doncaſter, and he ſtayed with me till then, out of compliment, for he uſually was with the company. I went, and Mr. Whitely gave bills with a long puff of "Walk in and ſee the wonderful great actor he had engaged

from London, Dublin, Edinburgh, &c." I acted there three weeks. Miſs Whitely was the young heroine, a very pretty and handſome young lady; ſhe promiſed well as an actreſs, but thank her ſtars ſhe is much better provided for than being obliged to rely on the ſtage. She married Mr. Goſlin of Stamford, where ſhe is happily ſituated, and is juſt as irreſiſtible a woman now as ſhe was a girl then. During my continuance at Doncaſter I lived entirely with Mr. Stanuel, who at that time kept the Green Dragon, and to whoſe civilities I was greatly indebted and have never forgot; and I am glad of this public opportunity to acknowledge them, and preſent my thanks to him. Mr. Stanuel now moves on a larger ſcale, and in a more exalted ſphere, as he is maſter of an elegant and much improved inn, well known (and genteelly ſupported) under the name of the Red Lion.

My benefit play there was the Merchant of Venice; my Tea, and Duke and no Duke. It was particularly honoured, with not only being very full, but all the genteel families came on that occaſion to our little theatre; and no wonder, for beſides the compliment paid to me, Sir George Cooke's mother (who was much beloved by all the families in Doncaſter and its neighbourhood) did me the honour unaſked to patronize my play. Sir George Cooke lives at Wheatly, near Donca-

ſter: His own lady inherits every virtue and endearing quality, which demands and receives univerſal reſpect, eſteem, and admiration.

I returned back to York, and then poſted next day for Beverley, where my friend Mr. Baker waited for me, and after that ceremony eſcorted me to Hull, which was early in the month of November, 1765.—My firſt appearance was in King Lear. I had every reaſon to be pleaſed, not only from the attention and warm applauſe of the audience, but from the civilities paid me by ſeveral of the leading inhabitants. I ſtudied Zanga; which character was not only there, but after that at *York*, generally looked on as my maſter piece in tragedy; and notwithſtanding the variety of principal performers, it is equally ſpoken of, and flatteringly allowed to be, more than a performance of mediocrity at this day.

As I have mentioned civilities at that time with which I was favoured at Hull, Mr. Melling I am ſure will pardon the liberty I preſume on, when I beg leave to mention his name with that reſpect, eſteem, and gratitude, which from me, and every one who knows him, is truly his due. He is a gentleman whom all muſt revere, and the common enemy of man cannot be ſo deviliſh as to hate, though he cannot but envy. I glory in having an opportunity to expreſs my heart-felt

eſteem—it is juſt to give applauſe where it is deſerved: Indeed I wiſh not to be fulſome with panegyric, for to ſtrangers it is of no uſe; and to thoſe who are ſo happy as to be acquainted with that gentleman it is needleſs, as they well know and muſt feel the truth of my aſſertions: Self-love and vanity muſt partly plead my excuſe with Mr. Melling here, as I wiſh to inform the world, that that worthy good man I boaſt of was my particular friend from the year 1765 to this day: He has ever been anxious and happy to ſerve me.—Though no youngſter, he is eſteemed and revered by the young as well as the old, and has proved to me a ſecond Mr. Chaigneau. If I were to write his epitaph, I would place the following lines of Lord Lyttleton's on his tomb-ſtone, which I hope for years will not be wanted, for the ſake of his friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Dorrington.

No party his benevolence confin'd,
No ſect; alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends (forgive this guſhing tear!
Alas! I feel I am no actor here!)
He lov'd his friends with ſuch a warmth of heart,
So clear of int'reſt, ſo devoid of art,
Such gen'rous freedom, ſuch unſhaken zeal,
No words can ſpeak it, but our hearts may tell
A ſympathiſing love of others bliſs!
Where will you find another's mind like his?

Hull for hoſpitality and plenty of good cheer, with too much welcome, intitles that town, in my opinion, to the appellation of "The Dublin of England."—The many acts of kindneſs I received in that friendly ſeat, occaſions my being oftener in bad health at Hull than at any other place in my yearly round. An odd circumſtance happened at Kingſton which ſeemed to promiſe good luck, but was the cauſe of unfortunate diſaſter: My flattering introduction at that place occaſioned my being introduced to a Colonel Appleton at Beverley; and, ſtrange to relate! that ſeeming honour occaſioned my loſing the little jewel Beverley from the crown of my York imperial diadem.—It was uſual for the comedians, as before related, after the York races to halt at Beverley for a ſhort ſpace. To the ſouthern reader it may not be amiſs to inform ſuch lady or gentleman, that Beverley is not a town of trade, but like York is chiefly ſupported by the genteel private families that reſide there in a continuance: York is thinned as to reſort of company, (public weeks excepted) unleſs the latter part of the winter ſeaſon, near the Lent aſſizes. I cannot boaſt of any permanent intimacies with ſuperior perſons at Beverley, beyond a kind of ſummer friendſhip, that with the leaſt guſt drops off. I loſt that genteel place of reſidence owing to what I will here faithfully

relate; (tho' not ſtrictly according with the time of what occurred near the period I am recording of Hull, as my misfortune happened in 1771, when all my theatres were greatly ſupported.)—At that time my leaſe at Beverley was nearly expired:—I was up to the ears in building a new theatre at Leeds, and in the interim, for experiment, tried Beverley and Hull races while the Leeds manſion was finiſhing; when, to my aſtoniſhment, and every perſon's equal ſurpriſe, I was ordered by Colonel Appleton, then mayor, (notwithſtanding ſtrong application from ladies, and the officers of the Eaſt Riding militia then aſſembled) to march bag and baggage out of the town—an inſult and diſgrace, I believe, never offered to any regular company in this world, and in a place where certainly ſo well eſtabliſhed, and good a company of comedians was a feather of honour rather than the contrary; as from its ſituation they never can have a company of fixed or ſuperior eſtimation.—However, my royalty of patents, with York in one hand, and that of Hull in the other, could not melt nor ſoften an obdurate rock, or prevail with that upright judge to deviate ſo far as to wink at a breach of law by ſuffering a naughty play at Beverley, tho' he had evidently gone nine miles from Beverley to Hull for the purpoſe of ſeeing one, at which time Hull was not a patent theatre.—But as lawleſs as

its neighbour, where he exerciſed his ſupreme authority; the reſult was, I maintained the company for three weeks without their being permitted to act in my own theatre, which of courſe amounted to a conſiderable ſum. Why a gentleman, whom I never to my knowledge offended, but held in reſpectful eſteem, ſhould have uſed me thus oppreſſively, and trampled on a ſufferer, as it exacted from me an enormous expence, bordering on *one hundred pounds*, (perhaps, indeed, had I urged that ſenſitive point, *my money*, ſome feeling might have found paſſage for the ſtrolling plaintiff,) has been from that time to this inexplicable, unleſs the following circumſtance was his grand motive and reaſon for ſuch ungentleman-like, and, indeed, ſuch cruel behaviour, which ſurely can only be accounted for as owing to that ſtrange turn, too often ſeen, felt, and experienced, from a deſpotic and proud diſpoſition.

Two years before, the ſaid Colonel had deſired to have a row in a ſtage box for my benefit at Hull—the places were ſet down, but the Colonel had not, as was, and is the uſage, ſent a ſervant to ſecure them; and it was, and is alſo, the cuſtom, that at the end of the firſt act of a play none can be kept for any rank or degree whatever. The Colonel did not arrive till the ſecond act was performing, conſequently his ſeats were filled up;

and though the ladies and gentlemen in the boxes offered to make him every convenience he would not accept it, but was highly enraged and offended at what in fact was entirely his own fault:—He declared he would not continue a minute longer in the theatre, and departed inſtantly, ſwelling with dignity almoſt even to the burſting, and vowing vengeance on the Wilkinſon—the which he put in execution in the manner I have related—and it has often brought good Shakſpeare's lines as applicable to that powerful magiſtrate———

———————Oh! 'tis excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength! but it is tyrannous
To uſe it like a giant.
———————O, but man! proud man!
Dreſſed in a little brief authority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high Heav'n
As make the angels weep.

If what I have now recorded reſpecting the treatment I undeſervedly received, yet myſelf only to pay the piper, be in the ſlighteſt particle falſe, I will, againſt my own ſelf-partiality, admit he was *perfectly right*; and it will be my real temper and pride to retract and acknowledge error, or any deviation from the ſtricteſt rectitude.

After my ſafe eſcape from Colonel Appleton's magiſterial authority, with my baggage-waggons, &c. to Hull races, without capture, where I was received with welcome, I have looked upon it as a duty for the Beverley reſidents to be here made acquainted with the true motives which compelled me to abandon that ſpot; as I have for ſeveral years been much indebted to the inhabitants of that town, of every degree, for their frequent viſitations to the Hull theatre, particularly on my own benefit night; for let the weather prove ever ſo diſcouraging, there always has been ſeveral perſons of every deſcription on that occaſion.

My benefit at Hull on my *firſt viſit* in December 1765 was flattering to a degree; not a place in the boxes to be purchaſed but with as much difficulty as if Mr. Garrick was to have acted; ſo I may vaunt of "O the days when I was young." My play was The Orphan of China, which had never been acted there: My diſh of Tea, at which there were no qualms, miſconceptions, or abuſe—all went down glibly—The farce was Love A-la-Mode—But the difference of repreſentation, and the opinion of the Hull audience, was ſo indulgent *that night*, as made me feel overpaid for the vexations and miſhaps that attended my performing Sir Archy at York. I made my beſt bow, my beſt ſpeech, and from the front of the houſe to

the performers behind the curtain, there was an inſtance of mutual harmony; and not one amongſt them was more pleaſed than my good genius Mr. Baker, with whom I went accidentally to York, meaning to paſs one week, and bid, in all probability, that place an eternal adieu as an actor.

I had engaged on my own terms with Mr. Ivory, the proprietor, for the whole ſeaſon at Norwich, till the benefits commenced at that town. My quarters were ſecured in the London coach, my baggage all packed, and I was near the eve of my departure from York city that January 1766, being the laſt place of wiſhing to ſtay at, or even to deſign viſiting in future. On the Thurſday ſeveral gentlemen waited on Mr. Baker, hearing I was in York, and informed him that many ladies and gentlemen would eſteem themſelves much indebted to Mr. Wilkinſon's politeneſs if he would aſſiſt the charity for the boys and girls, play on the following Saturday, and favour them ſo far on that night as to oblige them with the farce of Love A-la-Mode, and perform Mr. Macklin's character of Sir Archy Mac Sarcaſm.—Reader, are you not thunder-ſtruck!—but reſt ſatisfied it is no more ſtrange than true. Mr. Baker referred the gentlemen to me, very properly obſerving he had no right to make any requeſt of the kind—the which ceremony they paid me. I was then

traverſing the ſtage as a noon walk—there they repeated their petition. In anſwer I urged the inconvenience, and that my journey, &c. would not permit, my time for being at Norwich being fixed; and in particular mentioned, had that not been ſo urgent, I had a particular averſion ever to think of acting in Love A-la-Mode in future at York, as the treatment I had ſuſtained, during the repreſentation of that excellent farce in the laſt race-week, was ſuch as would deter me from attempting Sir Archy on that ſtage again, and from that performance begged to be excuſed; but added, if my acting any other part either in play or farce, or both, could poſſibly contribute to their entertainment and aſſiſt the charity, my ſervices, ſuch as they were, the public might freely command. Mr. Taſker of York was with the gentlemen, and he immediately replied, that ſeveral leading families were then at York for the winter ſeaſon who were not there in the race-week; and thoſe perſons who were ſo anxious to have Love A-la-Mode had ſeen it often acted in London; that it could not be denied but a ſtrange miſconception had prevailed the night it had been preſented in the race-week; but the ladies, one and all, who had been at the laſt concert night, aſſured Mr. Wilkinſon they ſhould be highly entertained if he would treat them with Love A-la-Mode. I

began to relax in my ſulkineſs, and with a little more perſuaſion, added to my own good opinion of the piece, and to regain my honour in Sir Archy, complied with their ſolicitations, but told them I expected applauſe, not inſult, which was readily promiſed; it was a debt of honour, and was juſtly paid, as they kept their words even to over-balance with added intereſt; for the whole farce was a continued roar of approbation and laughter.—O reader! how is this jumble of events to be accounted for? as Hamlet ſays, "There is ſomething in this more than natural, if Philoſophy could find it out."—And what is more worthy obſervation, that very farce of Love A-la-Mode, which had four months before grieved my heart in Auguſt, ſhould in cold January not only render back compenſation with exceſs of warm joy, but was actually the ſole cauſe of rendering York many years my agreeable place of reſidence, with a cheerful happy home, as the circumſtance evidences, from January 1766 to this day June 4, 1790, his Majeſty's birth-day.—God bleſs the King, ſend him a long and proſperous reign—and may I live with health and happineſs to repeat my yearly petition.

The narration I have juſt now given fully proves how ſtrange, perplexed, various, and unforeſeen, and how little we can tell what properly ought to

be done for the beſt, or judge of conſequences, in our ſhort uncertain date of human life.

The leading perſons were ſo pleaſed with their entertainment and my acquieſcence, that they called a conſultation the day following the charity-play; at which meeting they mentioned, that the York theatre was in a very declining ſtate, even to the diſgrace of the city:—dirty ſcenes, dirty clothes, all dark and diſmal.—As to the ſcenes being ſo tattered it muſt be granted as inexcuſable, as Mr. Baker was a painter of eminence; his knowledge and taſte in drawing will ever ſpeak for him while one of his remaining prints of York or Lincoln minſter is to be ſeen:—But in defence of lazineſs I muſt mention his advanced age, with two bad ſervants attending him as natural enemies—the gout and the rheumatiſm. The gentlemen urged to Mr. Taſker, that as Mr. Wilkinſon was univerſally acquainted with theatrical matters, and having been in London, here, there, and every where, it would be greatly for the advantage of Mr. Baker, and alſo for the public, if he would make Mr. Wilkinſon ſuch an offer as might render it worth his while, on reflection, to tempt him to fix his reſidence at York; as Mr. Wilkinſon certainly muſt by that time have ſatisfied himſelf with a life of rambling (But in that point they were miſtaken.) Mr. Taſker was deſired to conſider

that propoſal, and wait on Mr. Baker with what they partially termed—*the general opinion of the town*. Mr. Taſker loſt no time, (as he loved buſineſs) but inſtantly waited on Mr. Baker, and informed him of the particulars of thoſe gentlemen's opinions: Mr. Baker, though really attached to me, yet heſitated on that ſudden intelligence, as it ſeemed to threaten a blow on his own conſequence, arbitrary ſway, and love of power, which few have philoſophy ſufficient to adopt and approve: He told Mr. Taſker, that his friend Tate got a great deal of money at various places, and that York theatre could not, by any means, afford to pay Mr. Wilkinſon ſuch a ſufficient compenſation as would induce him to give up his yearly excurſions, and be plagued with the never-ceaſing troubles that daily attend the attempt of guiding a company of comedians, whoſe various tempers, vanities, and ſelf expectations, were to the full as difficult to ſatisfy as the public; and concluded with flatly pronouncing that the matter was impracticable.—Mr. Taſker anſwered him, that it was not impracticable—it might be eaſily accompliſhed;—and without ſome eſſential aſſiſtance at this juncture to the theatre, he told Mr. Baker he muſt be ruined; and Providence had thrown Mr. Wilkinſon there at that time, perhaps for the preſervation of both:—He perſiſted with hinting;

to Mr. Baker, that by having built a new theatre at York from his own pocket, he had run into a debt that would involve him much; "and you ſay," added Mr. Taſker, "that you eſteem Tate Wilkinſon as your ſon, why then, in God's name, make him your adopted heir, and act as his father:—you have neither children nor relations, make Wilkinſon ſurvivor to all your theatrical property—let your dwelling-houſe be his home—give his benefits at York, Hull, and Newcaſtle, clear from all charges—appoint him a competent ſalary—and as Mr. Wilkinſon has accumulated ſome few hundreds, borrow ſuch ſums on bond—allow him intereſt for his money, and your property being aſſigned to him will be more than a ſufficient ſecurity."——The money (which Baker wanted) had with him the greateſt weight in the argument, as it generally has with all the human race. He told Mr. Taſker that he had a ſincere regard for the young gentleman; and after a ſhort ſilence, and ſighing woefully, he ſaid, if Mr. Taſker would make ſuch a propoſal to Mr. Wilkinſon, he would agree to it, and hoped it would be for the comfort and happineſs of both, declaring, had he poſſeſſed a fortune, he could not have bequeathed it to any one with more ſatisfaction than to his adopted Tate; for he had proved himſelf a good ſon, and he had for that worthy point of character

looked on himſelf as Mr. Wilkinſon's parental guardian from the time of his mother's death.—The dialogue thus finiſhed, Mr. Taſker called on me to walk half an hour in the Minſter, and ſoon broached, related, and explained all the particulars juſt now inſerted. The being exalted to the rank of general, that is, being created a manager, ſtruck my bewildered fancy, and I glowed at the idea—it was impoſſible for me to conceal the eagerneſs with which I embraced the offer———

> And ſo I dreamt of *riches, honour, pow'r*——
> *'Twas* but a dream tho', and that dream is o'er.

Certainly at that time I walked in my ſleep, and it was long before I waked; for my imagination was crowded with an end to my cares, (little ſuppoſing they were then only beginning) and my uncontroulable lordly will, and my ſelf-ſufficiency, prevented any apprehenſions from thoſe rocks where other managers had ſplit, been involved, and ſhipwrecked; for my wiſdom and experience, I to myſelf pronounced, would guide the veſſel ſafely into haven well laden with honours.

Writings were quickly drawn, ſigned, and ſealed:—I lent Mr Baker all my money—firſt one thouſand, and at different times after four hundred pounds more: Thus I ſuddenly became monarch over a ſet of people that never had been ac-

cuſtomed to reſtraint, but to be their own maſters and their manager's directors: They approved not of being under monarchial ſway, but were of levelling principles. Many improvements in point of management I framed to be put into immediate execution, ſuch as regarded regulation, alteration, new diſcipline, with many neceſſary *et ceteras*, which like battles are eaſily planned and executed over a cheerful table chit-chat converſation, but a very different and difficult undertaking when to be put into actual execution: Every geographer can adviſe, direct, and find fault: It is eaſy to traverſe the world by quickly turning round its globe, but it would require more than the geographer's lifetime to explore the extent in reality. As——

> One minute gives invention to deſtroy,
> What to rebuild whole ages would employ.

In ſhort every table that allows of players being a ſubject for converſation, there each Mr. and Mrs. Problem, and Maſter and Miſs Quickſight, can engage, diſcharge, and ſettle the whole windings of a theatre, remove all difficulties, and point out each proper arrangement and alteration with the utmoſt facility.

My firſt debut, as regent, was in January 1766, Coriolanus, for Mr. Robertſon's benefit. My gradual attempts at reformation coſt me more pains,

and met with much more obſtinate oppoſition from the performers than the public. I ſhall not enter upon the various adventures that have happened in the long courſe of almoſt twenty-five years, yet as I have included my entrance as commander in chief, I muſt deſcribe one ſevere edict in force when I aſſumed the regency reins, though not altogether unnoticed in the foregoing part of this hiſtory, as I recollect having hinted at ſomething like it when ſpeaking of the Norwich company—I mean the cuſtom of the man and his wife returning thanks on the ſtage—and what was truly dreadful, the draggle-tailed Andromache in froſt, rain, hail, and ſnow, delivering her benefit playbills from door to door, "where piercing winds blew ſharp, and the chill rain dropped from ſome penthouſe on her wretched head:" But uſe had in ſome meaſure rendered it familiar—and no wonder if Hector's widow, when ſuppliant and in tears, was induced, on ſuch ſolicitations, to accept with thanks a cheering drop. When I mentioned that degrading and painful cuſtom to the company at York, previous to my being manager, they ſeemed to lament the woes they ſuſtained as the laborious cuſtom of their workhouſe duty (for it really was little leſs humbling) and to have heard thoſe complaints a ſtranger would naturally have inquired———

Are all theſe wretches ſlaves?

And the reader (particularly if theatrical) will ſtare with aſtoniſhment when I aver on my word, that when I put the law in force to entirely and decidedly relieve thoſe ladies and gentlemen from the complained of evident hardſhip, it was received by the then York company of 1766 with marks of diſguſt, and a conſpired combination againſt me, their chief, in conſequence enſued :—Such is the force of habit, and the uſe of complying with deſpicable meanneſs, rather than run the hazard of loſing a trifle :—So how could I make thoſe free that were by nature ſlaves? Their pleas were, that the *quality would not come* (a phraſe conſtantly uſed in country towns by the lower people); that the town inhabitants would be *much enraged*, and that Mr. Wilkinſon was not ſubjected to ſuch ſupercilious duty; beſides it was apparently to the advantage of the theatre; and as the manager ſhared the receipts on benefit nights, he had no cauſe to complain or be diſſatisfied; he reaped the advantages, and the performers only had the difficulties to encounter. Thoſe arguments I treated as futile, weak, abſurd, and not to the purpoſe.—I gave my anſwer as a determined one: Firſt, I obſerved the diſcredit they appeared in when compared with the performers in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Bath, and every

other theatre under regular and gentleman-like eſtabliſhment; and what weighed in my opinion even more materially was, that I was confirmed in my own judgment that not any performer of the leaſt diſtinguiſhed reputation, gentleman or lady, would ever profeſſionally viſit the York or Hull theatres where ſuch deſpicable compliance was to be exacted, or, in conſequence of not obeying, run the hazard of forfeiting their claim to favour and patronage from the public at large, and be termed impertinent, proud, affected and impudent: Therefore I, againſt all remonſtrances *(or fear of public alehouſe abuſe, which moſt managers have the happineſs of undergoing)* not only made, enacted, and confirmed as a law, that the manner of returning thanks, and parading the ſtreets with play-bills, ſhould be utterly aboliſhed, and that the modes of the reſpectable theatres, as far as practicable, ſhould be introduced and put into practice.

Good God! what a ſight! to actually behold Mr. Frodſham, bred as a gentleman, with fine natural talents, and eſteemed in York as a Garrick, the Hamlet of the age, running after, or ſtopping a gentleman on horſeback to deliver his benefit bill, and beg half a crown, (then the price of the boxes.) During Mr. Baker's life I never had authority ſufficient to prevent the performers from conſtantly attending the aſſembly-rooms and pre-

ſenting their petitions; but when I was exalted from regent to the being ſole monarch, for the credit of York city and myſelf, I was *then* obeyed; though in all ſtates there will be now and then refractory black-hearted rebels ſtart up, whoſe ſouls are truly malignant and not to be controuled, but in the end ſuch people make themſelves ſo hated and deſpiſed, that in conſequence of their bad tongues, and their own actions giving the lie to their fawning and diſſembled goodneſs, their ſervices are ſhunned every where, and they fall into the net they deſigned for others.

A year before Mr. Baker's death I expended no leſs than 500l. by obtaining an act of parliament in my own name for two royal patents, for twenty-one years, for York and Hull theatres; which the parliament and his Majeſty honoured me with granting: and about ſeven years ſince his Majeſty again honoured me with renewed patents; for which, to my gracious ſovereign, and to the high aſſembled Lords and Commons, I humbly, dutifully, and with the trueſt gratitude, ſubmiſſively hope they will honour me by their acceptance of my ſincere thanks and acknowledgments. By that grant it is a ſecurity for the ſums I have expended, beſides being dubbed *eſquire*, and my troop being relieved from the ſubterfuge of acting

under a concert of muſic, and preſenting a play *gratis*.

If theſe Memoirs and Anecdotes obtain the compliment of an hour's perusal, it is as much as I can hope or expect; for an hiſtory of this or any kind I am not equal to treat on, were it no more than that of Jack the Giant Killer; and tear the reſult will prove after all that I am really *a poor poet* in in the full ſenſe of the word, and may add, that no boy was ever ſo weary of his tutor, girl of her bib, nun of doing penance, or old maid of being chaſte, as I am with thirty-four years rolling about in a reſtleſs theatrical hemi phere. Indeed my broken leg, with conſtant confinement and indifierent health, has rendered this work partly a matter of amuſement:—Praiſe I am too humble to expect, or think I by any ways deſerve; and as to abuſe for my attempt in writing, I fear it will be much below criticiſm, but know the mode of the human mind *full* well to expect my being below ill-nature, contempt, or ſcurrility.—If any pen of merit think theſe ſheets worth an attack on my feeble and acknowledged *ignorance*, I will receive the dart as a noble, unexpected, and an honourable extinction of nothing. But I will not, like melancholy Jaques, moral on the time more than to obſerve, I do not at this juncture perceive any extraordinary light or pleaſing proſpect to cheer my walk down

hill, for I am truly weary, lame, and tired with ſervice; though each month certainly preſents the proſpect of this world's leſſening to my view, and the vaſt abyſs more plain and ready to ingulph and ſwallow, where we ſhall all be enveloped, and imperceptibly view new lights for information, by the permiſſion of a Superior Being.——

——————— Men muſt abide
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither.

The reader, I think, cannot, on a ſummary of my whole life collected, pronounce it has been ſolely that of pleaſure.—Thanks to my God for my happy ſtate of temper; for I can declare, that in the whole courſe of my days, in the tedious round of fifty-one years, I have not known nine out of the number to term thoſe of miſery or real grief: And though my life has been checquered by innumerable ſituations, in which I have been whimſically and variouſly placed, conſequently no wonder, if I have often acted right, that I have alſo oftener acted wrong; and, like an eager child, have not only taſted but devoured the ſweets, and now make faces at a few bitters, and wiſh and want to be ſecure of health and happineſs on bond to the end of my days: for Adverſity I do not like to get acquainted with, though at times I fear ſhe will be ſending a card of invitation, and compelling

me to dine with her Willy Nilly, and *perchance* without a clean table-cloth—and that is horrid, *unleſs truly hungry*. But alas!———

> Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
> Not light them for ourſelves: for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
> But to fine iſſues: Nor Nature never lends
> The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
> But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
> Herſelf the glory of a creditor---
> Both thanks and uſe.

In this jumbled work, as to purſuing a York ſtage hiſtory, it would here be wrong; but I will, at a future opportunity, under the title of the *Wandering Patentee* (as chriſtened by Mr. Woodfall) make a collection of ſome *particular occurrences* and *perſonages*, that may divert and direct the ſouthern or northern readers, theatrical or otherwiſe, to underſtand, as to incomes, of every theatrical government; alſo a liſt of ſuch principal London and other performers as I have had the ſatisfaction to introduce to, and grace the York ſtage with, for the credit of myſelf and that city to the preſent time; with the merits of the York performers in rotation. I ſhall alſo mention particulars relative to the Edinburgh theatre, where I had the honour to be manager for one whole ſeaſon and two race weeks, and many other theatri-

cal excurſions and favours from particular perſons. Alſo the Hull, Leeds, Doncaſter, Wakefield, and Pontefract theatres, from the year 1765. I have throughout uſed freedom of ſpeech, without which, if written under mean apprehenſions, many perſons and tranſactions could never have been fairly underſtood; and on the ground of integrity, with honour, truth, and honeſty, I hope and truſt I ſhall ever ſtand firm, whether as an elevated or a depreſſed character: When I walk with my memory, I often get a pleaſing hour, by reflecting with gratitude, and bowing with adoration to my God for his peculiar goodneſs, and his ſnatching me from the brink of the grave, when ſunk with poverty and every threatening approach of miſery, and then lifting me up with his own almighty arm, and reſtoring me to inſtant health, accompanied with worthy and benevolent friends, reſpect, and affluence, which prevented at the ſame time the beſt of mothers from ſinking with her grey hairs into the grave with ſorrow, and bleſſing me with the power and the will to give comfort to her latter years and days; and above all am conſoled with my parent's confeſſion to God, that her ſon was the cauſe of that unexpected and uninterrupted happineſs——Here let me ſtop my career, and ſincerely thank my readers, if they have

been enabled by Patience, that ſweet handed maid, to travel ſo far to receive them, and candour and willing memory to recollect the traces of my origin. I will conclude, like Othello, of myſelf, that to the year 1766 I have faithfully ran it o'er, even from my boyiſh days *unto* the very date that I here have told it.

The many favours and friendſhips I have been honoured with for near thirty-four years would make me deſpicable to myſelf, did I not glory in thus acknowledging and pledging aſſurance, that acts of kindneſs and goodneſs will never be forgotten by me. If I have not all I wiſh, pray God make me contented with what I have. I am not too old to learn, neither am I without hopes that madam Fortune will ſurpriſe me when in one of here generous frolics:—I will not forget her if ſhe will not forget me.———

> But 'tis the mind ſhould make the body rich.
> Indeed 'twould be preſumptive
> For me to judge of happineſs and woe.
> Shall ignorance of good and ill
> Dare to direct the Eternal Will?

Surely no!—Therefore will conclude with wiſhing every proſperity to my friends in Great-Britain and Ireland, and particularly to thoſe who are my friends and patrons in my own circuit of

York, Hull, Leeds, Wakefield, Doncaſter, and Pontefract.

I am, with true reſpect, gratitude, and eſteem,

their much honoured, and devoted

humble ſervant to command,

TATE WILKINSON,

Who is (I fear)

ſure to offend, uncertain whom to pleaſe.

York, 1790.

THE

MIRROR;

OR,

ACTOR'S TABLET.

WITH A REVIEW OF

THE OLD AND NEW

THEATRICAL SCHOOLS.

——————————A poor player,
Who frets and ſtruts his life upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more.

THE

MIRROR;

OR,

ACTOR'S TABLET.

We come like ſhadows, ſo depart.

AS in my elbow (though not always my eaſy) chair, I love to prattle and tell old tales, and remember with advantage what feats were done, I muſt here entreat the patience and attention of ſuch young perſons who fix their preſent thoughts on ſtage pageantry, and their views on future greatneſs, wherein they image to their pleaſing warm ideas how far they ſhall ſurpaſs thoſe whom they now look up to and admire; for there are many actors and actreſſes of the preſent age, not yet arrived at mediocrity as profeſſors, yet are advanced in years, and far on their journey to the world's end, who boldly affirm, that were the actors of the old ſchool now in being, they would not pleaſe if they were to dreſs their characters as they did forty or ſixty years ago. There, cer-

tainly, the preſent actors' obſervations would be right, but in point of ſterling acting ſurely in an error.

That there are gentlemen and ladies of infinite merit in moſt ſtage departments I rejoice at, as their emolument is a reward to their merits, as well as for the honour and credit of the profeſſion.

As to dreſs I draw this concluſion, that was Mr. Garrick exiſting, with the vigour and appearance of thirty, yet, if he was to act Ranger now, he certainly wonld not dreſs that agreeable rake as he did forty-three years before this time, but as Mr. Lewis, or any other competent judge does dreſs that character. And as to the acting, I muſt perſiſt, (and there are thouſands living to back my aſſertion) that Mr. Garrick would have been a natural performer one hundred years ago: he was the moſt ſhining, general player I have yet ſeen; and were he to act Ranger an hundred years hence he would be a natural Ranger then, and for a very ſimple rule: (Mr. Macklin was of the old, and is now of the new ſchool, yet I never heard of his deviating from Nature as an inſtructor or an actor)—for Nature ever will be Nature.—Mr. King's and Mr. Yates's excellencies of the old ſchool prove this.—Shakſpeare wrote two

hundred years ago, and could he write in the preſent æra, he could not make the characters better in boldneſs or expreſſion of language than thoſe he wrote before.——I do not impertinently, or like an old ſtager ſay,—Could Mr. Quin and Mr. Ryan act now, they would give the ſame ſatisfaction as they did then.——The reaſon is evident, though they pleaſed the audiences of that age, yet the mode and manner not being natural in many characters, the preſent good diſcriminating taſte that pervades would not reliſh or ſuffer it. Mr. Quin's tragedy was ſtrutting, pompous, languid, tireſome, and wanted ſpirit. But the ſame idea of one hundred years given juſt now as a ſuppoſition for Mr. Garrick's Ranger, would have an equal claim at preſent with Mr. Quin's Falſtaff; for he was much the beſt any living perſon has ſeen, as he had every requiſite from Nature: And though Henderſon had great merit, his Falſtaff was much inferior, as all he did was the effect of ſtudy and art, having neither the perſon, the voice, nor the eye, in particular, for that part;—in each of theſe material points Henderſon was deficient. Now Quin, with a bottle of claret and a full houſe, the inſtant he was on the ſtage was Sir John Falſtaff himſelf. ——

As the well-teaming earth,
With rivers and ſhow'rs,
With ſmiling brings forth
Her fruits and her flow'rs,
So Falſtaff will never decline;
Still fruitful and gay,
He moiſtens his clay,
And his rain and his rivers are wine.
Of the world he has all but its care;
No load, but of fleſh, will he bear;
He laughs off his pack,
Takes a cup of old ſack,
And away with all ſorrow and care.

Quin's Harry the Eighth, Sir John Brute, all the Falſtaffs, Old Bachelor, Volpone, Apemantus, Brutus, Ventidius, Biſhop Gardiner, Clauſe, Gloſter, were all, with ſeveral others, all his own; nor have thoſe characters already mentioned ever truly flouriſhed as when inſpired by him. But out of his particular walk he was ever bordering on the ridiculous:—His Richard was very heavy, laborious, and unnatural, and it was *then* thought ſo; as I recollect reading a liſt of plays in a magazine for the year 1750, where, in the catalogue of tragedies and comedies there inſerted, was the following line:———

King RICHARD, by Quin. *Much hiſſed.*

His Othello, Macbeth, Lear, &c. all as bad: He

played Chamont.——What would our modern beaux think of young Chamont, as I have ſeen Mr. Quin act it at the age of ſixty? He was equipped in a long, griſly, half-powdered perriwig, hanging low down on each ſide the breaſt and down the back, a heavy ſcarlet coat and waiſtcoat trimmed with broad gold lace, black velvet breeches, a black ſilk neckcloth, black ſtockings, a pair of ſquare-toed ſhoes, with an old-faſhioned pair of ſtone buckles;—and the youthful, the fiery Chamont adorned himſelf with a pair of ſtiff high-top'd white gloves, with a broad old ſcollop'd laced hat, which when taken off the head, and having preſſed the old wig, and viewing his fair round belly with fat capon lined, he looked like Sir John Brute in the drunken ſcene.

Mr. Garrick brought to the world's light the ſpirited Chamont; old Ryan was the ſtrong and luſty Polydore, with a red face, and voice truly horrible, which, like Portia, you might quickly have diſtinguiſhed, "he knows me, as the blind man does the cuckoo, by my bad voice." ——Ryan alſo added bad deportment, and was not near ſo well dreſſed as Quin's Chamont, though in much the ſame extraordinary manner; and by them ſtood Mr. Barry in Caſtalio, in a neat bag wig, then of the neweſt faſhion, in his bloom and prime of life; and was cer-

tainly one of the handſomeſt men ever ſeen on or off the ſtage, with Mrs. Cibber, all-elegance and neatneſs by his ſide as Monimia. The ſight of the two ancient heroes of antiquity made ſuch a contraſt in the Quartetto, that it ſtruck even my features at the age of eleven with riſibility. If ſo, what a whimſical feeling of tragi-comedy muſt it have diffuſed on the muſcles of the pit critics, who then decided all diſputes, damnations, &c. which at preſent, to ſave the audience trouble, the morning papers have taken moſt of the grand articles of ſetting up or knocking down into their own cuſtody.

It is incumbent to remember, though Ryan's figure for Phocyas, Frankley, Sir George Airy, &c. would now appear extravagantly ridiculous, yet on the London boards no actor for a courſe of years could have ſtood more eſteemed and reſpectable; and be it obſerved, that in deſpite of all theſe deficiencies of voice, manner, perſon, dreſs, years, &c. his Edgar, mad ſcene of Oreſtes, fourth-act ſcene of Macduff, Ford, Dumont in Jane Shore, nay even Lord Townly, (though very likely performed the ſame week by Mr. Barry, who was in every point moſt excellent in that character) yet he never repeated the laſt ſcene of that part, or the mad ſcenes of Edgar, without evincing ſuch a ſtrong ſenſe and feeling, accom-

panied with judgment, as removed for the time all ſight or ſenſe of his defects and oddities. Mr. Woodward aſſured me, that when Mr. Garrick went with him to ſee Ryan's Richard the Third, meaning to be inwardly merry, that Garrick, on the contrary, was aſtoniſhed at what he ſaw working in the mind of the ungraceful, ſlovenly, and ill-dreſſed figure, which told him more than he before knew, and which cauſed Garrick's bringing to light that unknown excellence as his own, which in Ryan had remained unnoticed and buried.

There are confeſſedly more than five to one actors of merit now to what there were in 1747; for their Cloughs, Vaughans, Dagger Mars, Mozeens, Ackmans, Anderſons, Pagets, Oats's, Redmans, Wignals, &c. &c. would not now (were they living) be permitted to act at the York or Hull theatres, ſo nice are they grown, and there is ſuch decent acting in general throughout the kingdom: Yet we muſt not ſuppoſe Mr. Cibber did not underſtand polite life and good breeding when he wrote the characters of Lord and Lady Townly; they were judged ſo then, and are ſo ſtill—and prove that the author knew full as well what a lady of quality ſhould be as the modern writers do. Indeed our fine ladies at preſent on the ſtage are tri-

fling when compared with Lady Townly, Lady Betty Modiſh, Millamant, Maria (now Charlotte in the Hypocrite), and ſeveral others. As a proof, thoſe old written characters are what every young female faſhionable candidate wiſhes to play; aſk Mrs. Abington and Miſs Farren what characters they chooſe to give the firſt impreſſion in? they will quickly anſwer, Charlotte in the Hypocrite, Shakſpeare's Beatrice, Lady Betty, &c.—Now if Cibber wrote his ladies characters and his fops well, he at that time knew how to play them; but that was, according to the particular mode of his own, which pleaſed: But his manner would not pleaſe *now* I gueſs, becauſe that of another age: His Foppington was a coxcomb of that time, and Sir Fopling Flutter, with Sir Courtley Nice:—Now there are no ſuch characters extant, and therefore Lord Foppington is not ſo pleaſing a repreſentative of quality as he was forty years ago: And I not only think, but venture to affirm, againſt many judgments of ſtage opinions of a modern green-room, that the celebrated Mrs. Oldfield's Lady Townly, &c. would be now pronounced excellent. My imagination leads me to pin faith on this opinion, becauſe my brethren will remark her tragedy did not ſuit with the bombaſtic taſte of thoſe actors who devoted themſelves at the tragic ſhrine; and the true cauſe has been, that

ſhe was more natural than her predeceſſors, and her converſation and manners were univerſally admired as a lady, which muſt have been the reſult of obſervation, and her being admitted on a familiar and reſpectable footing with perſons of the firſt diſtinction, who admired the elegance of the actreſs, and ſaw themſelves in her:—And perſons of true taſte and diſtinction, however the dreſs of the times may differ, will ever be eaſy, affable, attractive, and engaging.—Nay, it can be eaſily explained to young obſervers, almoſt to a certainty; for look back a very few years, and they will find once a year that the *ton* for being ſeen in public, in the month of January, was naked and bare; and another year the neck and boſom all muffled and barricaded, in July and Auguſt: Yet to a Ducheſs of Devonſhire or Rutland, both natives and foreigners bow with admiration, in the ſame manner, whether the behind is ſwelled or diminiſhed; as whatever they do, eaſe and elegance muſt be attendants: therefore the habiliment to ſuch perſons matters very little to a critical obſerver, whether they are ſeen decked ſimply in an Iriſh poplin, or accoutred in all the gaudy plumes of the moſt extravagant change of prevailing Paris faſhions: And if Mrs. Oldfield's dreſs for Lady Townly, or Lady Betty, with Mrs. Abington's or any other fine lady's dreſs, were now put

into a fire, the latter would be conſumed to aſhes that might help a hot-houſe, but I fear not produce intrinſic worth—but the Oldfield's would prove

Like pureſt gold that's tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

The expence for the neceſſary profuſion of ſtage-dreſſes is enormous, but there is nothing real: Taſte may be diſcerned. That this is the period for taſte in dreſs will be readily admitted; but the money expended, and all the true value, reſts in the word *taſte*. I know this myſelf perfectly, by having had, about twenty years ago, an old wardrobe I found in the ruins of my theatrical Herculaneum, and which was of great antiquity, and had appertained to Roman emperors, kings, &c. when not a performer, lady or gentleman of the London theatres, but would have involuntarily laughed at the old broad ſeams of gold and ſilver lace, and have caſt piteous and contemptuous looks on the country performers thus loaded with trumpery: Yet thoſe deſpicable clothes had, at different periods of time, bedecked real lords and dukes, and were bought at much leſs price than now; and would produce, by one day's labour of ſtripping merely the old materials, forty or fifty pounds to provide a ſupper if the ſtomach required. And I can aſſert and prove, that my preſent ward-

robe is far ſuperior to any out of London, without excepting Dublin or Edinburgh, and has been attended with conſiderable expence, far beyond the bounds of prudence or common-ſenſe. It is true, as a purchaſer of the theatre, the wardrobe is of great coſt and value, and would ſhew a play without fear or diſgrace to any audience whatever, as numbers can teſtify; but would not, in a ſtate of bankruptcy, pay INTRINSICALLY, as the old deſpiſed King Lear's ſuit almoſt ſingly would have done; as all now conſiſts of foil, ſpangles, beads, interwoven faſt embroidery, ſilks, ſatins, &c. which ſoon wear: An old petticoat, made for a large hoop of the Ducheſs of Northumberland, thirty years ago, would have ſerved a queen in the theatre ſeveral years, then deſcended to a ducheſs of Suffolk, afterwards made two handſome tragedy ſhapes for an old rich Spaniard, and ten years after that burn and produce money to purchaſe thirty yards of luſtring for a modern ſtage lady. Thirty years ago not a Templar, or decent-dreſſed young man, but wore a rich gold laced hat, and ſcarlet waiſtcoat with a broad gold lace;—as the miſer ſays, "he carried an eſtate upon his back;"—alſo laced frocks for morning dreſs. I have now worn, occaſionally, by comedians (for old characters of wealth) a ſuit of purple cloth, with gold vellum holes, that I frequent-

ly wore when a young man as a fashionable dress, and spoke the prologue to the Author, gave Tea, &c. on the London stage, and after that used it as my common dress to parade the streets at noon: But I must justly coincide with the point of truth, and declare, the characteristic dressing of plays forty years ago was very inferior indeed to what is seen in these riper years, particularly the comedians. At that time, no more than two or three principal characters, (at Covent Garden in particular) were well dressed, and those not with any variety as now. Mrs. Woffington's wardrobe had only the increase of one tragedy-suit, in the course of the season, in addition to the clothes allotted to her, unless she indulged herself; and she had a new suit for Sir Harry Wildair, in which character Mrs. Woffington looked the man of fashion; and Mrs. Jordan sports now in Sir Harry one of the best legs in the kingdom. Sir Joshua Reynolds is a judge of legs, and has, like Paris with his apple, given his decree on that said leg.

But the gentlemen and ladies in modern-dressed tragedies, forty years ago, at Covent Garden theatre, wore the old laced clothes which had done many years service at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, besides having graced the original wearers; and the ladies were in large hoops, and the velvet petticoats, heavily embossed, proved extremely incon-

venient and troubleſome, and always a page behind to hear the lover's ſecrets, and keep the train in graceful decorum. If two princeſſes met on the ſtage, with the frequent ſtage-croſſing, then practiſed, it would now ſeem truly entertaining to behold a page dangling at the tail of each heroine; and I have ſeen a young lady, not of the moſt delicate form, who ſuſtained that office frequently—a Miſs Mullart;—they are now diſmiſſed, as judged unneceſſary and ſuperfluous—but luckily they were pages of honour, and as truly to be depended upon as Edinburgh caddies, as I have never heard of any miſdemeanor brought into court by their impeachment:—Yet theatrical kings and queens, like their brethren mortals, ſometimes have been frail; but they were family ſecrets, and ought not to be mentioned again. I have ſeen Mrs. Woffington, dreſſed in high taſte for Mrs. Phillis, for then all ladies' companions or gentlewomens' gentlewomen, actually appeared in that ſtyle of dreſs; nay, even the comical Clive dreſſed her Chambermaids, Lappet, Lettice, &c. in the ſame manner, authoriſed from what cuſtom had warranted when they were in their younger days; and in my remembrance, not a firſt ſervant maid, or unfortunate female, that uſurped a right of Strand walk, which ſhe termed her own trodden ground, from St. Mary-le-Strand

to Exeter Change, but what ſwaggered in her large banging hoop, to the terror of any young novice who dared uſurp a footing of thoſe territories:—In ſhort, a large hoop was a requiſite and indiſpenſable mode of dreſs. Strict propriety of habiliment not any manager has yet arrived at, even in London; and though it is ſo highly improved theſe laſt twenty years, yet the achievement not even money will ever be able to obtain, that is, while the ſtage is honoured with pretty women, as I ſincerely hope it ever will be;—for common ſenſe, reaſon, perſuaſion, nor intreaty, will ever perſuade handſome women to appear in a farmer's daughter, or a witch, or a ſervant maid, but with the head dreſſed in full faſhion, and the feet deckin ſatin ſhoes; yet I think they would be gainers by trying dear variety: For what will attract more than the ſimple Quaker, or the truly neat chambermaid? and it is not every man that wiſhes for a ducheſs: beſides what an advantage to be ſeen in a gaudy attire one night, and another arrayed in pure ſimplicity, and be viewed with propriety in a green ſtuff gown, &c. and not as Madge in Love in a Village, or Betſy Bloſſom, with a French head, white ſilk ſtockings, and white ſatin ſhoes; by ſuch contradictions Nature is as diſtant from the ſtage now as ſhe was an hundred years ago; and ſtuff

ſhoes and clean cotton ſtockings would look not only as well, but better, by the preſervation of character:—Nay, the plain woman (if ſuch there be) would not be behind hand, as ſhe would, I fear, keep equal pace in abſurdity, and relinquiſh all pretenſions to propriety, by being as fantaſtical as the moſt beautiful young one. And theſe contradictions of dreſs and manner of behaviour are often beheld off the ſtage by chance obſervers, and are very properly introduced and ridiculed on, and receive the rod of correction from the comic Muſe, as proper objects for the poet's ſatire and the public mirth. Not any plays throughout were ever dreſſed as they are now—there the public enjoy a ſplendor indeed ſuperior to their forefathers. Alſo in the magnificence of theatres, the ſcenery and lighting are now beyond compare; but it is evident our grandfathers had an idea of what they did not poſſeſs, as may be proved by the orders for ſcenery in Sir William Davenant's plays, Dryden's Tempeſt, King Arthur, Lee's Conſtantine, Cyrus the Great, &c. &c. Except in Mr. Rich's pantomimes, the public then had ſeldom any ſcenery that proved of advantage, ſo as to allure the eye:——But now frequently we have new ſcenery to almoſt every piece. It was very uncommon formerly for new plays to

have more than what we term ſtock ſcenery:—There is one ſcene at Covent Garden uſed from 1747 to this day in the Fop's Fortune, &c. which has wings and flat, of Spaniſh figures at full length, and two folding doors in the middle:—I never ſee thoſe wings ſlide on but I feel as if ſeeing my very old acquaintance unexpectedly. The advantage of the now eſtabliſhed theatres is another uſeful alteration for theſe times; tho' the Opera Houſe, when firſt finiſhed, muſt have been noble, as we are told by Coiley Cibber it was ſo large they could not be heard till the cieling was lowered and the houſe leſſened. The Little Theatre in the Hay Market, as it was called twenty-ſix years ago, till it was beautified and put into its preſent form by Mr. Foote and Mr. Colman, would *now* cut a very *contemptible figure* in moſt towns of England, and not fit to enter, after ſeeing Bath, Edinburgh, Briſtol, Liverpool, York, and many other theatres. By this progreſs and embelliſhment of regular, handſome, well-ornamented theatres, with good ſcenery, wardrobe, and band, (at York in particular the latter) we may be aſſured that theſe theatres are ſuperior to thoſe wherein Booth, Betterton, and Cibber acted; for though Drury Lane was larger than the moſt of our preſent country theatres, yet forty years ago the audience part

of thoſe London theatres were very crazy, inconvenient, and not pleaſing to the eye: and at preſent the ſtair-caſe to the *upper boxes* at Drury Lane is ſo narrow, that ſhould an alarm of fire happen, the perſons in the two upper tier of boxes would be thrown into ſuch confuſion, ſhould they open at the ſame time the different doors, the paſſage is ſo ſtrait and they would ſo effectually block up each other, that not one ſingle ſoul could eſcape, and their increaſing fears would cauſe the ſituation to be alarming and dreadful to a degree. Indeed Covent Garden is not ſo complete in that department (at leaſt it was not ſo when I ſaw that theatre before the late alterations). The upper boxes at Edinburgh are far preferable to thoſe at London for ſeeing, and indeed, in that reſpect, are better than any theatre I know; and it has an advantage (like Smock-Alley) by the audience part being formed in a well-finiſhed circle. Drury Lane, like London-Bridge, has been much trittered and patched at very great expence; and, after all, the only way to repair will be to pull it down, and erect a new one: —which I underſtand is to be done, and I wiſh for health to ſee it finiſhed. In proper-built convenient theatres, I am told, Paris has within theſe few years taken the lead, though ſome time ago it was greatly inferior: If they are like the plates

which I have of thoſe theatres, they appear very noble and ſpacious, and not ſurrounded by buildings, but good open road for carriages round:—However, as a print is not always to be depended on, I cannot ſay more in praiſe of thoſe ſtructures, but, by what I gueſs, and what I have heard concerning thoſe in Paris; and from the pictures ſent to me from thence by Mr. Maude of York, who judged I ſhould like a peep at thoſe theatres, being at ſuch a diſtance—Veu de Theatre Italien—Veu de Theatre Francois—L'Opéra Proche la Porte Saint Martin.—The Opera Houſe is far ſuperior, particularly the ſtage, as two hundred ſoldiers, I am informed, at times appear thereon in tragic pieces when it is neceſſary. Theſe alterations of theatres in the country I am not clear, on mature deliberation, have been done for the better—ſo much additional finery and ſplendor was not requiſite, as tolerable decent drapery may do very well for a houſe near Temple-Bar, that would look deſpicable in Groſvenor-Square:—Beſides, while thoſe inconveniences remained, the firſt actors and actreſſes would not have deigned to viſit the provincial playhouſes; for even when the theatres were cloſed ſixty years ago, no principal performer ever played, as now, at Liverpool, Birmingham, &c. as we may conclude from Mrs. Centlivre's Prologue to her Buſy Body———

This ſeaſon muſt things bear a ſmiling face,
But play'rs in ſummer have a diſmal caſe,
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.

Thirty years ago Mr. Barry or Mrs. Cibber would not have diſgraced (as they at that time judged) their current London ſtamp for being paid in July in Birmingham coin on any account: Indeed ſuch would have been thought by their London patrons a moſt diſagreeable and diſgraceful exploit: And the Londoners will be aſtoniſhed to be truly informed, that *now* Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, and others, make their true golden harveſt on their ſummer excurſions out of the metropolis. Bath, from its great faſhionable reſort and conſequence, has of courſe an improving theatre; and though only one hundred miles diſtant from London, cauſes in the Londoners many a wiſhful look to honour Bath with five or ſix nights in the courſe of a ſeaſon, and thereby ſecure a couple of hundred pounds: But thoſe Bath managers act more prudently, as they never permit London, or any other actors, however the voice of fame may have exalted them, to perform a few nights only:—Mrs. Crawford, for inſtance, lived there all the laſt winter, but ſhe was not offered any terms of engagement, only ſuch as the theatre would afford as expenditure for the whole ſeaſon; but no acting there for a ſhort period to

take the cream and leave the ſkimmed milk for the managers and performers to exiſt on. Conſequently Bath not being capable to pay enormous ſalaries, the receipts being by no means adequate or proportionable, as London muſt ſecure the principal performers for the winter; and in caſe of diſagreement, Dublin and Edinburgh are equal to reward their labours, by holding out a lucrative and happy aſylum. Great theatrical perſonages, who formerly uſed to look upon a city or town as a *bore*, now, on the contrary, in the ſummer grant they are commodious, reſpectable, and even alluring; and with great good manners, compliance, and condeſcenſion, will conſent to trifle away a few nights at ſuch inſignificant places: Even the Jordan herſelf, who at preſent reigns as our modern Thalia, has deigned to viſit Cheltenham, Reading, Margate, Richmond, and Harrowgate, which places yielded great profits, ſilver medals and ſubſcriptions falling at her feet in plentiful ſhowers, and ſhe (as greatneſs knows itſelf) acts naturally on ſuch occaſions:—Being *earneſt in her demands*, I wiſh her every proſperity, and hope ſhe will accumulate———

London performers, when in the country, have only the trouble to repeat their taſks like young ſcholars ſent for a ſix weeks vacation, who for the credit and pride of their papas and maſters are ex-

pected to return perfect, and repeat when ſent back to ſchool. The conſequence of theſe viſitors, though it gratifies the pride of the audiences, (not forgetting alſo the manager's own *oſtentation*, in the principal theatres remote from the great city) is not always productive, though it gives a glare to enterpriſe; therefore every manager out of London ſhould watch his farm with as much fear and obſervance as a Weſt Indian planter does a hurricane, which deſtroys his fine proſpect, and he beſtows three quarters of the year in hopes the fourth quarter's produce may make amends for devaſtation:—So the manager, with the little overplus gained, ſhould never lay out what is ſo dearly bought in too laviſh improvements in a theatre; for the abſence of the reigning London favourite leaves a cold chill and omnious ill-fated blaſt on all theatrical culture for the year to come. Indeed there are always people and money, where faſhion and inclination prompt them to attend a playhouſe, which, when not ſo, the theatre only obtains contempt, falſe pity, and leſs attendance. It is true, by theſe advantages which I have taken the liberty to mention, plays are wonderfully altered for the better: but was I aſked, "If in conſequence of ſuch good fare, are not the audiences altered for the better alſo?" I ſhould be compelled to anſwer, "Indeed they are not,

but far the contrary." Frequently ſeeing the beſt acting, has deſtroyed all theatrical *regular* reliſh. I was lead formerly to believe, when I firſt began the mode of procuring principal performers from London, it would have given information to the people in general, and made more and more converts to my conventicles; but there I was egregiouſly miſtaken, for people who are not bleſſed with affluent fortunes in the middling claſs of life, with proud minds and little ſouls, have but as much for pleaſures as they can prudently ſpare; therefore if they expend in one week what would ſerve for a month for themſelves and their families' purpoſes, there is likely to be a drawback—beſides its being *unfaſhionable*, and then all is over with a theatre:—For many go to a play (as the fine lady ſays) ſometimes, becauſe—Becauſe why? Becauſe all the world is there;—not to ſee the play, but to be ſeen. And it is ſurpriſing my own appetite did not inform me this; for if I feed one week on pine-apples, grapes, nectarines, and peaches, I would rather go without fruit the week following than eat common pears, plums, or blackberries. Indeed patents have not only been a ſecurity for theatrical property, but have put the country actors on a more decent level, which was highly neceſſary; for though there are exceptions from all well-bred perſons, yet an actor in London is

very differently reſpected to what he is in the country. It is ſo in common life;—we are connected with, or behaved to by, a dependent or independent acquaintance as intereſt, caprice, or the humour hits. A Cockney, merely confined to London, and who thinks it a journey from Wapping to Covent Garden to ſee the play, is certainly of all critics one of the worſt; for he was born in London and lives in London, and any brother mechanic from a diſtant county is looked on as ignorant, and told how to *comport* himſelf. On retroſpect I recollect an inſtance of this kind in myſelf; for, till the age of ſeventeen, I judged every man and woman I ſaw ignorant and ſtupid who lived two miles beyond Richmond and Hampton Court: A ſtronger inſtance I remember of Mr. Townſend, whoſe reſpectable family I have ſo frequently before mentioned; he honoured me with being my caſhier, and when I mentioned wanting it as the York manager, he ſaid, "What a fool muſt you be, Tate, to truſt your money with Yorkſhire people, for they think of nothing but to over-reach us here in the ſouth?" Another idea of vulgar Cockney wiſdom I was ſhewn a few years ago, when I was relating in London an hiſtory of York with every reſpect, and indeed blazoning our northern fêtes, races, &c. and concluding my flouriſh with the ladies going to the aſſembly-

rooms in chairs, my good ſiſter Cockney, with all the elegance of one hump before and another behind, fell into an involuntary fit of laughter, for which I could not apprehend the reaſon; but the inſtant her pleaſant convulſions gave permiſſion, ſhe rung the bell moſt furiouſly, and called aloud, "Mr. Jennings! Mr. Jennings! come down ſtairs—come down ſtairs—here's Mr. Wilkinſon tells me they have chairs at York!—Oh! I ſhould delight to ſee thoſe horſe godmothers, thoſe *vulgar* ladies, get into chairs!"—I need not obſerve to my reader that the lady was not of exalted breed—but is it not ſtrange that any perſon of common comprehenſion ſhould let the too evident and common partiality as a Londoner prevent them from naturally knowing, by yearly obſervation, that London would not be that extenſive and rich capital it is, unleſs ſupported by the reſort of ladies and gentlemen from every county in the kingdom; and their own reflections in Auguſt, September, and October, ſhould make them naturally note why, in thoſe months in particular, they exclaim, "O what an empty town! —nobody to be ſeen!—all the world is in the country!" &c.——On this ſubject I muſt beg leave to intrude another inſtance:—Some fourteen years ago I dined at the *London Tavern* with a truly good friend of mine, Mr. Robert Bell of Hull,

and a large party of his intimates, reſident in the metropolis:—(It is certainly ſuperfluous to mention that the town of Hull, in the kingdom of Great Britain, ſtands forward as a ſeaport-town for exports and imports, and is certainly ſuperior to any after Liverpool and Briſtol:)—The dinner was good, and Mr. Bell's gueſts were cheerful and agreeable.—I was not known in my public capacity, but only as a Mr. Wilkinſon, the acquaintance of Mr. Bell; and my dialect conforming to my brother Cockneys, I was not ſuppoſed but as a kinſman, therefore a man of knowledge, being a Londoner. Plays at length became a topic of converſation, when Mr. Bell began to pay ſome compliments on the good repreſentations of which they could boaſt at Hull, under the direction of a perſon whom he regarded, and for whoſe proſperity he was anxious, when one gentleman in particular burſt into a loud laugh, (which was ſeconded by others) and when ſufficiently recovered, begged of Mr. Bell to inform him whether they had blankets or a green cloth, as a ſubſtitute for ſcenery—for he never had been at a play in the country, but ſhould like to ſee one of all things, it muſt be ſuch a *bore*. Mr. Bell very gravely replied—If the gentleman judged it worth his attention he might receive immediate information of every particular, as the gentleman at

his right hand, Mr. Wilkinſon, was the director and patentee of the Hull theatre. This immediately turned the laugh, and my brother Cockney begged a thouſand pardons:—It ſerved as a very good joke, and often has been related by Mr. Bell as a proof how little intelligent ſome inconſiderate Londoners are.

Ti-tum-ti is another notion that even London managers and critiques have of plays in the country, but that is all exploded; extravagance of manner and deviation from the truth too evidently prevailing. That many great geniuſſes are bred in the country, that a London theatre, with its rod of authority and good judgment, would rectify and improve, is indiſputable: — But I am not writing or hinting of a London audience when I ſpeak of ſuch confirmed Cockneys within the ſound of Bow bell; there is here and there ſcattered out of London a ſtrange ſet of *gnats*, or would-be-meddling officious critiques, who are merely a *but* for the players when they turn their backs, and are the plague of their own acquaintances with their profound knowledge and experience of the drama, and deal out the words *minutiæ* and *propriety*, which they have gleaned ſuperficially from theatrical phraſes, all pronounced with much ſelf-approbation from ſuch Sir Oracles; they are much attached to reviving obſolete plays,

and caſting and inſtructing the actors:—I knew ſuch a one for years, and whenever I find ſuch condeſcenſion with advancing ſteps approaching, who if once he honours you with his advice (which he means *commands)* and acquaintance, which laſts only whilſt you implicitly bow and comply with his refined notions—but I avoid ſuch a gracious perſon as I would a peſt, being well confirmed, from experience, if he once gets hold of my ear or time I ſhall be to a certainty deprived of both.

One diſadvantage more to the managers of country theatres ariſes from the roads being ſo excellent to what they were formerly, and the various conveniences for thoſe in middling life as well as the affluent, the increaſe of faſhionable diſſipation, &c. are all combined cauſes for the ruin of country theatres.

Nothing is more common than to meet an acquaintance in the York theatre on the Saturday, who, if aſked how he liked the play, will anſwer, "Why tolerable:—but having ſeen it laſt Wedneſday night ſo *delightfully* acted at Drury Lane, it made the comedy appear very tireſome."

Mr. Woodfall ſaid Mrs. Siddons ſpoke ſenſibly when ſhe firſt acted Portia, but that her powers were unfit for a London ſtage, and were only calculated for ſuch ſmall places as ſhe in the country

had been accuſtomed to.—Mr. Woodfall was not right as it proved; and Mr. Woodfall, I ſincerely and honourably declare, I eſteem as a man of ſound judgment.

Indeed the frequent intercourſe between London and York, occaſioned by the facility of the roads, is a fatality, in fact, inſtead of an advantage; for though the mind may be theatrical, it leans naturally to conceit, vanity, and ſelf-love; and it is no wonder that the London play ſhould throw the Yorkſhire one at a diſtance: for tho' with every reſpect and high opinion I feel and acknowledge their indubitable right to preference and ſuperiority, yet I will venture to affirm, that even Mr. Garrick (ſuch is the force of prejudice) would not have pleaſed the ſuperfine critic of York, or of any other place ſo well had he been only a provincial actor.—This aſſertion is bold, but eaſily evinced:—Mrs. Siddons was thought a good actreſs at York when in her prime of life, but not ſo great an actreſs, nor followed as the rage of the times when ſhe was diſmiſſed the theatre as incapable of her engagement, till the Londoners recanted their former ill-judged deciſions; and as a contrary effect, when moſt deſervedly ſanctioned, they fainted, ſcreamed, and expired whenever that lady acted, a few years afterwards: And for the honour of country judge-

ment, be it remembered, that had they in that inſtance followed London example, (often the caſe) why that ſaid London had loſt the pleaſure of ſeeing (take her all in all) the firſt actreſs within memory.

Actors are led into an error in point of dreſſing livery ſervants of country gentlemen ſo awkwardly:—True, ſuch beings were in character eighty years ago; in ſome bye villages ſome traces are ſtill to be ſeen; but in every country gentleman's family the ſervants at preſent are as forward fine gentlemens' gentlemen as the metropolis can boaſt of, and moſt of them have London educations, and are full as coxcombical as any Sir Harry, Lord Duke, or Tom, which the London ſtage produces—nor are they deficient in the grand tour, as very many viſit Paris yearly—and Bath and Paris grow rich on Yorkſhire ſpoils. It is aſtoniſhing the number of families, from York only, now at Paris and Bath; and were they not abſentees, but were, according to my wiſhes, kept in their own county, it would make a joyful alteration in my finances, and would not injure their own; but happily for them they have ſuch plenty of golden ore that they can breathe what air, and in what climate they pleaſe, and have a conſtant ſupply like Fortunatus's purſe. If I had youth and ſpirit, and boldly trod the road, neck or nothing, and wiſhed

to make depredations on Yorkſhire purſes, I would never hazard life by attacking perſons folacing in carriages, who were departing *from London*, particularly thoſe of flaſhy gemmen and ladies; for carry what caſh they will into London, if they have ſufficient to bring them back without borrowing on the bond, and without being in debt, they have viſited London cheaply.—I mention this from my own experience, but not as a good example, and we are too apt to judge of others by ourſelves: but I dare ſay moſt will agree, that they never think of going to London without a tolerably ſupply of metal; and if they do reflect at all, do not expect to return with many guineas to ſpare.

Plays are hackneyed now in every town and village:—The theatre is not ſuch an object for the bumpkin gazers as formerly, and it is the million that muſt make the playhouſe anſwer. Fine theatres out of London are like an eaſy countenance with an aching heart.—Theatres in general ſhould be under the controul of an actor of judgment, experience, good-nature, &c.; and tho' we have inſtances of gentlemen of property being managers, they in general have found money does not flow like a ſpring well (though it is in truth a *ſinking* one). The profeſſion in life of eaſe and pleaſure,

as it appears to be, to an unthinking auditor, who will ſay, "Well may theſe players be happy people, they get money for nought but making game and picking folks' pockets."—But gentlemen managers very rarely ſucceed, though the ideal riches have tempted many to ruſt real ore under the rubbiſh and duſt of wardrobes, ſcene-rooms, painting-rooms, &c. I know not one inſtance at preſent where any manager and actor makes a fortune:—Garrick did, but Colley Cibber merely retired with a competency—Wilkes and Booth no more—Betterton died very poor; a man it is ſaid every body loved, in and out of the theatre; and known by courtier and peaſant by the appellation of *honeſt Tom*—that was honour indeed as an actor and manager—it is ſo written down in ſtage hiſtory, and I cannot contradict it:—It is true he had the appellation from all who knew him of *honeſt Tom*, but neither his genius, his labour, his excellence, fame, goodneſs, nor even his honeſty had procured him gentleman-like exiſtence, as he had a charity-benefit at the age of ſeventy-five, when he was ſupported on one ſide by Mrs. Barry, a famous actreſs at that time, and the celebrated Mrs. Bracegirdle on the other, who had quitted the theatre for many years in her bloom of youth with unſullied reputation, and was the admira-

tion of all who beheld her, on or off the ſtage.—Mrs. Bracegirdle, I believe, has not been dead above twenty-five years—her age muſt have been remarkable.—She was well born, and brought on the ſtage by Mr. Betterton; was, I believe, the original Statira, and in moſt of Rowe's tragedies: Mrs. Pritchard ſhewed me her part of Clariſſa in the Confederacy, which was written out by Mrs. Bracegirdle's own hand; they were acquainted, and Mrs. Pritchard told me, that venerable actreſs came there on purpoſe to ſee her act Mrs. Oakley in the Jealous Wife during its firſt run.

The advantages I have mentioned the London theatres flouriſh with at preſent are not all confined to what I have aſſerted as to the theatres, dreſſes, ſcenery, and many accommodations; but there is no alteration better, than the ſtage in theſe days not being infeſted with perſons behind the ſcenes in common, but particularly on benefit nights.—As a proof of the force of abſurdity I have often wondered, and ſo have others, why new ſtage boxes (placed where the uſeful ſtage doors uſed to be) were frequented; but, in ſhort, there are perſons always who would prefer ſuch a box, were it much higher on the ſtage, ſo few want really to ſee the piece attentively:—Witneſs ladies of faſhion in London, thirty years ago, ſitting at the very backs of the performers.——

When I had the honour at York to wait upon his Royal Highneſs the late Duke of York, he ſaid, "Wilkinſon! where am I to ſit?"—I replied, "In the ſtage box." At which he ſmiled, and ſaid, "So becauſe I am the Duke of York I muſt ſit in the worſt box in the theatre for ſeeing the play!"

The theatres formerly were not large enough on ſuch occaſions, as frequently, on the benefit of a Woodward, a Mrs. Cibber, a Shuter, and others, was the caſe; therefore the following advertiſement appeared at the bottom of each playbill on any benefit of conſequence:—"Part of the pit will be railed into the boxes; and for the better accommodation of the ladies, the ſtage will be formed into an amphitheatre, where ſervants will be allowed to keep places." When a great houſe was not ſufficiently aſcertained (as the performer judged) for the places taken and the tickets ſold, at the bottom of the bill was, "*N. B.* Not any building on the ſtage." What was termed *building* on the ſtage, certainly was the greateſt nuiſance that ever prevailed over an entertainment for the elegant and general reſort of any metropolis: Yet London has not ſtood ſingular, as its rival city, and ſeat of elegance and faſhion, Paris, had formerly the ſame defects (if we who have not been there may gueſs) a few years

ago—if credit is to be given to the authority of Mr. Foote's Engliſhman in Paris, "We ſaw crowds of people going into a houſe, and comedy paſted over the door: in we trooped with the reſt, paid our caſh and ſat down on the ſtage. Preſently they had a dance, and one of the young women, with long hair trailing behind her, ſtood with her back to a rail juſt by me.—Ecod! what does me, for nothing in the world but a joke, as I hope for mercy, but ties her locks to the rail; ſo, when it was her turn to figure out, ſouſe ſhe flapped on her back!—'Twas deviliſh comical!"

Cuſtom reconciles many things in every ſtage of life; and though it was the moſt irkſome to a performer that ever could be inflicted as a puniſhment, the ſlavery of courſe was made eaſy to the perſons whoſe benefit it was that occaſioned the confuſion, the perquiſite being always prevailing: and if Mr. Shuter was proud that the ſuperflux was a compliment to his wonderful abilities, Conſcience would gain acquieſcence to undertake the labouring oar for a brother or ſiſter performer, as mutual labourers in the vineyard.

But, my kind reader, ſuppoſe an audience behind the curtain up to the clouds, with perſons of a menial caſt on the ground, beaux and no beaux crowding the only entrance, what a play it muſt have been whenever Romeo was breaking open

the ſuppoſed tomb, which was no more than a ſcreen on thoſe nights ſet up, and Mrs. Cibber proſtrating herſelf on an old couch, covered with black cloth, as the tomb of the Capulets, with at leaſt (on a great benefit night) two hundred perſons behind her, which formed the back ground, as an unfrequented hallowed place of *chapleſs* ſkulls, which was to convey the idea of where the heads of all her buried anceſtors were packed.

I do not think at preſent any allowance but peals of laughter could attend ſuch a truly ridiculous ſpectacle:—Yet ſtrange as it would now ſeem and inſufferable, yet certain it is that I have ſeen occaſionally many plays acted with great applauſe to ſuch mummery, as to general appearance and conception: A ſtrange proof, and the ſtrongeſt I think that can be given, how far a mind may be led by attention, cuſtom, and a willingneſs to be pleaſed without the leaſt aid of probability; its chief and ſole object certainly tended only to create laughter and diſguſt. Nay, the ſtage, which was not thirty years ago near ſo wide as at preſent, alſo the ſtage-doors, (which muſt be well remembered) and the ſtage-boxes, before which there were falſe canvas, incloſed fronts on each ſide of two or three ſeats, on to the lamps, for ladies of diſtinction, which rendered it next to impoſſible for thoſe ladies in the ſtage-boxes to ſee at all; but ſtill it was the faſhion,

and therefore of courſe charming and delightful.—and whenever a Don Choleric in the Fop's Fortune, or Sir Amorous Varnict, in Woman's a Riddle, or Charles in the Buſy Body, tried to find out ſecrets or plot an eſcape from a balcony, they always bowed and thruſt themſelves into the boxes over the ſtage-door amidſt the company, who were greatly diſturbed, and obliged to give up their ſeats.

The actor talked of being alone amongſt hundreds; and Sir Amorous hung in a ſling, with Mrs. Betty adding to the inconvenience. Theſe were faults indeed, and almoſt beyond belief, within theſe forty years, even with all the knowledge of the Bettertons, Cibbers, Booths, and Wilks to have cleared the way, and not have left ſuch paſſages of the Drama to be corrected; which their own honour and common ſenſe might ſo eaſily have removed and expunged from their journals of diſgrace: as they muſt now remain a laſting ſtigma on their taſte and judgment.

To add inſtances of equal abſurdity in the country would be ſuperfluous, and afford no wonder at all.—The body of courſe was ill, when the great mind was overpowered with ſickneſs, debility, and diſorder.——Mr. Garrick was a doctor, but too late to cure this evil at his ſetting forth, —better however late than never: but he *only*.

remedied the diſeaſe for the advantage of the train of actors that followed him, more than for any long enjoyment that it afforded to his own pride and ſatisfaction as the projector, or as the entire expunger and exterminator of thoſe horrid intruſions on the mind of ſenſibility: Beſides theſe troubles and inconveniences, not even thoſe of the firſt theatrical rank could be inſured or protected from inſult; yet to this real drudgery, mortification, degradation, and humiliation, I have often ſeen Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber expoſed. I can well remember, when I was thirteen years of age, viewing Mr. Quin, on Monday, March 19, 1753, for the benefit of Mr. Ryan, play the character of Falſtaff. He was thus announced in the play-bill:

"The part of Falſtaff WILL be performed by "Mr. QUIN"——

Which was his laſt night of performing.—— The Stage was at 5s. — Pit and Boxes all joined together at 5s. There was only one entrance on each ſide the ſtage, which was always particularly crowded. Firſt, they ſported their own figures to gratify ſelf conſequence, and impede and interfere with the performers who had to come on and go off the ſtage. Affronting the audience was another darling delight—particularly, offending the galleries, and thereby incurring the diſ-

pleaſure of the gods, who ſhewed their reſentment by diſperſing golden ſhowers of oranges and half-eaten pippins, to the infinite terror of the ladies of faſhion ſeated in the pit on ſuch public nights, where they were ſo cloſely wedged as to preclude all poſſibility of ſecuring a retreat, or obtaining relief till the *finale*, when they all moved from their ſituation by general conſent.

The ſtage ſpectators were not content with piling on raiſed ſeats, till their heads reached the theatrical cloudings; which ſeats were cloſed in with dirty worn out ſcenery, to incloſe the painted round from the firſt wing, the main *entrance* being up ſteps from the middle of the *back ſcene*, but when that amphitheatre was filled, there would be a group of ill-dreſſed lads and perſons ſitting on the ſtage in front, three or four rows deep, otherwiſe thoſe who ſat behind could not have ſeen, and a riot would have enſued: So in fact a performer on a popular night could not ſtep his foot with ſafety, leaſt he either ſhould thereby hurt or offend, or be thrown down amongſt ſcores of idle tipſey apprentices.

The firſt time Holland acted Hamlet it was for his own benefit, when the ſtage was in the ſituation here deſcribed. On ſeeing the Ghoſt he was much frightened, and felt the ſenſation and terror uſual on that thrilling occaſion, and his hat flew

a-la-mode off his head. An inoffenſive woman in a red cloak, (a friend of Holland's) hearing Hamlet complain the air bit ſhrewdly, and was very cold, with infinite compoſure croſſed the ſtage, took up the hat, and with the greateſt care placed it faſt on Hamlet's head, who on the occaſion was as much alarmed in *reality* as he had juſt then been feigning. But the audience burſt out into ſuch inceſſant peals of laughter, that the Ghoſt moved off without any ceremony, and Hamlet, ſcorning to be outdone in courteſy, immediately followed with roars of applauſe: The poor woman ſtood aſtoniſhed, which increaſed the roar, &c. It was ſome time before the laughter ſubſided; and they could not reſiſt a repetition (that merry tragedy night) on the re-appearance of the Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Mr. Quin, aged ſixty-five, with the heavy dreſs of Falſtaff, (notwithſtanding the impatience of the audience to ſee their old acquaintance) was ſeveral minutes before he could paſs through the numbers that wedged and hemmed him in, he was ſo cruelly encompaſſed around.—What muſt the reader ſuppoſe at ſo barbarous and general a cuſtom being not only yielded to, but approved by the performers—Mrs. Cibber arrayed for Juliet in a full white ſatin dreſs, with the then indiſpenſable large hoop, in all her pomp of woe, thus ſhaken

and taken priſoner as it were by foes ſarcaſtic and barbarous! And in theſe ſituations they underwent greater afflictions of puniſhment and tyranny than ever the Mrs. Pritchard or Woffington experienced, as an Arpaſia or a Merope, from a Bajazet or a Polipliontes.

Now Mr. Garrick acutely felt this horrid inconvenience; for though the actor might reconcile theſe offenſive and degrading ſituations for an additional hundred pounds profit, yet as Mr. Garrick on ſuch occaſions had not a fellow-feeling, it was therefore to *him* more irkſome. The public truly knew and felt the inconvenience, but this was cheerfully ſubmitted to. They, then, conſidered it as a reward to the favourite actor for his yearly labour, toil and induſtry; but it may eaſily be ſuppoſed that many lovers of the Drama deprived themſelves from ſeeing a play ſo diſgracefully acted, on ſuch occaſions, however well ſuch perſons might wiſh the performers: But at the ſame time they conſulted their own eaſe and comfort by abſenting themſelves on ſuch nights. Yet ſuch is the force of true good ſterling acting, that I do aver, I have ſeen on very particular occaſions, when the ſtage has not been *too much* crowded, a play performed with univerſal approbation.

Mr. Foote's firſt night of the Engliſhman in Paris for Mr. Macklin's benefit, ſtood the hazard

of the die under the diſadvantage of this predicament. Its value was ſtamped that night, and a great run and eſtabliſhment it met with the winter following: Mr. Garrick's Lord Chalkſtone the ſame. A proof what good acting, humoured with attention and candour will produce; and the actors when not interrupted on ſuch benefit nights, but in lieu ſurrounded by a well-bred ſet of ladies and gentlemen, have felt themſelves ſo much at eaſe by ſuch ſpecimens of good-luck, (for it could be owing to nothing elſe) that they have gloried in the unexpected luxury of comfort and encouragement with which they have been ſo fortunately received; and they have acted as well as if ſurrounded by their uſual ſlaves and attendants, with the addition of ſcenery, &c. to have aided their exertions.

At the time this bear-garden flouriſhed in our theatres, whenever on the managers' nights the boxes overflowed in the winter ſeaſon; not only their acquaintance, but perſons of diſtinction and faſhion were indiſcriminately admitted behind the ſcenes, particularly at Drury-Lane on the nights Mr. Garrick acted his firſt eſteemed characters of Richard, Lear, Bayes, &c. but I have often ſeen him diſtreſſed on ſuch nights. At Covent-Garden the ſame rude cuſtom was prevalent, but not unleſs on very rare occaſions were they ſo much diſ-

turbed with ſuch viſitors. The boxes at that theatre did not ſo often groan with the overpowering numbers, unleſs when one of Rich's raree-ſhows was revived; as Harlequin Sorcerer in particular, when the following paragraph was inſerted at the bottom of the bill.

" As any obſtructions in the movements of the " machinery will greatly prejudice the perform- " ance of the entertainment, it is hoped that no " gentlemen will take it amiſs the being refuſed " admittance behind the ſcenes."

" Ladies are requeſted to ſend their ſervants by " three o'clock."

And if the performers at either houſe, on a benefit, were moderate in their exactions or hopes from the town, they cheered their well-wiſhers with placing the following line conſpicuous.

" N. B. There will not be any building on " the ſtage."

When Rich, after two or three years' promiſe and delay, brought forth one of theſe long-wiſhed-for pantomimes, it was a rage, a madneſs incredible ſeized all the Londoners: On ſuch fortunate occurrences Mr. Rich was ſtrongly attached and tenderly tenacious of his harlequin jacket being prophaned or infringed upon; and kept his holy rites and myſteries of ſerpents, lions, druids, &c. ſacred from the inſpection of all curious

prying inſpectors. Nor would he have had his magical ſword interrupted, or his fountains and caſcades ſtopped in their munificent flow to the admiring and aſtoniſhed crowds in front, to have pleaſed all the nobility in the kingdom. And indeed the difference of performing pantomimes under Mr. Rich's direction and ſkill was as much ſuperior at that time, as was Mr. Garrick's Hamlet at Drury-Lane compared to old Ryan's at Covent-Garden.

The conſtant admiſſion behind the ſcenes is no where more fully or better explained than by Mr. Garrick in the farce of Lethe, acted firſt at Goodman's Fields; where he makes the Fine Gentleman thus expreſs himſelf——

"*Æſop.* How do you ſpend your evening Sir?"

"*Fine Gent.* I dreſs in the evening, and go "generally behind the ſcenes of both play-houſes; "not, you may imagine, to be diverted with the "play; but to intrigue and ſhew myſelf. I "ſtand upon the ſtage, talk loud, and ſtare about, "which confounds the actors, and diſturbs the "audience; upon which the galleries, who hate "the appearance of one of us, begin to hiſs, and "cry, Off, off! while I, undaunted, ſtamp my foot "ſo—loll with my ſhoulder thus—take ſnuff with "my right hand and ſmile ſcornfully—thus.— "This exaſperates the ſavages, and they attack us

"with vollies of ſucked oranges, and half-eaten "pippens."

"*Æſop.* And you retire?"

"*Fine Gent.* Without doubt, if I am ſo-"ber; for orange will ſtain ſilk, and an apple "diſfigure a feature."

This is a proof that Garrick ſaw and felt the evil in his younger days; and he at laſt muſtered courage by one bold ſtroke to put the hatchet to the tree, and thereby annihilate the grievance; and tho' he had undergone theſe hardſhips and inconveniences for many years, with the utmoſt ſeverity and patience, yet he judged it a reformation due to his future name and fame. And I may obſerve it is not always ſeen that much-wiſhed-for alterations, even in affairs of the utmoſt moment, are in general approved or willingly ſubmitted to by the million; with whom no reaſon or argument will or can convince, or wear off ancient cuſtoms and prejudices.

As Mr. Garrick had three parties to encounter, and each formidable, when bundled they were truly alarming. Firſt, to baniſh the young beaux from behind the ſcenes was judged a daring attempt; (though Mr. Sheridan had proved it was to be done in Dublin, where the behaviour ſometimes had been mentioned as *moſt ſavage*;) as the manager's right to rule, where young men of ton

were concerned, was looked upon as a vulgar law, which none but the mean ſpirited obeyed. The lower order were attached to it; as going behind the ſcenes on benefit nights pleaſed young clerks and others, who liked to ſee the actreſſes nearer than they were accuſtomed to; alſo moſt of the principal, and ſeveral of the middling claſs of the performers would not chooſe to pay Mr. Garrick's charges for their benefit nights, and be abridged of a 100l. or a 150l. advantage, accruing from the building and general admittance on the ſtage.

Garrick did not like the obſtacles he had to encounter, till a lucky thought burſt in upon his reverie concerning that buſineſs. He reflected that the theatre was but in an indifferent ſtate; and that by enlarging it to the now preſent form, 1790, it would not only immediately anſwer for his pecuniary advantages, but alſo for a public theatrical property, which he meant in four or five years after that to part with to the beſt bidder, as was the caſe when Doctor Ford, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Linley, were the purchaſers, as he grew haraſſed, and had ſecured affluence in an overabundance. Which makes it lamentable to conſider how ſhort a time he enjoyed a private life: for he was ſnatched from his friends and all his worldly wealth, in about two years after his ſtage farewell.

However his projected plan he put in practice; altered the Old Drury-Lane into its present form, which now holds considerably above 100l. in front more than it did thirty years ago: and, after this beneficial alteration was accomplished, by degrees all parties were pleased and convinced of its propriety. The comedians had particular reasons to jump for joy, as they received the same benefit emoluments, without those degrading and irksome situations, which interest had made them submit to. The Covent-Garden managers adopted the same change of measures, and from that time general admittance and stage building, on benefits, has ever been prohibited.

These stage remarks have carried my memory back to recollect that the same evils existed in provincial theatres, and in a worse degree; as those stages (not being formed into an amphitheatre) were without any order or decency, merely rows of forms, one level with the other: for the audience part of those theatres were full large for their usual seasons of acting; yet on particular benefits, London furnished a plea for what might be attempted to render the bad playhouses worse than they were before. And the alterations in this respect, from Mr. Garrick's reformation of abuses in London, I should ap-

prehend led into the ſudden wonderful improvements, enlargements, and aggrandizing of moſt of our theatres in every principal town and city.

And as to the article of being freed from beaux behind the ſcenes, a greater bleſſing could not be wiſhed or more devoutly prayed for; as it cannot be conceived how dreadful in the country that would ſometimes prove, (my own ſituation in my hiſtory mentioned at Shrewſbury, is one inſtance) the hauteur and dignity of ſuch viſitants being often ſo inſulting and imperious as not to be deſcribed.

The receipts of the theatres, it is true, ſhould be mentioned. In 1750, two hundred pounds before the curtain, at Covent-Garden, was judged an amazing ſum. Now, we hear of upwards of four hundred pounds; but the profits of the ſeaſon I dare pronounce are not equal to Mr. Garrick's reign, the expences are grown ſo enormous.

At Dublin, in 1757, one hundred and fifty pounds was a great houſe indeed. In 1763, one hundred and eighty pounds at Crow-Street was judged a wonder: but with the late alterations, Mr. Daly had, in July 1790, three hundred and twenty-four pounds; and he mentions hundreds that could not obtain admittance.

Mr. Garrick was certainly formed to obtain favour:—and the public, in general, willingly ſubſcribed to his propoſals (though like man and wife they ſometimes did not agree):—His coffers were always full, and he was too great an œconomiſt ever to empty them by the hand of extravagance:—he looked on his Majeſty's picture with love and reverence, and never parted with his King's likeneſs but with the greateſt reluctance.—The expences of the houſe were not then ſo great as at preſent; for when I had a benefit at Covent Garden, 1760, I only paid 60l.; now I believe performers pay 120l.; and if Mrs. Jordan acts on that benefit, it is ten guineas more.

It is worthy remark, that with all the boaſted improvements, certainly the goings out are immenſe in proportion to the comings in; and where there was one place open againſt the theatres then, now there are double—ſuch as various new-eſtabliſhed concerts at Hanover-ſquare, Tottenham-Court, Pantheon, beſides Aſtley's, the Circus, &c. therefore, with the London managers being at double the expence of their predeceſſors, I can never coincide with the opinions ſtarted by diſſatisfied performers, or as often hinted at in the news-papers. But let us aſk, is there a ſuperfluity of principal actors? Certainly no. Are the managers in great

circumſtances? Certainly no. One play got up now will coſt more than three would, fifty years ago. I have heard great arguments of what encouragement would be given by a third theatre inſtead of the preſent, termed monopoly. Were it poſſible to create three induſtrious Mr. Sheridans to write for the ſtage, ſomething might be ſaid and done, but I fear not otherwiſe; and if people in general find their plays not all perfection with two companies, I cannot conceive that, divided into three, they would be acted better—Nay, is not Mr. Harris reduced (I ſay reduced, or he certainly would not do it) to cut plays into farces, and give farces inſtead of plays, and ſometimes all farce and no play, with different *boxers*, Mendoza and Humphreys, on the ſtage, for the entertainment of the firſt audience in the world? in which he has fulfilled Garrick's prophecy; for the theatre royal at Covent Garden gives a diſh of all ſorts: And were they twenty years ſince to have ſeen ſuch medley play-bills at a third theatre, or from York or Edinburgh, ſuch ſtuff would have ſerved the whole green-room in London for a week's laugh at the country ſtrollers' expence:— Beſides, ſuch productions, if to be tolerated and approved at all, ſhould certainly be permitted only in a ſummer theatre, when the wine and the weather is hot,

GARRICK's PROPHECY, 1747.

Perhaps, for who can gueſs the effects of chance?
Here Hunt may box, and Mahomet may dance.
Ah! let not cenſure term our fate our choice,
The ſtage but echoes back the public voice.

As to gentlemen writers of genius being excluded from having their works produced, I cannot think the injuſtice alledged is by any means founded on truth or equity; for I never can believe, even tho' many good plays were to be ſunk in oblivion, but that ſome of them would again viſit the world in print, to gratify the author's pride and reputation, and by ſuch means prove how indifferent managers were to merit:—I do not mean to inſinuate that there are not good authors at preſent capable of affording the higheſt and moſt improving additions to the ſtage catalogue; I only wiſh to be underſtood, that the ſtage is not overſtocked with ſuch offers; and it is too probable that authors may have occaſion perhaps to complain of indifferent and improper treatment, as a London manager is not, like the Pope, always infallible. I am only ſpeaking by gueſs, not being acquainted with the facts. It is certain the new pieces brought out, in a general

way, do not pleaſe; and as money is always welcome, I cannot think any projector exiſting would be at great expence to produce a piece that creates confuſion in the theatre, damnation to the author, and if perſiſted in, he excludes the poſſibility of crowded houſes, beſides being well abuſed in every public print into the bargain. I cannot think Mr. Harris would laviſh money on the Propheteſs if he had as good a new opera to produce as the Duenna; (the very run of ſuch a piece as the latter would ſupply him for half the ſeaſon) or that Mr. Kemble would produce a comedy, only acted three nights, if he had been preſented with one equal to the School for Scandal. And, indeed, how few plays of late ſeaſons reach the ninth night! What a quantity of plays, farces, and pantomimes, do the three theatres exhibit in the courſe of the year, and how few ſucceed! What perpetual labour and anxiety muſt the performers undergo, and all end in vexation of ſpirit,—all for nothing—ſome few pieces excepted, which need not be enumerated; as thoſe that live, and are the oftenest acted, prove their public eſtimation. One great fault has crept into the benefit bills in London, filling them up with ſuch a quantity of interludes, &c.—I am ſorry to obſerve Mr. Garrick was the introducer—he led

the way to what has grown to an enormous height, but I am certain he never meant the ill effects it has eſtabliſhed. But his Farmer's Return, Linco's Travels, &c. wrote as interludes, have conſiderably leſſened the dignity of the drama. It was the practice at my own theatres: I at firſt, on benefit nights, inſiſted on all interludes being done as afterludes, but nothing would do, ſo as to keep the play-bills fit to be ſeen, they were ſo loaded with trumpery: ſo for ſome years paſt I have not had any preludes, interludes, or afterludes at all. Mr. Kemble wiſhed, on his night in Auguſt 1788, at York, to introduce the Toy Shop as an interlude, (which he had formerly done, and which gave great ſatisfaction on account of his excellent performance of the Maſter); but unleſs he took it as a farce I was compelled not to ſuffer it, on account of my eſtabliſhed law, which Mr. Kemble, at the head of the profeſſion, breaking through, would have ſet aſide ſuch law by the example from his high authority and judgment. I remember his reply was, "That the act was good, if kept in force; but," added he jokingly, "Mr. Wilkinſon, the firſt benefit bill I ſhall ſee of your own night I ſhall find it full of interludes!" However, it has not happened yet, and I dare ſay never will to any benefit of mine.

London opinion, though its ſtamp paſſes current in provincial towns as to firſt-rate performers, yet has ſo fallen in reputation as to pieces, that it is not a recommendation in advertiſing a new play, but the contrary; and many are never attempted: So that there is no wiſh to ſee a new production unleſs much ſpoken of, and it has fortunately had a very conſiderable run; but even that will not always ſecure its footing. I have great obligations to acknowledge to the School for Scandal, the Poor Soldier, and the Farmer, of modern date.

As I have given an account of the amazing alterations as to the manners practiſed in the theatres, not much longer ago than our father's prime, yet ſo quick is the tranſition, that a few only remain now who can affirm or contradict what I have inſerted: A proof how we are deceived by the apparent ſlowneſs of the running ſand in the hour-glaſs, which in reality rolls with aſtoniſhing rapidity, and wafts us dreaming from life to *duſty* death! This is verified, as in the courſe of theſe laſt forty years, few are left to mock their own grinning—tho' Mr. Macklin ſtands firm, like the venerable old oak that ſhades the foreſt—and in the following Tablet it affects me, as if it were the hiſtory of a theatrical cathedral which

gives an account of the departed dead, or a tranſient view of the actor's tombs and monuments.

Now good gentleman, or lady, I will proceed, and introduce the

Actor's Tablet.

> It is a tale told by an idiot,
> Full of ſound and fury, ſignifying nothing.

THIS Repoſitory or Journal, is offered not only to young ſtage candidates, but at the ſame time to the attention of all amateurs of the Drama; as it will be a guide, and a more regular information to them, and indeed to the public in general, than any thing of the kind yet attempted—though I fear preſented in a bungling manner: Still this account of old ſtagers muſt be in ſome degree venerable, as an old coin is in higher eſteem with antiquarians than the new, though of leſs intrinſic worth.——I wiſh it had the advantage of a better head, but that is paſt praying for; yet it will be a kind of guide, and convey information by no means publicly known, wherein the reader will find almoſt an exact liſt of every theatrical event, with the date of moſt of the new or revived plays and farces produced—the performers' engagements and

deſertions to and from Ireland to the London Theatres—their re-engagements, and the account of ſingers, dancers, burlettas, incidents, &c. from the year 1747, to the concluſion of 1757.

Mr. Garrick's eſtabliſhment, as joint manager with Mr. Lacey, was in 1747, and few perſons who have been readers of theatrical anecdotes have yet, ſince the time of Colley Cibber, had any accurate or regular account of thoſe years more than in a general view, though there certainly has been able writers and men of genius who have treated on more important theatrical ſubjects.

I will here give a liſt of the companies at Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden in 1747, that the obſervant reader, unprejudiced, may ſee what a number of eſtabliſhed actors were at that period in one company, and whether there are the ſame number of *equal eminence* to be called ſo at preſent at either Theatre.

The modern critic and actor will undoubtedly admit that every fifty years will make havock and conſiderable alteration, and what is approved and applauded now, 1790, may not be ſanctioned in 1840.——When Mr. Garrick undertook the management, the company collected, was perhaps, take it for all in all, the moſt powerful ever muſtered in the preſent century.

I will firſt give as correct a liſt as I can recollect, then preſent the caſt of two or three plays, and then inſtance the caſt of the ſame plays in 1789; by which means the unprejudiced reflector may draw a fair concluſion; and perhaps allow it not quite improbable but the play ſo acted might have been ſeen with equal pleaſure then as now.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE, 1747-8.

MEN.

Meſſrs. Garrick, Barry, Delane, Macklin, Sparks, Berry, Yates, Havard, Winſtone, W. Mills, Arthur, Taſwell, Neale, Mills, Sowden, Lowe, &c.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Cibber, Pritchard, Woffington, Clive, Macklin, Hippeſley, (Mrs. Green) Minors, Elmy, Pitt, (now Mrs. Pitt of Covent-Garden) Bennet, Croſs, &c.

DRURY-LANE, 1747.

JANE SHORE.

Haſtings,	Mr. GARRICK.
Shore,	Mr. BARRY.
Glo'ſter,	Mr. BERRY.

Alicia,	Mrs. CIBBER.
Jane Shore,	Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

N. B. Surely this play was at leaſt tolerably acted.

DRURY-LANE, 1789.

JANE SHORE.

Haſtings,	Mr. KEMBLE.
Shore,	Mr. BENSLEY.
Glo'ſter,	Mr. J. AICKIN.
Alicia,	Mrs. WARD.
Jane Shore,	Mrs. SIDDONS.

DRURY-LANE, 1747.

OTHELLO.

Othello,	Mr. BARRY.
Roderigo,	Mr. YATES.
Iago,	Mr. GARRICK.
Emilia,	Mrs. PRITCHARD.
Deſdemona,	Mrs. CIBBER.

DRURY-LANE, 1789.

OTHELLO.

Othello,	Mr. KEMBLE.
Iago,	Mr. BENSLEY.

Roderigo,	Mr. DODD.
Emilia,	Mrs. WARD.
Deſdemona,	Mrs. SIDDONS.

Of the foregoing caſts the reader will form an impartial judgment.

DRURY-LANE, 1747.

A ſet of very capital dancers was this year at Drury-Lane:——Mr Cooke, Monſieur Grandchamps, Madam Auretti, (in the ſerious ſtyle) in great eſtimation, and Madamoiſelle Janeton Auretti.

A favorite pantomime dance was ſerved up often, called the Savoyard Travellers.

Madame Auretti continued only the ſeaſon following, when her benefit was commanded by his Majeſty George the Second.——Play, the Stratagem.——Mr. Garrick acted Archer.——After which ſhe retired from the ſtage, and Mr. Cooke went over to Covent-Garden the ſeaſon following.

The FOUNDLING, by Mr. Moore, was firſt acted in February, 1748.

Young Belmont,	Mr. GARRICK.
Sir Charles Raymond,	Mr. BARRY.

Sir Roger Belmont,	Mr. YATES.
Villiard,	Mr. SPARKS.
Colonel Raymond,	Mr. HAVARD.
Faddle,	Mr. MACKLIN.
Roſſetta,	Mrs. WOFFINGTON.
Fidelia,	Mrs. CIBBER.

ALBUMAZER was revived in 1747, by Mr. Garrick, and did not ſucceed.—From which play the circumſtance of the robbery is evidently ſtolen, and converted into Tony Lumpkin's principal ſcene of Dr. Goldſmith's very entertaining Comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer."

COVENT-GARDEN, 1747.

The Company was very weak indeed.—Mr. Rich, more from lazineſs than lack of genius, had not any pantomime in force, but the then very ſtale one of Merlin's Cave, or Harlequin Skeleton. They played in general only three or four times in the week in January, and often diſmiſſed even in the month of February; for Garrick had ſwept moſt of the actors of merit from Covent-Garden to Drury Lane, for his triumphal entry as manager—Quin had retired to Bath in diſguſt at Garrick's unparalleled ſucceſs, and there remained with Mr. Rich only as follows:

MEN.

Meſſrs. Giffard, Beard, Ryan, Theophilus Cibber, Gibſon, Collins, Bridgewater, James, Anderſon, Paget, Padick, Marten, Bridges, Dunſtall, Lalauze, Bencraft, Storer, Stopelear, Roſco, Oates, Leveridge, Lunn, (Mr. Rich as the Harlequin, who always went by that name in the bills) with Mr. Foote as an Auxiliary.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Giffard, Horton, Storer, Vincent, Young, Falkner, Bland, (late Mrs. Hamilton) Morriſon, Copin, Dunſtall, Ferguſon, Allen, Mullart.——*Dancers*, Villeneuve, Deſſe, &c.

COVENT-GARDEN, 1747.

THE BUSY BODY.

Marplot,	Mr. CIBBER.
Sir George Airy,	Mr. RYAN.
Charles,	Mr. GIBSON.
Sir Francis Gripe,	Mr. COLLINS.
Sir Jealous Traffic,	Mr. BRIDGES.
Whiſper,	Mr. JAMES.
Iſabinda,	Mrs. HALE.
Patch,	Mrs. BLAND.
Miranda,	Mrs. GIFFARD.

After which Mr. FOOTE gave TEA.

The RELAPSE.

Lord Foppington,	Mr. CIBBER.
Loveleſs,	Mr. RYAN.
Worthy,	Mr. RIDOUT.
Lory,	Mr. JAMES.
Syringe,	Mr. COLLINS.
Amanda,	Mrs. HALE.
Berinthia,	Mrs. HORTON.
Miſs Hoyden,	Mrs. STORER.
Nurſe,	Mrs. JAMES.

With TEA.

LOVE MAKES A MAN.

Carlos,	Mr. GIFFARD.
Clodio,	Mr. CIBBER.
Duart,	Mr. RYAN.
Charino,	Mr. DUNSTALL.
Antonio,	Mr. COLLINS.
Sancho,	Mr. CUSHING.
Louiſa,	Mrs. HORTON.
Angelina,	Mrs. HALE.
Elvira,	Mrs. GIFFARD.

Plays ſo acted at Bath or York, now, would not be deemed more than decent.

The BEGGAR'S OPERA was repeated ſeveveral nights, and drew more money than any

other play to the deſerted houſe of Covent-Garden at that time.

Macheath,	Mr. BEARD.
Lockit,	Mr. DUNSTALL.
Filch,	Mr. CUSHING.
Peachum,	Mr. Rosco.
Polly,	Mrs. STORER.
Mrs. Peachum and Diana Trapes,	Mrs. DUNSTALL.
Jenny Diver,	Miſs ALLEN.
Lucy,	Mrs. VINCENT.

Mr. Rich having been ſo negligent in his unrivalled pantomime department, was in conſequence little prepared for unfortunate events from the loſs of Mr. Garrick; Mr. Quin, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Woodward, (who went to Ireland) and others of eminence, having the preceding year left him, Covent-Garden remained in an abject ruined ſtate.

WOMAN's A RIDDLE, was that ſeaſon revived.

Courtall,	Mr. GIFFARD.
Colonel Manly,	Mr. RIDOUT.
Sir Amorous Vainwit,	Mr. CIBBER.
Aſpin,	Mr. COLLINS.
Vulture,	Mr. BRIDGES.
Miranda,	Mrs. GIFFARD.

Clarinda, Miſs COPIN.
Neceſſary, Mrs. BLAND.
Lady Outſide, Mrs. HORTON.

(N. B. Mrs. Bland went to Ireland, and on her return, from Mrs. Neceſſary ſhe ſuſtained the firſt caſt ſeveral years at Covent-Garden as Mrs. Hamilton.)

The ſeaſon was ſo bad, that in February the benefits commenced; and late in March 1748, Mr. Rich brought forward APOLLO and DAPHNE, which drew good houſes.—Harlequin, Mr. PHILLIPS, (who ſupplied that character as Mr. Rich's ſubſtitute, when he did not chooſe to perform, as Mr. Lun.) The ſcene of the ſun riſing had a fine effect; and I am aſtoniſhed ſo ſuperb a conſtructed piece of machinery is not made uſe of now at Covent-Garden, as introductory to ſome new pantomime: For the ſcene with Morpheus, Myſtery, and Slumber, preparatory to the appearance of the ſun in its meridian had a wonderful effect, and might be diſplayed in any other pantomime, and be a good opening one: Alſo that of Daphne's being turned into a tree by the purſuit of Apollo, from the aſſenting nod of Silenus, the riſing Dome, the Lion in Perſeus, the Snake, &c. would make good incidents.

In the Spring 1748, was a remarkable and dreadful fire in Cornhill, when Mr. Quin came purpoſely from Bath, and acted his favourite character of Cato, at Covent-Garden theatre, for the benefit of the poor ſufferers, by that dreadful conflagration.

Drury-Lane ſeaſon 1748-9, Mr. Macklin and wife quitted Drury-Lane for Ireland. Woodward returned to the old houſe from Dublin, and ſoon grew into amazing popularity. This year was revived

ROMEO and JULIET.

Romeo,	Mr. BARRY.
Mercutio,	Mr. WOODWARD.
Juliet,	Mrs. CIBBER.

The play had a remarkable run. (Mr. Victor has not taken notice of this circumſtance; for the ſtrength of that play was the foundation for the deſertion of Mr. Barry, in the year 1750, with Mrs. Cibber.)

Irene, by Doctor Johnſon, was acted that ſeaſon. Alſo Lethe, which was inimitably performed; not a part but was truly excellent. Merope was acted that year. Garrick looked and acted like an angel (as the ladies ſaid) the part of Eumenes.

Mr. Lee and Mr. Palmer, promiſing actors, were introduced that ſeaſon.

The ſame year the Emperor of the Moon, written by Mrs. Behn, was revived at Drury-lane as a ſecond piece.—Harlequin was toſſed in a blanket with a good effect—he had two long ſlips by which he held—they were imperceptible to the audience: So that Harlequin ſeemed to the eye moſt violently tumbled; and the galleries, who love the appearance of miſchief, were vaſtly entertained.

That ſeaſon Mr. King made his firſt attempt, as a ſtage candidate, in the Herald in King Lear; his merit was not paid any attention to by Mr. Garrick; he was, as is theatrically termed, laid upon the ſhelf that year, but he was engaged for the ſummer ſeaſon at Briſtol; where Mr. Whitehead, late Poet Laureat, and Mrs. Pritchard, ſaw him play the character of Romeo with great applauſe. He returned to London the winter ſeaſon, and was aſtoniſhed, without any notice being given him, to ſee his name in large letters advertiſed for George Barnwell,—Millwood, Mrs. Pritchard—He alſo played Valerius, in Mr. Whitehead's Tragedy of the Roman Father.—He continued there till the end of the ſeaſon 1749, and in the autumn went over to Ireland, and accepted a very liberal offer from Mr. Sheridan.—At Dublin he continued till the ſecond year after Mr. Woodward's deſertion from Drury Lane, to Crow-ſtreet Theatre, in Dublin.

Mr. King returned to fill up Mr. Woodward's department, and made his firſt appearance early in October 1759, in the character of Tom, in the Conſcious Lovers: his ſecond part was Atall, and his third Sir Amorous Vainwit.—In the character of Braſs, Churchill allowed him great merit.

The Play, Friendſhip in Faſhion, was attempted to be played in the ſpring 1749—Mr. Woodward and Mrs. Clive were to ſuſtain the principal characters.——Be it noticed, Dame Clive was not bleſſed with beauty—though of infinite talents; yet ſhe unfortunately in that Comedy was ideally raviſhed twice or thrice before the fourth act ended, which the audience very properly judged to be too much for that lady's feelings; and not knowing what might truly happen in the fifth, they conſequently put a violent and final ſtop to all farther indecent proceedings.

The French ambaſſador was at the play, and ſeemed to enjoy John Bull engaged in a riot: But at laſt violation was offered to the King's arms over the front box, at which he ſeemed much alarmed at the imagined ſacrilege, and precipitately retired from the theatre.——What an alteration in the conduct of Frenchmen in forty years!

My true reſpect, duty, and veneration to his Majeſty, leads me to hope that no ſimilar accident

will ever occur at York, on any occaſion; as I can boaſt the beſt finiſhed, and moſt elegant *royal arms*, for neatneſs and perfection, as to workmanſhip, of any theatre in his Majeſty's dominions.——All ſurpriſe at this aſſertion will ceaſe in Yorkſhire, when I anounce they were executed by thoſe ingenious and well-known artiſts, the deſerving brothers, John and Samuel Fiſher, of York.

COVENT-GARDEN, 1748-9.

Several theatrical alterations took place—Mr. Rich was rouſed from his ſlumber—Mr. Quin returned to the ſtage; and Mr. Delane, Mr. Sparks, Mr. Arthur, Mrs. Woffington, and Miſs Pitt were engaged from Drury-Lane; alſo Miſs Bellamy, (by Mr. Victor and others falſely related to have been drawn from her lucrative and ſplendid ſituation in Dublin, by Garrick) was actually engaged by Mr. Rich.

Mrs. Bellamy's firſt appearance was in Belvidera; which proves Mr. Victor's account of Covent Garden very erroneous. "Mr. Garrick, (ſays Mr. Victor and Mr. Hitchcock) from the many opportunities he had of ſeeing Miſs Bellamy's abilities, when they performed together in

Dublin, 1746, was too well convinced of her merit, not to uſe every means to engage her.—Accordingly he made her propoſals, which ſhe immediately accepted; and ſhe returned to London, where ſhe remained ſome years in high eſtimation."

That Mrs. Bellamy remained for ſome time in high eſtimation is well known—but her firſt appearance, after her departure from Dublin, was not at Mr. Garrick's theatre, but at Covent-garden, as before mentioned: a true and particular account of which, with Mr. Garrick's *refuſal* to engage her, is given in her Memoirs.

Mrs. Ward was alſo engaged—ſhe was a handſome woman, and a good actreſs.

Coriolanus, by Thompſon, was produced that ſeaſon; in which Mr. Quin, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Delane, Mr. Sparks, Mr. Ridout, Mrs. Bellamy, and Mrs. Woffington acted.

Perſeus and Andromeda was alſo produced, and brought ſeveral houſes—ſo that Mr. Rich then had three pantomimes on the ſtocks: the Skeleton, Apollo and Daphne and Perſeus. The buſineſs of the *petit maitre* in the laſt mentioned was inimitably done by Mr. Lalmaze; palpably ſtolen by Mr. Woodward, and placed in Queen Mab, at Drury Lane, in the year 1750. The ſcene of the

Dragon, and Perſeus on his flying horſe, with Andromeda chained to the rock, the riſing Dome, and the Lion, were the principal parts of that entertainment; and all done well, as was all pantomime buſineſs under the direction of Mr. Rich.

Mr. Arthur did the clown in that pantomime, in which department he was unrivalled; and well underſtood all the *mechanical* parts of thoſe kind of productions.—Mr. Lowe was Perſeus; Mr. Miles, Harlequin; Miſs Falkener, Andromeda.—Mr. Quin's Falſtaff, and ſeveral of his characters drew great audiences —Mrs. Bellamy was much eſteemed—Mrs. Woffington was attractive in Sir Harry Wildair, &c.—and though Drury-Lane was faſhionable, yet Covent-Garden was reſpectable as to entertainment, and in general well attended.

JANE SHORE was thus caſt.

Glo'ſter,	Mr. QUIN.
Haſtings,	Mr. DELANE.
Dumont,	Mr. RYAN.
Alicia,	Miſs BELLAMY.
Jane Shore,	Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

The entertainments of the theatre were increaſed by the addition of two excellent dancers,

Mr. Cooke, and Miſs Hilliard.—A Scotch dance was ſo pleaſing, that it continued not only that but three or four ſeaſons after.

This was the year of the quart-bottle conjuror, at the Hay-market; where the joke drew ſuch a concourſe at the expence of John Bull.——It turned out advantageous to the proprietor of Covent-Garden, as at the latter part of that ſeaſon, Harlequin, to the amazement of crowded audiences, not only went into the quart bottle, but after that Don Jumpedo jumped down his own throat.—Theſe exploits were performed by Harlequin Phillips.

The Provoked Wife was acted with approbation that ſeaſon at Covent-garden; for though Garrick was then performing Sir John Brute, yet there were many obſtinate critics of opinion, that the character was better conducted by Mr Quin. Indeed there cannot be any one part acted more differently than that character was by Mr. Garrick and Mr. Quin Yet had the author been then living, I may venture to pronounce he would have allowed both right. Even the petticoat ſcene was as oppoſite in dreſs and manner as Othello and Deſdemona. Yet had Mr. Quin attempted Garrick's mode, or Garrick Quin's, each would have certainly failed.

The play was thus caſt at Covent-Garden:

Brute,	Mr. QUIN.
Heartfree,	Mr. RYAN.
Conſtant,	Mr. RIDOUT.
Razor,	Mr. ANDERSON.
Colonel Bully,	Mr. LOWE.
Taylor,	Mr. COLLINS.
Belinda,	Mrs. HALE.
Mademoiſelle,	Miſs MORRISON.

(Who played it inimitably.)

Lady Fanciful,	Miſs BELLAMY.
Lady Brute,	Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

In the ſpring 1749, Cato was acted (by order of his Royal Highneſs Frederick Prince of Wales) by the younger branches of the Royal Family:—His preſent Majeſty ſpoke the prologue at Leiceſter-Houſe on the occaſion. The conducting of the performance was entirely under the direction of Mr. Quin. His preſent Majeſty's father was a great advocate for the ſtage, and a warm patron of Mr. Quin's: Indeed his attachment was ſuch, that Quin's ſalary was equal to a thouſand pounds his laſt ſeaſon 1750. One political reaſon was, that all the commands of his Royal Highneſs (unleſs on ſome very particular occaſion) Covent Garden

theatre was honoured with, and chiefly out of compliment to Mr. Quin.

The Emperor of the Moon, wrote by Mrs. Behn, was revived at Covent Garden as a firſt piece, and at ſome expence. A tapeſtry ſcene of figures was very well executed—Doctor Bellardo, by Mr. Sparks; Harlequin, Mr. Cuſhing; Scaramouch, Mr. Dunſtall:—Miſs Bellamy, Mrs. Woffington, and Mrs. Ward were in it, but the piece did not ſucceed; and as Harlequin is the fiddle of the piece, Mr. Woodward muſt have been excellent, and Mr. Cuſhing contemptible. I recollect ſeeing it as a farce, but very wretchedly ſupported as to decorations, ſcenery, &c. in Dublin, 1758, where Mr. King was truly whimſical in Harlequin.

The following comedies were thus caſt, and acted with ſucceſs at Covent Garden that ſeaſon.

CONSTANT COUPLE.

Sir Harry Wildair,	Mrs. WOFFINGTON.
Standard,	Mr. DELANE.
Vizard,	Mr. RIDOUT.
Beau Clincher,	Mr. CIBBER.
Young Clincher,	Mr. COLLINS.
Smuggler,	Mr. ARTHUR.
Tom Errand,	Mr. BENCRAFT.

Angelica,	Miſs COPIN.
Lady Darling,	Mrs. COPIN.
Parly,	Mrs. DUNSTALL.
Lady Lovewell,	Mrs. WARD.

CARELESS HUSBAND.

Lord Foppington,	Mr. CIBBER.
Sir Charles Eaſy,	Mr. RYAN.
Lord Morelove,	Mr. DELANE.
Lady Eaſy,	Mrs. WARD.
Edging,	Mrs. RIDOUT.
Lady Graveairs,	Mrs. HALE.
Lady Betty Modiſh,	Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

The ſeaſon concluded with the Conſtant Couple, and Apollo and Daphne.

DRURY LANE, 1749-50.

Mrs. Cibber did not play. That ſeaſon Mr. Garrick (ſhameful to relate) encouraged Mrs. Ward to break articles with Mr Rich, which ſhe was the eaſier tempted to do, as Miſs Bellamy was in poſſeſſion of moſt of the characters ſhe wiſhed to play. Edward the Black Prince was acted that ſeaſon—Barry gained great ground and honour in Ribemont. Maſter Mattocks appeared that year in the Chaplet, a very pretty entertainment at that time.——Muſical pieces then

(King Arthur and the Tempeſt excepted) were, on our Engliſh ſtage, confined to the common ballad farces.—Mr. Beard was, as a vocal performer, the beſt actor of SONGS I ever remember—Miſs Norris was a charming ſinger—and Paſtora cannot be known but by thoſe who had the pleaſure of ſeeing Mrs. Clive.

Mrs. Cibber having withdrawn was a ſevere ſtroke upon the Drury Lane tragedies, Mrs. Ward being but a cold and inanimate ſubſtitute; and it fell heavier on Mr. Barry's plays than Mr. Garrick's, as Lear, Macbeth, Richard, with Mrs. Pritchard's Lady Macbeth, &c. would do without Mrs. Cibber; but Caſtalio, Romeo, Varanes, &c. were ruined without her helping hand: Indeed Barry refuſed acting Romeo with Mrs. Ward. The Roman Father was brought out that ſeaſon, where Barry in Publius by no means could appear as an actor (though it ſhewed his fine figure) in competition with Garrick. Gil Blas was produced that year and damned, and ſome other pieces, but none of note. Rich not having any thing new, and only repeating the old plays, Lady Jane Gray excepted and the pantomime of the Fair, Drury Lane, unleſs on particular nights, bore the bell. Garrick's comedy characters, as well as his tragedy, (ſuch as Ranger, Benedick,

Archer, Bayes, Lear, Hamlet, &c.) were ſure cards, and all thoſe plays were thoroughly well acted.

COVENT GARDEN, 1749-50.

The company much the ſame as the year before, unleſs the loſs of Mr. Theophilus Cibber: Mr. Dyer from Ireland was his ſubſtitute, a very good actor in ſprightly comedy; not ſtriking as to abilities, but ſure to pleaſe, and never to offend. He played ſeveral parts of Mr. Garrick's, ſuch as Ranger, &c. and in Tom was truly excellent;—that was his firſt part at Covent Garden. Mr. Dyer's figure was very neat, not unlike that of Mr. Lewis's of Covent Garden; but it would be paying Mr. Lewis a very bad complement to draw a compariſon in any other reſpect, as that gentleman's vivacity, neatneſs, ſpirit, and energy of expreſſion, is ſo ſuperior as to caſt Mr. Dyer's abilities at a diſtance, were he now living; as wherever Mr. Lewis's Vapid, Twineall, Mercutio, &c. are mentioned, which he ſupports with a peculiar whim and vivacity, he by that means ſends hundreds joyful to their reſpective homes: In truth he needs no eulogium, as the trueſt praiſe is deſervedly thus, that whether Mr. Lewis had pleaſed the audience in 1700, 1790, or in 1810, he would have an equal claim to the generoſity, pro-

tection, and approbation of a ſenſible, generous, and diſcerning public.

Garrick's reaſoning in verſe will explain that idea when perhaps I ſhould only perplex——

> Your children cannot feel what you have known,
> They'll boaſt of Quins and Cibbers of their own:
> The greateſt glory of our happy few
> Is to be felt, and be approv'd by you.

Lady Jane Gray was revived by command of his Royal Highneſs Frederick Prince of Wales, as a ſecond performance by the Royal Family, under the direction of Mr. Quin, at Leiceſter Houſe. It added much to Mrs. Woffington's reputation. The parts were thus diſpoſed of:——

Pembroke,	Mr. DELANE,
Northumberland,	Mr. SPARKS.
Suffolk,	Mr. RIDOUT.
Gardiner,	Mr. QUIN.
Ducheſs of Suffolk,	Mrs. HORTON.
Lady Jane Gray,	Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

The above play was performed a number of nights. The line of——

> I hold no ſpeech with hereticks and traitors,

uſed to ſtrike my young imagination ſo forcibly at ten years old, that I remember it *perfectly* to this very minute.

That year Mr. Rich produced a little ſketch of a pantomime called the Fair, in which Mr. Lun (Rich) did Harlequin. Lun had been the name of the famous man who repreſented Harlequin at Paris; therefore whenever Mr. Rich appeared as Harlequin, the name of Lun was inſerted in the bills. Mr. Garrick paid a compliment to Mr. Rich's Harlequin in the following lines:——

But why a ſpeaking Harlequin? 'tis wrong;
The wits will ſay, to give the fool a tongue!
When LUN appear'd with matchleſs art and whim,
He gave the pow'r of ſpeech to ev'ry limb;
Tho' maſk'd, and mute, convey'd his quick intent,
And told in frolic geſtures all he meant——
But now the motley coat and ſword of wood
Requires a tongue to make them underſtood.

The famous Turk on the wire was at that time introduced by Mr. Rich in the pantomime of the Fair; and indeed that was the ſole motive of his patching up that entertainment. Mr. Quin and Mrs. Woffington would not play during the repreſentation of that piece, as they thought it degrading to the theatre to have wire-dancers, &c. but as it did not interfere with their plays, and they were paid, and as that trifle brought ſeveral good houſes, by which means they would have appeared to advantage, they certainly acted wrong.

in duty to the manager, the public, and their own intereſt:—The public were the only proper judges to decide on the propriety or impropriety; and if THEY ſuffered the Grand Turk to exhibit, they ſhould have acquieſced and not withdrawn and pointed out the fault; which might have worked up a fury againſt the theatre that would have fallen upon themſelves.

Romeo and Juliet was revived in the interim between Quin and Woffington's playing—Romeo, Mr. Lee; Juliet, Miſs Bellamy. Mr. Lee had broke his article and fled to Covent Garden.—— Mr. Lee's very peculiar oddity of temper prevented him ever riſing to any fixed public eſtimation.

DRURY LANE, 1750-1.

Miſs Bellamy was engaged from Covent Garden, and trained as the Juliet—Woodward was the Mercutio. Mr. Garrick divided the opinion of the town as to his performance in Romeo—Mr. Rich's proceſſion was very grand, and in thoſe ſpectacles he never had been equalled, nor can be ſurpaſſed; but Garrick did not promiſe any proceſſion or dirge in his bills, tho' they gave a ſtriking effect and an agreeable ſurpriſe.—Mr. Woodward aſſiſted Mr. Garrick with Queen Mab

that ſeaſon, which eaſed Garrick much; and the comedies were ſo well ſuſtained, where Mr. Woodward, Mr. Yates, Mr. Taſwell, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Clive, were capital, that the fairy wand ſailed with the old Drury hulk before the wind. A whimſical print was then produced, called the Steel Yards, in in which were placed Quin, Barry, Woffington, and Cibber; and in oppoſition Woodward and Queen Mab, which exultingly bore down all the greater load with the ſmall. This ſeaſon Mr. Shuter was coming forward greatly as a low comedian at Drury Lane—alſo Mr. Palmer in the gentlemen in comedy, who afterwards ſuſtained a very conſiderable caſt of the celebrated Mr. Wilkes's comedy-gentlemen, as Sir George Airy, &c.—He ſome years afterwards married Miſs Pritchard.

COVENT GARDEN, 1750-1.

Barry deſerted to Covent Garden—Mrs. Cibber alſo, after a year's retirement, engaged at the ſame theatre—Macklin and wife came from Dublin, (alſo Mrs. Elmy) to that theatre—Quin and Woffington remained — Conſequently Garrick found the coalition ſo ſtrong, that he wiſhed to bring over Quin to his intereſt; but Quin having had the command at Covent Garden, did not wiſh to be controuled by Mr. Garrick; he there-

fore ſtuck to his old maſter, Rich, but not without ſtipulating for one thouſand pounds a year—the greateſt ſalary ever then known to be complied with, or I believe ſince, except in the caſe of Mrs. Billington.

This collected body of Imperial forces might ſtrike the boldeſt with diſmay.—The whole converſation was, that Garrick would be ruined by ſuch a powerful oppoſition; but they did not, or would not, comprehend that Garrick was really, as he expreſſed himſelf———.

Arm'd cap-a-pee in ſelf-ſufficient merit.

His Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet, Richard, Bayes, &c. ſtood alone, nor, as he foretold, did his Lear or Hamlet loſe their force:—Beſides, he had induſtry, and his troops were under excellent diſcipline:—Woodward aſſiſted him too in a material point—that of attacking Rich in his deemed invulnerable part—the harlequin department:—for tho' Rich deſpiſed actors, he for once in his life, in this ſeaſon, relied on them, and had nothing to produce as to novelty in the pantomime way of any kind whatever.—Added to that, the performers at Covent Garden were not under any controul: they deſpiſed their maſter—he deſpiſed them—and they heartily hated each other.—Quin diſliked Barry,

and Barry Quin—and Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Woffington held each other in the higheſt contempt.——Mrs. Cibber, when called upon by the manager, was often feignedly or really ill; and though Mrs. Woffington was ever ready for any undertaking for the general welfare, yet that year her pride was touched and irritated ſo much, that by a refuſal one night a great riot enſued, as before mentioned in Vol. III.

Quin and Barry were alſo averſe to aſſiſt each other.—King John was called to rehearſal, and Barry was not there. Quin would not attend the next rehearſal; and what Barry ſettled, Quin was ſure, when he came, to contradict.

The Houſe opened that ſeaſon September 24th, with the MISER.

Miſer,	Mr. MACKLIN.
Lappet,	Mrs. MACKLIN.

Second Play was the BUSY BODY.

Marplot,	Mr. MACKLIN,
Patch,	Mrs. MACKLIN.

And on Friday, October 3, was the commencement of the ſcene of battle between the two houſes with the run of Romeo and Juliet.

Romeo, Mr. BARRY.—Juliet, Mrs. CIBBER.

KING JOHN was revived that ſeaſon thus:

King John,	Mr. QUIN.
King of France,	Mr. RYAN.
Hubert,	Mr. BRIDGEWATER.
Pandolph,	Mr. SPARKS.
Dauphin,	Mr. LACEY.
Prince Arthur,	Miſs MULLART.
Baſtard,	Mr. BARRY.
Queen Ellinor,	Mrs. ELMY.
Conſtance,	Mrs. CIBBER.
Lady Blanche,	Mrs. VINCENT.
Lady Falconbridge,	Mrs. BAMBRIDGE.

Two very odd incidents happened during the run of that play. They are in Mr. Davies's Miſcellanies; but as I related them to Mr. Davies, I claim a right to inſert them here.——For he was not in London at the time, as he played ſome ſeaſons at York, Edinburgh, and Dublin; they were as follows:

"On Mr. Barry's endeavouring to repeat the following words in the firſt act of the play:——

"Well now I can make any Joan a lady——

"He was ſo embarraſſed in the delivery of this ſingle line, that not being able to repeat the words, he was obliged to quit the ſtage amidſt the general

applauſe of the audience, who ſaw and felt his uneaſineſs. But what is ſtill more ſurpriſing, after going off, and returning three ſeveral times, with the ſame kind encouragement of the ſpectators, he was forced to give it up; and I believe he did not recover himſelf till he was relieved by the entrance of Lady Falconbridge.

"Mrs. Cibber, during the repreſentation of that Tragedy at Covent-garden theatre, the year 1750, was ſuddenly taken ill.——The play was, however announced in the bills.——Mrs. Woffington, who was ever ready to ſhew her reſpect to the public, and her willingneſs to promote the intereſt of her employer, came forward to the front of the pit ready dreſſed for the character of Conſtance, and offered, with permiſſion of the audience, to ſupply Mrs. Cibber's place for that night. The ſpectators, inſtead of meeting her addreſs with approbation, ſeemed to be entirely loſt in ſurpriſe. This unexpected reception ſo embarraſſed her that ſhe was preparing to retire; when Ryan, who thought they only wanted a hint to rouſe them from their inſenſibility, aſked them bluntly if they would give Mrs. Woffington leave to act Lady Conſtance?—The audience, as if at once awakened from a fit of lethargy, by repeated plaudits ſtrove to make amends for their inattention to

the moſt beautiful woman that ever adorned a theatre."

The Refuſal was revived by Macklin that winter. Mr. Lee played Granger; but Mr. Garrick put the law in force for breach of his article, and he was obliged to return to Drury-Lane, where Garrick from that day held a rod of iron over him.

She Would if ſhe Could was revived—a vile play indeed—not reliſhed *then* by any means—*now*, to the credit of the audience, would not be tolerated.—The principal characters were performed by Mr. and Mrs. Macklin, and Mrs. Elmy.

Mrs. Cibber was ill great part of the ſeaſon. It was the laſt year of Mr. Quin's playing.——His benefit was about the twelfth of March—Othello the play.—The Moor was acted alternately by him and Barry. When Barry acted Othello, Macklin played Iago: And when Quin acted Othello, Ryan was the Iago.——I wonder Quin's underſtanding would let him perſiſt in acting Othello, where he was ſo inferior in every reſpect to Mr. Barry. Indeed for his laſt benefit the Prince of Wales commanded Othello.—Quin acted Iago to Barry's Othello; but ſtrange to relate, with the change of characters, and the command, the houſe

to that old favorite was very bad. There was not any farce that night; nor any new play at Covent-garden from the year 1748 till 1753.

The laſt character Mr. Quin acted, as a regular engaged performer, was on the concluſive night but two in the ſeaſon, May 20, 1751, Horatio, in the Fair Penitent—Lothario, Barry; and Caliſta Mrs. Cibber: the beſt Caliſta I ever ſaw, and moſt likely, at my time of life, that I ever ſhall.—Barry not happy in Lothario.

In March 1751—His Royal Highneſs Frederick Prince of Wales died; when the theatres were ſhut up for three weeks; which proves Miſs Bellamy's aſſertion wrong as to her being at Leiceſter-Houſe, and the Princeſs of Wales patronizing her benefit, &c.—the play to be the Siege of Damaſcus, wiſhing to ſee their favourite veteran Quin, in his character of Caled; which if the reader will obſerve muſt be erroneous, for that year Miſs Bellamy was at Drury-lane theatre; and Mr. Davies muſt be wrong in his date; for this was the year of the run of Romeo and Juliet, when Mrs. Cibber was at Covent Garden.*

The day his Royal Highneſs died the tragedy of Jane Shore was appointed at Covent-garden, for the benefit of Mr. Ryan.

* See Bill of Romeo and Juliet, vol. 1. page 31.

Glo'ſter,	Mr. QUIN.
Shore,	Mr. RYAN.
Haſtings,	Mr. BARRY.
Alicia,	Mrs. CIBBER.
Jane Shore,	Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

And that might certainly be admitted as tolerable.

So different was the practice between then and now, relative to the principal performers acting on benefit nights in London, that Mr. Garrick acted every year from the firſt to the middling claſs of performers in general.

Mrs. Woffington the ſeaſon following quitted Covent-garden for Dublin; where ſhe was held in ſuch high eſtimation as to have her ſalary of four hundred pounds doubled the ſecond and third winter; which the manager, from an acknowledged ſenſe of her value, judged a debt due to her merit and his own intereſt. She had alſo two benefits each ſeaſon in Dublin. Mr. Victor gives the following deſcription of that lady.——"So generous was her conduct, though ſhe ſeldom acted leſs than four nights a week, that ſhe never diſappointed one audience in three winters either by real or affected illneſs; and yet I have often ſeen her on the ſtage when ſhe ought to have been in her bed."

Mr. Hitchcock adds the following:——

"To her honour be it ever remembered, that whilſt thus in the zenith of her glory, courted and careſſed by all ranks and degrees, it made no alteration in her behaviour; ſhe remained the ſame gay, affable, obliging, good-natured Woffington to every one around her. She had none of thoſe occaſional illneſſes, which I have ſometimes ſeen aſſumed by capital performers, to the great vexation and loſs of the manager, and diſappointment of the public: She always acted four times each week.

"Not the loweſt performer in the theatre did ſhe refuſe playing for: Out of 26 benefits ſhe acted in 24; and one of the other two was for a Mrs. Lee, who choſe to treat the town with an exhibition of her own Juliet.——Such traits of character muſt endear the memory of Mrs. Woffington to every lover of the Drama."

Mrs. Cibber's benefit, early in March 1759, was Zara, revived.

Ozman,	Mr. BARRY.
Zara,	Mrs. CIBBER.

Mr. Quin took Othello, as before-mentioned. Mr. Barry, Romeo and Juliet—Mrs. Woffington, the Conſtant Couple.——Mr. Cooke's benefit

was on Friday (previous to Prince Frederick's burial), when a capital blunder occurred.—as Mr. Quin's name was printed in capitals for the part of Young Bevil—but Mr. Barry acted the part.—Indiana, by Mrs. Cibber, who hitherto has not been, and in all probability never will be matched in that character. Her manner of saying to Mr. Sealand, "Sir, if you will pay the money to a servant "it will do as well"—and the whole of her last scene in that play, was so truly affecting, expressive, and natural, that she really caught the ball which all other Indiana's have been running after in vain.

I know it is said that first impressions do a great deal; but I can also assert that from Mr. Garrick, Mr. Quin, Mrs. Bellamy, Mrs. Crawford, and others, I could convey to any hearer a strong idea of their manners, tones, &c. which would be acknowledged and allowed as real traits by the most rigid observer now existing. But Mrs. Cibber's excellence was of that superior kind, that I can only retain her in my mind's eye. Not that all her characters were equally astonishing; for Mrs. Cibber was but a mere mortal: yet, her Alicia, Constance, Ophelia, Indiana, Juliet, &c. were truly her own. Neat simplicity of manners in comedy was equally so. But her fine Ladies, and

parts of ſtriking humour, had better be (as they are) forgotten. This is a great character, but a juſt one.

The ſeaſon concluded the two laſt nights with Romeo and Juliet, without any Farce, or Dance, &c.

DRURY-LANE, 1751-2.

Its worthy obſervation that what leads hiſtorical regiſters perpetually into error, is the confounding the ſeaſons: For as the theatres always open in September, and do not cloſe till early in the following ſummer, not only the public, but the performers themſelves, are too apt to miſtake one year for the other, from two dates being unavoidably connected with one ſeaſon. Many particulars of theſe times are related in my firſt volume.

The company remained much as the year before, as I do not remember any particular deſertions. Mr. Moſſop and Mr. Roſs were added, and of great additional ſtrength; for they promiſed greatly from their firſt appearances.——Mr. Moſſop's *entrée* was in Richard, then in Zanga—and much applauded. Mr. Roſs in Young Bevil. —Mr Dexter alſo made his appearance that year, and aſtoniſhed every one in the character of

Oroonoko. His merit had ſuch an effect at firſt as to promiſe wonders; and he was prognoſticated a powerful adverſary to Barry in the Lovers: but when he left his honeſt black, his white promiſed nothing; it was a vacuum, and he ſunk into oblivion. He went to Dublin, from whence he came. He had been educated in the College there: was in high eſteem as a gentleman; and though not an actor of the firſt claſs, was gentlemanlike in his deportment, had a pleaſing voice, and played ſecond to Mr. Sheridan; but he did not live many years. He was rather dejected at not ſucceeding on the ſtage in a more elevated ſtyle.

Mr. Wilder removed this year to Drury-Lane: did very little at either theatre; but was much applauded when he ſung

"For women love kiſſing as well as the men."

N. B. Mr. Wilder played Macbeth forty nights in Dublin, 1756-7.

The Fair Penitent was often acted this ſeaſon.

Horatio,	Mr. MOSSOP.
Altamont,	Mr. Ross.
Sciolto,	Mr. BERRY.
Lothario,	Mr. GARRICK.
Caliſta,	Miſs BELLAMY.

Mr. Garrick was the only gentleman I ever ſaw make the character of Lothario truly conſpicuous.

Alfred was revived at infinite expence, and ſucceeded. Likewiſe Eaſtward Hoe, for the Lord-Mayor's Day, (when the practice of acting the London Cuckolds was aboliſhed at that theatre;) but the play was driven off the ſtage.

Every Man in his Humour was next revived, and with great ſucceſs. That comedy increaſed in public eſtimation for ſome ſeaſons. Indeed every part in that production of old Ben's was ſo well acted, it was hard to point out how any one in that very difficult compoſition could be amended. It was a lucky ſtroke for Woodward's advancement with the town. His performance of Captain Bobadil was wonderful.

The Shepherd's Lottery, was a very pretty muſical piece—Maſter Vernon (late Mr. Vernon) made his firſt appearance in that little Opera. The Duet of "By the pale light of the moon," was always encored at that time, when ſung by Mr. Vernon and Miſs Norris in that piece.—Harlequin Ranger alſo was much admired.——Woodward was an excellent Harlequin. In his youth he had been taught that motley character by Mr. Rich, and had well obſerved that gentleman's inſtructions.

COVENT-GARDEN, 1751-2.

Mr. Quin had retired from the ſtage May 1751; in March 1752, and March 1753, he came from Bath purpoſely to play Falſtaff in the firſt part of King Henry IV. for his friend Mr. Ryan's benefit: He after that left him a legacy, and made him a preſent; declaring he grew infirm, and would not *whiſtle* Falſtaff.

Mrs. Woffington continued in Ireland; ſo Mr. Barry and Mrs. Cibber had all their own ſway.—The Siege of Damaſcus was revived—Barry, Phocyas; and Mrs. Cibber, Eudocia. Mrs. Cibber alſo played Lady Townly, (not much to her credit). Venice Preſerved was likewiſe acted, when Barry made his appearance as Jaffier. He had uſually played Pierre, and his figure was pleaſing and commanding beyond deſcription in that character. Mrs. Cibber's Belvidera was a non-ſuch.—Mr. Rich revived that year the Necromancer, or Harlequin Doctor Fauſtus; the galleries liked ſuch a diſmal ſight then, but I do not think it would be now tolerated. It was not pleaſing to me at that time, who thought no paradiſe could exceed a playhouſe.

Woodward revived Dr. Fauſtus, with new ſcenery and more livelineſs ſeveral years after at Covent-garden, when it anſwered to the amuſement of the public and the coffers of Covent-garden treaſury.——In February, after ſeveral years' promiſe, out came Harlequin Sorcerer, which made old Drury tremble; for any thing like the rage after that pantomime I never remember.

In November 4, 1751, when Mr. Barry and Mr. Sparks were performing Bajazet and Tamerlane, Arpaſia, Mrs. Cibber, one of the gentlemen was ſo ſuddenly out in his part that the play could not proceed. After a conſiderable pauſe, Mrs. Cibber ſaid, "Gentlemen, it is not my turn to "ſpeak." After which the play proceeded without any other blunder. This only is mentioned to prove great actors as well as *ſmall* are liable to *blunders*. Mrs. Cibber remains unrivalled in Arpaſia, particularly in the frenzy ſpeech of the laſt act.

Miſs Macklin that ſeaſon played Lady Townly for her father's benefit; alſo Jane Shore twice, early in the ſeaſon.

Mrs. Cibber played Lady Macbeth the firſt time, for her own benefit.

The ſeaſon cloſed with Romeo and Juliet, and the Sorcerer.

DRURY-LANE, 1752-3.

The Company much as before; only the loſs of Mrs. Ward, who was neither wanted nor regretted; as Miſs Bellamy's youth, faſhion, dreſs, &c. aided with Mr. Garrick's powerful aſſiſtance, enabled her to make a tolerable ſtand in tragedy againſt Mrs. Cibber, which Mrs. Ward was by no means equal to. Eugenia was acted, but did not ſucceed on the Engliſh ſtage, notwithſtanding its being in great reputation then at Paris; and the Rev. Mr. Frances, the author, (or rather tranſlator) was in high rank and eſteem in London.

Mr. Foote's farce of Taſte was produced that ſeaſon—Lady Pentweazle, by Mr. Worſendale, a genius of much wit and humour, but it met with a ſimilar fate to Gil Blas.—Mr. Garrick's ſpeaking the prologue, (which he wrote for that farce of Taſte) was judged a maſter-piece; and the prologue now ſpeaks for itſelf, though alas! Garrick *cannot*.

The Gameſter was acted—Mr. Garrick wonderful—ay, moſt wonderful, in Beverley!—Boadicia—revived by Mr. Glover.—Alſo the Genii, a pantomime, the Silent Woman, and the Brothers, a tragedy, by Dr. Young; who gave the profits of his three nights, as an author, to a pub-

lic charity—but the amount not anſwering his wiſhes and expectations, he generouſly made up the ſum to one thouſand pounds.

COVENT-GARDEN, 1752-3.

Mr. Barry and Mrs. Cibber were in high eſtimation, and to particular plays drew good houſes. But, unleſs to a pantomime, or ſomething of particular attraction, the boxes were often very thin at the early part of the ſeaſon; whereas Drury-Lane was conſtantly attended.—Thin boxes on any night was ſeldom ſeen there; as a neatneſs, decorum, and regularity, pervaded the whole. However Mr. Rich was very induſtrious that ſeaſon.—Mrs. Bland was engaged from Ireland, who had made great progreſs on the Dublin ſtage. Mr. Giffard, junior, made his appearance in Lear, a very improper character; the play was wretchedly acted, when compared with the performance of the ſame piece at the rival theatre;—or indeed without any compariſon at all.—Signor Maraneſi, and Signora Bugiani, were that ſeaſon engaged; two inimitable dancers: the lady's countenance was the moſt expreſſive and ſtrong that can be imagined. Their burletta manner, gave ſtrong and neat con-

veyance to whatever they attempted. They drew a great deal of money; and indeed that luck was not to be wondered at. I have never ſeen ſuch good *comic* dancers before or ſince.—Mr. Cooke, and Miſs Hilliard, who were excellent as dancers in their way, were alſo continued. The dances were in ſuch eſtimation as often to ſupply the want of a Farce.——The Fair was again revived that year, to introduce Mr. Madox, the famous man on the wire; who was in the year 1758 drowned on his paſſage to Ireland; as was Theophilus Cibber, and ſeveral performers.

Beſides the dancers mentioned at Covent-Garden that ſeaſon, there were ſeveral good ones, above mediocrity; Monſieur Grandchamps, and Madame Camargo.——Saturday, January the thirteenth, the Sorcerer was again produced, and continued, with almoſt equal effect, to the finiſhing of the ſeaſon. It was helped by an additional fountain ſcene; the machinery of which I think ſurpaſſed any pantomime quirk I remember, and ſhould be now introduced.——Mr. Smith's firſt appearance was on Monday, Jan. 8, 1753, in the character of Theodoſius; acted four ſucceſſive nights.——The Earl of Eſſex, a tragedy, written by Mr. Jones, (an Iriſh bricklayer,) was acted that year, and had a conſiderable

run.——Thoſe who ſaw Mr. Barry in Eſſex, need not be reminded, that for attitude, and pathetic expreſſion of voice and countenance, they have not beheld a parallel to that gentleman's pronouncing in the laſt act, when the Lieutenant urges the Earl to proceed to immediate execution, Eſſex turns to the Lieutenant, (pointing to his Counteſs fainting on the ground,) and replies—"O "look there!"—the whole pit of critics actually burſt into tears; and then ſhook the theatre with unbounded and repeated applauſe, accompanied with huzzas.—The play was well acted—Mrs. Bland was happy in perſon and manner in Queen Elizabeth, which luckily placed her in a rank of eſtimation.—To relate that Mrs. Cibber, as the Counteſs of Rutland (though a ſhort part) was excellent, would be ſuperfluous: Her Epilogue, written by Mr. Garrick, (to whom ſhe was to return the winter following) was a powerful aſſiſtant to the play.——That was, to my ſuppoſition, the beſt ſeaſon Mr. Rich had ever experienced in my memory.

Mr. Barry was at that time in the prime of life, as to health and vigour; and Mrs. Cibber alſo at her beſt. No wonder ſuch a pair of lovers obtained the triumph they were entitled to: Indeed it was a pity they were ever ſeparated; for no two perſons were ſo calculated to aſſiſt each other by

voice, manner, and real feeling, as Mr. Barry, and Mrs. Cibber.

Mr. Smith's ſecond part on the ſtage was Southampton, in the play of Eſſex.—Mrs. Cibber's benefit that year was All for Love, with her neat little piece of the Oracle.

On Saturday, May 26, 1753, the ſeaſon cloſed with Romeo and Juliet, by Mr. Barry, and Mrs. Cibber; which proved a ſeparation of two lovers, doomed never—no, never to meet again!

I here publiſh a bill of that ſeaſon, to ſhew how difficult it muſt have been to ſatisfy eager claimants for being diſtinguiſhed.—It occaſioned much murmuring. Sometimes a lady took the lead, and her rival was bottomed; and the hero placed in the middle; but all would not do: And in the year 1757, the line of *performed* was obliterated, and the great letters for the principal were continued; which Mr. Kemble, for his own eaſe, and quiet of the theatre, has entirely baniſhed.

For the BENEFIT of
Signor MARANESI, and Miſs HILLIARD,

THEATRE-ROYAL, in *Covent-Garden.*

This preſent Monday, being the 30th of April, 1753,

THE DISTRESS'D MOTHER.

The Part of PYRRHUS to be performed
By Mr. SPARKS.

Pylades, by Mr. RIDOUT.—Phœnix, by Mr. ANDERSON.
The Part of ORESTES to be performed
By Mr. BARRY.

Cephiſa, Mrs. BARRINGTON.—Cleone, Mrs. GRIFFITH.
The Part of HERMIONE to be performed
By Mrs. BLAND.

And the Part of ANDROMACHE to be performed
By Mrs. CIBBER.

With ſeveral Entertainments of DANCING by
Signor MARANESI, Signora BUGIANI,
Mr. COOK, and Miſs HILLIARD, viz.

End of Act Second, a New Dance, called
GUASTATORE;
By Signor MARANESI, and Signora BUGIANI.

End of Act Third, the SCOT's DANCE
By Mr. COOKE, and Miſs HILLIARD.

End of Act Fourth, a MOCK MINUET,
By Sig MARANESI, and Signora BUGIANI.

End of the Play, a MINUET, and LOUVRE,
By Mr. COOKE, and Miſs HILLIARD.

To which will be added a Muſical Farce, (acted there but twice) called

The LOVER his Own RIVAL.

The Part of Clerimont, by Mr. LOWE.

Fretful, by Mr. *Collins.* | Frederick, by Mr. *Cuſhing.*
Matchwood, by Mr. *Bennett.* | Lucy, by Miſs *Pitt.*

And the Part of Harriet, by Mrs CHAMBERS.

Boxes 5s—Pit 3s.—Firſt Gall. 2s.—Upper Gall. 1s.

DRURY LANE, 1753-4.

Mrs. Cibber, at high terms, was engaged at Drury Lane:—Her firſt appearance was in Monimia—Chamont, Mr. Garrick; Caſtalio, Mr. Roſs; and it is certain in love characters Mrs. Cibber never appeared to ſuch advantage as when with Mr. Barry. Romeo and Juliet was attractive when ſhe and Mr. Garrick acted in theſe parts; but ſtill in the love ſcenes ſhe wanted her former Romeo. Mr. Garrick, indeed, in the ſcenes of fire, had the ſuperiority; but as the lover, Barry was then, and is, unrivalled, and will be till ſuch another ſtarts up; but think I may prophecy that will not happen in my time, were I to double my years with renovated youth.—Indeed, let a theatrical hiſtorian look back, and he will not find an actor ſo excellent, as a lover, from the days of Betterton, as Mr. Barry, to the preſent ſtage-ſtrut hour.

Miſs Macklin was then engaged, and (her mother from Covent Garden:) Miſs M. at that time was a very faſhionable actreſs, accompliſhed, and ſeemed to promiſe well; but having acquired a ſufficiency, and grown tired of the profeſſion, ſhe retired ſeveral years ago from the ſtage, and died in ſome degree of affluence.

That ſeaſon Virginia was produced in February—Mr. Garrick did Virginius; Moſſop, Ap-

pius; Mrs. Cibber, Virginia; and Marcia was the firſt appearance of Mrs. Graham (the late Mrs. Yates) who afterwards ſtood forth as an honour to the Britiſh ſtage:—Her beautiful figure and merits are too well remembered to need encomium or repetition here. Mrs. Graham was not conſidered of much promiſe by Mr. Garrick, as ſhe was not retained:—But Mrs. Cibber's illneſs, Mr. Murphy's inceſſant pains, with Mr. Garrick's neceſſities from Mrs. Cibber's indiſpoſition, was a lucky circumſtance for that lady and the public, and produced that charming and beautiful actreſs, who otherwiſe had pined unknown from the firſt ſeaſon, and never been more remembered, but, like a lily drooping, pined and died.

Mr. Garrick wrote the following introductory lines for her in February 1754.

If novelties can pleaſe, to night we've two——
Tho' *Engliſh* both, yet ſpare 'em as they're new——
To one at leaſt your uſual favour ſhow——
A female aſks it, can a man ſay no?
Should you indulge our * novice yet unſeen,
And crown her with your hands a tragic queen;
Should you with ſmiles a confidence impart,
To calm thoſe fears which ſpeak a feeling heart;
Aſſiſt each ſtruggle of ingenuous ſhame
Which curbs a genius in its road to fame,

* A new Actreſs.

With one wiſh more, her whole ambition ends——
She hopes ſome merit to deſerve ſuch friends.

Creuſa was produced that ſeaſon with a double epilogue—the one by Mrs. Pritchard, the other by Miſs Haughton; the Knights, by Mr. Foote; and Fortunatus, a very pleaſing pantomime, by Mr. Woodward—Madame Marriot was the Colombine *that* and for ſeveral ſeaſons—a beautiful and pleaſing figure.

COVENT GARDEN, 1753-4.

Mr. Barry having loſt Mrs. Cibber as his Juliet, lamented thus in his prologue:——

In ſuch ſad plight what could poor Romeo do?
Why faith, like modern lovers, ſeek a new;
And happy ſhall I think me in my choice,
If ſhe's approv'd of by the public voice.

Miſs Noſſiter, on Wedneſday, October 10, made her firſt appearance; ſhe was not much more than the age of Juliet; was poſſeſſed of a handſome fortune and genteel education, ſtrong ſenſibility and feeling, and what added to the performance, Romeo and Juliet were really in love, and well known to be ſo. She threw ſtrokes in many paſſages that were not only genuine but forcible, and bad fair in time to ſupply the place of a Cibber;

but notwithſtanding the advantages of youth, and meeting wonderful encouragement, Nature had not endowed her with voice and powers ſufficient for the arduous taſk to ſtand againſt her rival, and they appeared weakened, the more ſhe was ſeen, inſtead of gaining ground.—Indeed I think I never ſaw her play ſo well as the firſt ſeaſon; neither was her voice muſical, and her mouth was remarkably wide, but ſhe drew to all her characters. She acted Juliet a number of nights. Her ſecond part was Belvidera, and in the mad ſcene did wonders from tuition, attention, and ſtrong underſtanding: Rutland the third; and Philoclea, brought forward and wrote purpoſely to ſhew her to advantage by Macnamara Morgan.—Mr. Barry took infinite pains with Pyrocles; Mr. Smith did Muſidorus; but the tragedy was a ſtrange, lame, ſick play, and with difficulty languiſhed till the ninth day, when poor Philoclea died a natural death, and was not baſely and cruelly murdered, as Mrs. Bellamy falſely and invidiouſly relates, as Mr. Smith can teſtify; for, on the contrary, the applauſe was ſo violent the firſt night of repreſentation, and the Iriſh gentlemen's party ſo ſtrong in its ſupport, that Mrs. Bland was obliged to repeat a coarſe epilogue, which was as coarſely ſpoken.

Conſtantine was alſo produced at Covent-Garden that year, and ſhared an unhappy fate.

Miſs Bellamy returned here from Drury Lane; but the relation in her book, relative to that matter, being far from authentic, for the ſake of theatrical truth and hiſtory I give the following accounts: Thus far indeed ſhe acknowledges, viz. "The frequent miſtakes which I find I have made in the chronology of my Theatrical Anecdotes, will, I hope, be imputed to my reciting them, as I have already obſerved, entirely from memory; and the deviation, I truſt, will be excuſed by my readers, as the incidents themſelves, though perhaps erroneous in point of time, are real facts. And was I now to ſet about correcting the error by an alteration of the dates, I fear, as many of them happened at ſo diſtant a period, ſuch a ſtep would only be productive of greater miſtakes.

"I have received ſome corrections on this head from Mr. Wilkinſon, manager of the York company, for which I acknowledge myſelf much obliged to him, though I cannot, for the reaſon juſt given, avail myſelf of them."

As Tate Wilkinſon I here note, that Conſtantine was acted that ſeaſon, and ſhared an unhappy fate. Miſs Bellamy's ſituation was, as ſhe has deſcribed, in Fluvia, TRUTH; but the play was acted to a fine houſe on its firſt night of repreſentation, and the third act received loud applauſes, particularly from Barry's concluſion of it;

he alſo received three plaudits from his manner of pronouncing theſe two lines in the prologue——

Their heroes ſeem of a ſuperior ſtate,
Great in their virtues, in *their vices* GREAT.

After the third act it grew very languid, and the curtain dropped, with the audience more fatigued than enraged.

Miſs Bellamy muſt have been determinably wrong as to her account of Conſtantine being damned the firſt night of repreſentation: It was firſt acted on Saturday, February 23, 1754; alſo on the Monday and Tueſday following: The third night, as uſual, for the benefit of the author; but the play was unfortunately ſo ill attended and diſapproved, that it was again put up on Thurſday, February 28, the fourth night, for the benefit of the author.—The following inſertion was at the bottom of the bill:——

"*N. B.* The receipt of laſt night not anſwer-
"ing, Mr. Rich has taken it to himſelf."

"On Saturday next (by his Majeſty's com-
"mand)

"VENICE PRESERVED."

Which ſignificantly inſinuated Conſtantine was in a decline. Had the play met a better fate, Miſs Bellamy's ſituation was ſuch as muſt have precluded it

ſome time, as that tragedy was with difficulty hurried thro', the Empreſs Fulvia being brought to bed that very fourth night, and like a woman of ſpirit ſhe appeared ſoon after in the penitent Jane Shore for her own benefit: Mr. Foote acted in the Knights that ſaid evening, and gave an imitation of Mr. Garrick in the prologue, who had wrote and ſpoke that ſeaſon the following lines:——

I read no Greek, Sir——When I was at ſchool
Terence wrote prologues——Terence was no fool.

Which lines Foote thus ridiculed, and in manner very like the Garrick, and with effect:——

I read no Greek, Sir—When I was at ſchool
The uſher wrote prologues—the uſher was no fool.

Miſs Bellamy mentions alſo the great expence Mr. Rich was at in reviving Buſirus, which is a dream of her own invention, as Mr. Barry revived that play Monday, March 22, 1756, for his own benefit, two years LATER than her account, and was acted to a very indifferent houſe. The ſtage was built, but the ſeats were empty. Mr. Foote acted Hartop in the Knights that evening, to oblige and ſerve Mr. Barry.

Mrs. Bellamy alſo relates, that on her return to Covent Garden, on her appearing in Juliet with Barry, that the tragedy had a run exceeding

that of oppoſition 1750. It is ſo little connected with truth, and is ſo very erroneous, that on the contrary, when ſhe returned to Covent Garden on the ſeaſon's opening in the autumn 1754, Miſs Noſſiter was, as before-mentioned in my Memoirs, the Juliet; which character Miſs Bellamy at that time never had acted with Mr. Barry, nor ever did till ſo late as the 26th of December 1755. Her firſt appearance in 1753, on her return, was on Tueſday the 20th of November, in a very improper character; as was her ſecond on Thurſday, November 22 (her ſituation conſidered): She was thus announced in the bills, "Athenais, by Miſs Bellamy, her firſt appearance this ſtage theſe three years." After the chaſte Athenais, the pure Monimia followed, which led to ſtrange ideas that Caſtalio moſt certainly had been acquainted with that lady long before the third act. After that ſeaſon (and not before it was neceſſary) ſhe wiſely changed the appellation of *Miſs* to *Mrs.* Bellamy.

That lady's life being publiſhed, my own remarks, and intimacy with her as an acquaintance, friend, and actreſs, will not, I hope, make the following genuine letters unexceptionable, as it draws as near to the finiſh of that once admired

character as the feeling heart or eye would wish to penetrate.

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE been so out of spirits that I have not "been able to do any thing but correct my Apo- "logy, which I have finished with an address to "her Grace of Devonshire, who has honoured "me with a pension. Thalia has not yet visited "me, therefore I have laid my comedy in laven- "der for some favourite of the laughing muse to "finish. I am engaged in a polemical contro- "versy, which I hope to gain reputation by, tho' "my language is rather severe. My leg is very "bad, my pocket very low, and my spirits quite "gone. I have had a bill just brought me of "sixty-eight pounds for Mr. Willet's *amicable suit*, "as well as some bills I gave, which makes me "very uneasy; one to Usher for twenty-nine "for which he chose to introduce an officer to "escort me once more to Parsons, and absolutely "must get the rules of the King's-Bench if I do "not pay the money on Saturday. I have not "heard from Mr. ——————; I suppose his letter "and visit were only a spurt of feeling, which soon "subsided. My son has settled a hundred pounds "a year, but a guinea more I cannot expect, as he "is really distressed himself, and he was inconve-

"nienced by advancing ten pounds. Could I "have got a frank, which I will try again for, I "will ſend you the lines to her Grace; but you "muſt not ſhew them. I fear I ſhall never be "able to walk without aſſiſtance; and, to add to "my comforts, I have a cough that tears me to "pieces. I am removed to my Doctor's, No. 6, "Cleveland-Row, St. James's, and am ſo high-"minded as to lodge up two pair of ſtairs, which "really may be compared to Jacob's ladder. It "gives me ſingular pleaſure to hear you are better. "Your friend Mrs. —— has kicked down the "pail I find. Miſs Brunton bids fair to ſhare "reputation with Mrs. Siddons. I had the great "honour of being wrote to by Mr. Digby to wait "upon her Majeſty on Thurſday, but my indiſ-"poſition prevents my having that happineſs at "preſent, which is doubly diſtreſsful, as I am in "real want on all ſides at preſent; yet with all "my calamities I have the happineſs of being re-"garded by men of the firſt ſenſe, whoſe friend-"ſhip I am proud of—among the number you are "ſet down. Return my regard by taking care of "your health, which no perſon more ſincerely "wiſhes than, my dear Tate,

"your friend and ſervant,

"G. A. BELLAMY."

The gentleman alluded to in the foregoing letter ſent her 50l. yet ſhe wanted ditto, ditto, as the inſtant it was got, the ſame inſtant was it ſquandered.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I SHOULD immediately have thanked you for "your laſt favour, but have been ſo afflicted with "the rheumatiſm in my right arm I can hardly "hold a pen, which impedes my ſixth volume. "Were I to make ſo many alterations as you "point out neceſſary as to facts, I muſt write the "whole over again, as I wrote merely from me-"mory; and as I have acknowledged your wiſhed-"for alterations in print, my incorrectneſs I hope "will be excuſed. I hope to ſee you ſoon in "London, and in a happier ſituation than at pre-"ſent, as every being to whom I was the leaſt "indebted has called upon me by arreſt and co-"pies of writs, which has accumulated my de-"mands to above four times what they were ori-"ginally. As to Bell, I have no cauſe of com-"plaint in money affairs, as he ſtood forth for "me in my diſtreſs; and as the ſucceſs of the "books was precarious, I only am concerned he "did not, according to promiſe, give me the ſti-"pulated ſets for the ſubſcribers before he diſ-"poſed of his. I deſire you will not pay poſtage,

" for I ſhall always be happy to hear from you,
" as I am, moſt ſincerely,

" with great eſteem,

Charles-ſtreet, " your humble ſervant,
April the 12th. " G. A. BELLAMY."

" MY DEAR TATE,

" I WROTE ſome months ago to thank you " for your ham, but have had no anſwer. After " having parted with my laſt guinea, and even " my neceſſaries, to avert my preſent unpleaſing " reſidence, in order to obtain the rules, I was " obliged to draw upon my ſon, and my lovely " patroneſs, the Ducheſs of Devonſhire, up to " Michaelmas quarter. The impoſitions are in- " credible, as the people live by the diſtreſſes of " others. I am obliged to give ſixteen ſhillings a " week for an apartment—a chandler's ſhop in " front, backwards a carpenter's; and what with " the ſawing of boards, the ſcreaming of three " ill-natured brats, the ſweet voice of the lady of " the manſion, who is particularly vociferous with " all the goſſips who owe her a penny, with a " coffee-mill which is often in uſe, and is as " noiſy as London-bridge when the tide is coming " in, makes ſuch unpleaſing ſounds, it is impoſſible " to think of any thing; added to this, I have not " a place for a ſervant. Could I raiſe ſufficient

"to furniſh me an apartment, I ſhould be to-
"lerably eaſy, as I have begun a work which
"ſeems to flatter ſucceſs, though a great undertak-
"ing, *The Characters of my own Times.*

"Could I raiſe by ſubſcription to enable me to
"obtain *quiet*, I could live at half the expence,
"and be as eaſy as my ſituation would admit.
"*They tell me it is my birth day*, that is, *the day*
"*of the month*, for I ſee nobody, not even the per-
"ſon I moſt eſteem upon earth, and who flatters
"me he is my friend, Mr. A——. If you ſhould
"happen to ſee Mr. ———, perhaps upon this
"occaſion he might ſtand my friend. Could I
"borrow about thirty or forty pounds for a year,
"I could with certainty repay it, as I am deter-
"mined to receive no viſits, and to live as frugal
"as poſſible. Indeed for want of exerciſe I have
"no appetite, and am reduced to one old cotton
"gown.—Oh! what a falling off is there? But
"I regret it leſs as I cannot ſtir alone without dif-
"ficulty.

"If you write, direct to No. 37, Eliot's-Row,
"St. George's Fields, and believe me, moſt ſin-
"cerely yours,

May 4, 1786. "G. A. BELLAMY."

"DEAR TATE,

"I RECEIVED yours yeſterday, and am ſurpriſed
"at your loſing ſo many of your performers. In

"anſwer to my not changing my lodging—I can-
"not without furniture, for the place is over-
"ſtocked, and I pay ſixteen ſhillings a week for a
"dog-kennel, and have not even a bed for my
"maid. I have been obliged to draw for my
"annuity till Chriſtmas, as every thing here is
"paid for before-hand. I do not ſee Bell, but will
"convey your requeſt to him. Dodſley I pur-
"poſe for my man, if I cannot get a friend to
"pay the expence upon my own account: It is
"the characters of the time ſince forty-five, and
"hope to have permiſſion to dedicate it to Roy-
"alty,—*not* his Royal Highneſs again. How can
"you aſk me how I came to be involved? I told
"you before, I paid part of my old debts, and
"renewed ſecurities for the remainder; which in-
"diſcretion has been productive of every diſtreſs
"as well as reproach, in lieu of their being ſen-
"ſible that I paid all I received, and was moſt
"cruelly deceived in the expectation of paying
"every body. I am as lame as ever, and as the
"bone can never be ſet, ſhall never be able to
"walk without aſſiſtance. I ſuppoſe Mrs. Craw-
"ford will bring you money—ſuch unprincipled
"people are generally lucky*. I fear it would
"be only loſing time to apply to Mr. ————,

* A ſtrange remark from my friend Bellamy.

"as he anſwered neither of my letters. If I "could get furniture I could get a houſe for a "trifle, where at leaſt I ſhould enjoy quiet.

"I am, moſt ſincerely,

"your affectionate

Eliot's-Row, "humble ſervant,

May the 13th. "G. A. BELLAMY."

"DEAR SIR,

"I have the pleaſure to inform you Mr. Wood- "ward gained his cauſe the twenty-fourth of laſt "month; by which I have not got any thing but "the credit of confuting Willet. If you read the "Morning Chronicle of the fourth of Auguſt, "you will find my letter to the Rev. Mr. Gaboll, "which will explain the affair. I have wrote an "anſwer to Willet's pamphlet, but am adviſed "not to publiſh it till winter. I was in hopes to "have been able to furniſh an apartment, which "would have enabled me to have lived cheap, "and enjoy quiet, which is impoſſible in my pre- "ſent reſidence: But nothing but diſappointment "and vexation attends me; nor can I ſettle to any "thing of conſequence where I am. I am greatly "afraid I have ſome how offended Mr.——— "which would give me more pain, than his with- "drawing his aſſiſtance. In almoſt the certainty of "money, I took a ſmall houſe, and diſpoſed of her

" Grace of Devonſhire's quarter to put up fix-
" tures, &c. but credit I cannot hope in the pre-
" dicament I now ſtand; and my annuity will not
" be clear till Chriſtmas. I hope Mr. Bell has
" ſent you the beginning. I very ſeldom ſee him;
" but had I had the power I ſhould have ſaved him
" the trouble. I hope the races will bring you a
" good harveſt.—You may ſee me, as I really am,
" (an old woman) in this day's Chronicle, and
" ſoon as a Magdalen. Mr. Woodfall is an old
" acquaintance, and has all my leiſure hours.—
" When you have time let me hear from you; as
" you have no correſpondent who has a more ſin-
" cere regard for you.

" I am, with eſteem,

No. 39, *Eliot's-Row*, " your humble ſervant,
St. George's Fields, "G. A. BELLAMY."
Auguſt 11.

" I ſhall in winter preſent you with your epi-
" taph: But let the galled horſe wince, you have
" no occaſion."

" MY WORTHY FRIEND,

" You need not enforce my error; I am too
" ſenſible of it: For though the debts I have given
" freſh ſecurity for were ſuch as would not have
" oppreſſed me, yet with the unexpected ideas I had

" of ſecurity in being able to pay, I indiſcreetly " not only paid every guinea I received from a ge- " nerous public, but gave freſh ſecurities. What " I ſhall do is now a matter of great vexation:— " But God's will be done.——I am concerned to " hear of your ill ſtate of health. I ſincerely wiſh " I had the power, as I have the inclination to ſhew " myſelf eſſentially your *friend*; which epithet " you have favoured me with. You do not " inform me if Mr. —— received my letters: If " he has, there is little hopes I fear from that " quarter. I wiſh you had ſhewn him my letter; " the one I received, with only the words, *God* " *for ever bleſs you*, ſeemed by the great care in " the envelope, to ſpeak more than the ſimple " benediction, but nothing more by the care of " the meſſenger. I did imagine it came from my " worthy benefactor. If you have an opportunity " mention this event, as I cannot write to a per- " ſon utterly unknown.——I will correct the af- " fair of Chalmers *; but could not underſtand " your incomprehenſible letter. I imagine you " do not attend to diſputes of theology; elſe I " would ſend you a letter I intend ſoon to publiſh. " I have treated the author I have anſwered per- " haps in too ludicrous a light; but his ignorance " and impudence deſerve it. Let me intreat you

* The deſcription of me and Chalmers meeting in Scotland is now printed in Bellamy's ſixth volume.

"to take care of yourſelf, for the ſake of your fa-
"mily and intimates; for few indeed, deſerve
"the appellation of; but believe me moſt ſin-
"cerely ſo, and with eſteem, while

Sept. 23. "G. A. BELLAMY."

A few months after the laſt letter, the good-natured and unthinking Bellamy, by her death, paid all her debts.——I hope ſhe is happy; as ſhe endeavoured to promote to the comforts of others, and never employed either riches or talents, when in affluence and ſplendor, to render any one miſerable.

Bellamy's letters lead me to fear that too many perſons, performers, and others, may look back on all *their former days*, and pronounce, the only comfort the review affords is, that *they* are *paſt!*—Ill fate often attends geniuſſes, for as they poſſeſs more ſallies of quickneſs, they are more ſubject to frailties; which occaſions them to feel at times a want of ſomething more ſubſtantial than good ſpirits to feed and clothe them; as the following well-fancied epiſtle will prove:—It is an original, for the which favor I ſtand indebted to the ingenious Dr. Miller, of Doncaſter; who is now buſily employed on a divine compoſition for pſalmody. It was wrote by the late true ſon of Momus, the well-known George Alexander Stevens, and I truſt the inſer-

tion of it will be acceptable, as the novelty of his ideas will entertain, his genius being at that time in its full vigour.

" DEAR SIR, *Yarmouth Gaol.*

" When I parted from you at Doncaſter, I ima-
" gined, long before this, to have met with ſome
" oddities worth acquainting you with. It is grown
" a faſhion of late to write lives:—I have now,
" and for a long time have had, leiſure enough to
" undertake mine—but want materials for the
" latter part of it: For my exiſtence now cannot
" properly be called living, but what the painters
" term *ſtill life*; having, ever ſince February 13,
" been confined in this town gaol for a London
" debt.

" As a hunted deer is always ſhunned by the
" happier herd, ſo am I deſerted by the company*,
" my ſhare taken off, and no ſupport left me, ſave
" what my wife can ſpare me out of hers.

" Deſerted in my utmoſt need,
" By thoſe my former bounty fed"———

" With an œconomy, which till now I was a
" ſtranger to, I have made ſhift hitherto to victual

* Norwich Company.

" my little garriſon; but then it has been with the " aid of my good friends and allies—my clothes— " This week's eating finiſhes my laſt waiſtcoat; " and next I muſt atone for my errors on bread " and water.

" *Themiſtocles* had ſo many towns to furniſh his " table; and a whole city bore the charge of his " meals. In ſome reſpects I am like him; for I " am furniſhed by the labours of a multitude.—A " wig has fed me two days—the trimmings of a " waiſtcoat as long—a pair of velvet breeches paid " my waſherwoman, and a ruffled ſhirt has found " me in ſhaving.——My coats I ſwallowed by " degrees: The ſleeves I breakfaſted upon for " weeks—the body, ſkirts, &c. ſerved me for din- " ner two months.—My ſilk ſtockings have paid " my lodgings, and two pair of new pumps ena- " bled me to ſmoke ſeveral pipes. It is incredi- " ble how my appetite (barometer like) riſes in " proportion as my neceſſities make their terrible " advances. I here could ſay ſomething droll " about a good ſtomach; but it is ill jeſting with " edge tools, and I am ſure that's the ſharpeſt " thing about me.—You may think I can have " no ſenſe of my condition, that while I am thus " wretched, I ſhould offer at ridicule: But, Sir, " people conſtitutioned like me, with a diſpropor- " tionate levity of ſpirits, are always moſt merry,

" when they are moſt miſerable; and quicken like
" the eyes of the conſumptive; which are always
" brighteſt the nearer a patient approaches to
" diſſolution.——However, Sir, to ſhew you I
" am not entirely loſt to all reflection, I think
" myſelf poor enough to want a favour, and
" humble enough to aſk it here.——Sir, I
" might make an encomium on your good-nature
" and humanity, &c.——but I ſhall not pay
" ſo bad a compliment to your underſtanding,
" as to endeavour, by a parade of phraſes, to
" win it over to my intereſt. If you could, any
" night at a concert, make a ſmall collection for
" me, it might be a means of obtaining my li-
" berty; and you well know, Sir, the firſt people
" of rank abroad will perform the moſt friendly
" offices for the ſick: Be not, therefore, offended
" at the requeſt of a poor (though a deſervedly
" puniſhed) debtor.

"G. A. STEVENS."

From this facetious letter of George Stevens's, and Mrs. Bellamy's latter account, we muſt remember in this ſtage-journal I was buſily employed a few pages back, with an account of the ſeaſon 1753-4; where I ſtill am ſuppoſing myſelf giving an account, though I have been wandering on matters not relative thereto: But from Mrs.

Bellamy, and the other perſonages mentioned of at that time, I muſt add, that Mrs. Gregory alſo made her firſt appearance on any ſtage, in the character of Hermione, Thurſday, January 10, 1754. It was falſely reported, that Mr. Barry refuſed playing Oreſtes, fearing her ſucceſs ſhould interfere with Miſs Noſſiter's.—The ſtory gained ſuch credit, that he judged it neceſſary to publiſh an advertiſement in all the papers, contradicting the malicious propagation. That lady grew into the higheſt faſhion afterwards at the Dublin theatre: She married a gentleman bred to the bar in Ireland; a Mr. Fitzhenry, a gentleman of family and abilities; and took leave of the public at Dublin, within theſe four or five ſeaſons; having wiſely provided, from her gains on the ſtage, to live decently and comfortably off.——After all the ſtorms of a theatrical life, I ever caſt a wiſhful eye, whenever I read ſucceſs accompanied with ſuch comfortable finiſhings.

This was the firſt winter alſo for Italian burlettas at Covent-Garden theatre.—— Signora Nicolina (better known and remembered from the character of Spilletta, which ſhe inimitably performed, in the opera of Gli Amanti Geloſi) was particularly admired in the Italian ſong with the hat, which ſome years ſince has been tranſlated, introduced, and ſung by Diana, in the pleaſing

opera of Lionel and Clariſſa. The burlettas that year brought Mr. Rich a great deal of money.

Mr. Garrick thus alludes to their ſucceſs:

I, as your cat'rer, would provide you diſhes,
Dreſs'd to your palates, ſeaſon'd to your wiſhes—
Say but you're tir'd with boil'd and roaſt at home,
We too can ſend for *niceties* from Rome:
To pleaſe your taſte will ſpare not pains nor money,
Diſcard *Sirloins*, and get you *Maccaroni*.
Whate'er new *Guſto* for a time may reign,
Shakſpeare and beef will have their turn again.

The ſeaſon again cloſed at Covent-Garden, Wedneſday, the twenty-ſecond of May, with Romeo and Juliet, and Harlequin Sorcerer.

Mr. Shuter had quitted Drury-Lane for Covent-Garden; where he grew weekly, ay nightly, into favour with the public. Mrs. Bland was become Mrs. Hamilton.—It is very ſtrange, but true, that Shuter was only looked upon as a young man of tolerable merit at Drury-Lane, (the Old Man, in Lethe, his principal part)—but at Covent-Garden he ſeemed a ſudden blaze of light.—This certainly muſt be allowed an inſtance, that, with genius, opportunity is every thing; but the misfortune is, without talents and genius, actors will be claiming the ſame right of aſcending the

throne of merit; but the ladder ſuddenly breaks, and down drops Dido.

DRURY-LANE, 1754-5.

The company remained much as the year before. Mr. Garrick was truly inimitable in Don John.—Mrs. Clive was equal in the Mother. Mr. Yates in the old whimſical character of Don Antonio—and the whole comedy was ſupported, as it might be wiſhed every play ſhould be.

Barbaroſſa was produced that year, and was much followed.—The Chances, revived and altered by Mr. Garrick, at the command of his late Majeſty, had a great run;—and Coriolanus was got up; in which character Mr. Moſſop raiſed his reputation. Mr. Garrick was a quick general, and it is moſt probable Mr. Moſſop would not have had the luck of that play being produced at ſuch expence, but that Mr. Garrick was eager to get the ſtart of the rival theatre, where it was preparing with infinite pomp and ſplendour. The very idea of a triumphal proceſſion at Covent-Garden, ſtruck terror to the whole hoſt of Drury, however big they looked and ſtrutted on common occaſions.

The Sabatinis were engaged this year at a great expence, as dancers. They appeared in two new Ballads, the one called the Pandours, the other, the Italian Fiſhermen; but they were both utterly diſapproved, and did not appear ſix nights during the whole winter.——The Drummer alſo was revived; and tolerably well received and followed.

The Fairies, an opera, from Shakſpeare's Midſummer Night's Dream, was that year introduced. It was well performed, and with good ſucceſs; aided not a little by an excellent prologue, and as excellently ſpoken by Mr. Garrick.—Giordani and Paſſerini were of great additional ſervice, as Lyſander and Hermia.

The Miſtake was revived for Woodward's benefit.

Don Carlos,	Mr. GARRICK.
Sancho,	Mr. WOODWARD.
Lopez,	Mr. YATES.
Jacintha,	Mrs. CLIVE.
Leonora,	Mrs. PRITCHARD.

Mercury Harlequin was the new pantomime that ſeaſon.

COVENT-GARDEN, 1754-5.

Barry was invited to Dublin, on a ſalary of 800l. and two benefits. Mr. Victor and Mr. Sowden,

were the desperate undertakers after Sheridan's abdication.—Miss Nossiter, (Mr. Barry's favourite Juliet) made a point of having five hundred pounds; and Mrs. Gregory (who had only appeared in two characters the winter before, at Covent-Garden; once in Hermione, and in Alicia twice; once for Mr. Sparks, and another night for Mrs. Bellamy), at three hundred pounds.—Barry on his departure from England denounced ruin on Mr. Rich by his desertion; but such threats were weak in the extreme: It is true, Mr. Sheridan's Romeo was vain and ridiculous, immediately after Barry's; but Barry forgot that with the aid and novelty of new performers, and Mr. Rich's never-failing support, pantomime, and with a theatre in London, (where the metropolis can pour in such incredible numbers) it must be the manager's own fault indeed, if he be ruined by the loss of any performer whatever.

Mr. Sheridan, by the great riot in Dublin, being obliged to leave that city, occasioned by the representation of Mahomet in February 1754; in which perturbation Mrs. Woffington was supposed to have aided, as a party concerned in *real* state politics, which certainly has not any connection or business within the walls of a theatre, that lady was also obliged to retire from Ireland, at the same time, with Mr. Sheridan.

It is one of the moſt remarkable riots that ever occurred in any theatre, and well worthy of being read by every admirer of theatrical hiſtory. It would be impertinent to introduce it here, as it muſt be well known, or ſhould be, to all theatrical perſons. Thoſe who have not been made acquainted with that period of the early part of the eſtabliſhed Iriſh ſtage, will find it all fully explained in a modern volume lately printed, by Mr. Hitchcock; a gentleman of great ability and integrity of the Dublin theatre:——It gives a general view of the Iriſh theatre, from its commencement, down to the year 1757, and will well repay the trouble of a little attention. I can anſwer, as for myſelf, that I often take Mr. Hitchcock's book up for information.

Mr. Sheridan this year came over, and was engaged by Mr. Rich in the autumn 1754. The ſeaſon opened with ſome of Mr. Rich's ſtock comedies, very ill acted indeed, and as dingily dreſſed.

October 11, 1754, Mrs. Green made her appearance from Dublin, in the character of Lappet; a good comic actreſs—much the beſt in chambermaids, Mrs. Heidelbergs, &c. ſince the time of Mrs. Clive.

On Friday, October 18, 1754, Othello was announced, with an occaſional prologue, ſpoke by Mrs. Hamilton, for the introducing Mr. Mur-

phy. (A gentleman well known and admired for his talents as an author, and many very reſpectable qualities; and often mentioned in the courſe of my Memoirs.) He was to appear in the difficult and dangerous part of Othello; rendered at that time more hazardous than the preſent, by the well known excellence of Mr. Barry in that character. Mr. Murphy had many other reaſons to be alarmed; as he had long waged his pen of war as author of the Gray's-Inn Journal, and had been the terror of poets, and the ſcourge of players.

The novelty held out was a charm irreſiſtible to attend Covent-Garden theatre.—Mr. Murphy's judgment, then or now, would be abſurd to call in queſtion; and I hold that gentleman in true regard; but on the ſtage, he certainly wanted, what we behind the ſcenes call powers, &c. *for great effect.*

After that gentleman's novelty of three nights, on Tueſday, October the twenty-firſt, the Nonjuror was advertiſed.——Doctor Wolf, Mr. Cibber (his firſt appearance for four years); and Maria, Mrs. Woffington (her firſt appearance for three years); which drew a great houſe.—So favourite an actreſs, and ſo well acquainted with perſons in higher life, will eaſily gain credit to my account. She was of courſe greatly received, and played that character as well as it could be played.

On Wednesday the 23d of October, Mr. Sheridan made his first appearance in his esteemed character of Hamlet: Judicious without doubt; but when compared to the combined excellencies of a Garrick, and the pleasing powers of the winning Barry, he was not by any means established from that night's performance as a darling of the London audience— Tho' in Dublin not any one performer whatever, even the Garrick, at that time would not have been universally crowned with laurel, as to preference, or perhaps equality; but (as Mr. Macklin has said) that opinion had been jerked into the Irish audience from his father Dr. Sheridan the schoolmaster. He next appeared in Richard, without any remarkable applause till the dying scene, where he was equal to any actor, if not superior to any I had then, or have since seen, without the aid of a flounder-like flouncing, as the modern Richard's practice, to the great pleasure, approbation, and universal plaudits from the *galleries*. Till I broke my leg I was much attached to that tumbling exhibition and surprising feat-like agility.

In November, 1754, Phædra and Hippolitus was revived:—Theseus, Sheridan; Hippolitus, Smith; Phædra, Mrs. Woffington; and had not any farce tacked to it, though a play consisting of five characters only. It was the custom on re-

vived plays, and invariable with new ones, not to have any entertainment for the firſt nine or twelve nights—it would have been judged diſgraceful: nor did any play whatever intervene, unleſs from illneſs or an unforeſeen cauſe. Phædra had not any ſucceſs that year. Indeed, though the poetry is elegant, it is too learned and too languid. The performers and audience ſeemed half aſleep, and the candles burned dim, unleſs at the following paſſage; which, with the advantage of Mrs. Wofſington's figure and new dreſs, prepared them for the chace———

Come, let us hunt the ſtag and chace the foaming boar;
Come rouſe up all the horrid monſters of the wood,
For there, even there Hippolitus will guard me.

After which rouſe all parties on and off the ſtage, as by mutual conſent, unanimouſly returned to their evening's nap.

Mr. Moncrife's Appius was acted that ſeaſon, on the ſame ſtory of Virginia, produced the year before by the Rev. Mr. Crofts at Drury-Lane, but deſtitute of every comparative merit, either as to plot, incident, writing, or any other claim to preference, and as to acting lamentably deficient. One ſpeech of Mr. Sheridan's (though I never ſaw the play but the firſt night out of the ſix it

was acted) I never can forget, he delivered the following lines ſo energetic :——

O! by the gods! I hunger for revenge,
I thirſt, I thirſt for blood—for blood of Appius.

Coriolanus was revived with great pomp :—Mr. Sheridan conveyed a maſterly knowledge of the character and his immortal author, old Shakſpeare. That play drew ſeveral houſes; but his OEdipus, Romeo, Zanga, Lord Townly, Sir Charles Eaſy, Oſmyn, &c. did not bear equal credit. Italian burlettas were attempted by a new ſet of Italians, but met with very little attraction or applauſe :—The firſt was L'Arcadia in Brenta, on Monday the 18th of November 1754; the ſecond, entitled, La Famiglia de Bertoldi. Mr. Murphy performed Jaffier only between his firſt appearance and the benefits in March, when he acted Archer, Young Bevil, Hamlet, Macbeth, &c.

Mr. Clarke made his firſt appearance that ſeaſon in Oſman in Zara, on Thurſday the 30th of October; an actor that muſt be at this time well remembered by his brethren and the public, tho' his talents were not ſtrong enough to let him live long after death.

A Mrs. Glen alſo made her appearance that year in Rutland, Monday, February 24, 1756.*—

* I am right as to the dates of the month, &c. but

That lady I can only remember being apt to have fits on the ſtage—Indeed ſtrange fits off the ſtage, ladies and gentlemen are often ſubject to—I have ſometimes been ſo affected myſelf.

Mr. Rich revived Orpheus and Eurydice, that ſeaſon, Wedneſday, January 29, which drew crowds, but not equal to the Sorcerer, nor held in great eſtimation. That pantomime has been tried twice or thrice ſince then, but without ſucceſs.

Mr. Poitier (an excellent dancer indeed) was introduced that year, and greatly admired: He came from the Opera Houſe at Paris; his firſt appearance was on Tueſday, Dec. 3, 1754.—I do not recollect any very particular incidents that ſeaſon.—Mrs Bellamy revived Alzira for her benefit—Zamor, Mr. Murphy: and the ſeaſon concluded on Thurſday, May 22, with the Conſtant Couple; Sir Harry, of courſe, by Mrs. Woffington; the entertainment was Orpheus and Eurydice.

DRURY-LANE, 1755-6.

Mr. Moſſop was this year enticed (partly owing to an affront mentioned in my Memoirs) over to Dublin, by Mr. Victor and Mr. Sowden, to play on ſhares and two benefits; where he only

Mr. Clarke and Mrs. Glen's appearances were in October, 1755; Mrs. Glen's in February, 1756.

acted twenty-four nights, finding he could obtain more profit for himself by acting twenty than forty nights for his employers:—So in fact Mr. Moſſop's great drawings *in*, was on the other nights the inevitable occaſion of great drawings *out* from the treaſury of that theatre. Mr. Garrick, from the unexpected loſs of Moſſop, engaged Mr. Murphy to ſupply that bulwark the other's abſence had occaſioned to give way. Mr. Murphy's firſt appearance was on Tueſday the 30th of September, 1756, in Oſmyn in the Mourning Bride. Mr. Holland ſtarted forth in the month of October, (Monday the 13th, 1755) in the character of Oroonoko, ſupported by Mrs. Cibber in Imoinda. He was a ſhining ornament, and an honeſt, truly agreeable man, was univerſally beloved, but death ſnatched him in the bloom of life and improvement, and deprived the ſtage of an actor of merit and a worthy character.—He was too apt to *out-herod* Herod—by which falſe judgment (miſtaking it for genuine fire) the big manly voice became too often harſh and unpleaſing. In conſequence, when Powell came in view, (tho' a ſuckling) he ſoon threw Holland at a diſtance, by keeping within the bounds of Nature and *true ſpirit*. This ſacrifice of ſenſe and ſound (which I glaringly gave way to for the ſake of catching momentary applauſe) would be leſs practiſed than

it is, would we once conſider, that the opinions of the principal leaders of faſhion in every place will influence the million in a great meaſure, and by them will be allowed, followed, and adopted. The following lines on this ſubject were wrote on Holland:——

When GARRICK, by whatever motive led,
Fatal to taſte, took travel in his head,
Griev'd, for I knew the players of the age,
Griev'd, I foreſaw the ruin of the ſtage!
No more, ſaid I, o'erleaping vulgar awe,
Shall Shakſpeare terror raiſe, or pity draw.
Catching the ſpirit with the poet caught,
The very pith and marrow of his thought,
Our GARRICK acted as our Shakſpeare wrote;
But now ſcarce underſtood without a note,
Of all his more than manly vigour gelt,
Holland muſt rant and whine where GARRICK felt.

Thus, anxious for the widow'd ſtage, my mind
With much too perfect augury divin'd:
Holland, poor man! in Hamlet makes appear
What cauſe, what mighty cauſe we had to fear.
But though no acting-merit he diſplays,
His modeſty muſt ſure deſerve our praiſe;
Which, that the piece in all points ſhould agree,
Deſir'd that *Hopkins* might Ophelia be.

Athelſtan was produced that year, written by Doctor Brown. Mr. Garrick did his very beſt to ſupport it, and the play certainly had merit,

and was well acted; but it never recovered the chilneſs of the ſpring, nor has ever taken root, budded or flowered, from that time to this.

The Winter's Tale, introduced with an excellent prologue by Mr. Garrick, had a very conſiderable run. Mrs. Cibber's neat ſimplicity in ſinging the ſong wrote by Mr. Garrick———

Come, come, my good ſhepherds, our flocks we muſt ſhear, &c.

made little Perditta appear of the greateſt conſequence.—It was well caſt, and the performance juſtified Mr. Garrick's judgment in ſo ordering the characters. Catherine and Petrucio was altered into three acts on the ſame occaſion: Petrucio, Mr. Woodward; Catherine, Mrs. Clive.—He threw her down on the exit of the ſecond act, which had very near convinced the audience that Petrucio was not ſo lordly as he aſſumed; for Mrs. Clive was ſo enraged at her fall, that her talons, tongue, and paſſion, were very expreſſive to the eyes of all beholders, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty Kate ſuppreſſed her indignation.—The firſt repreſentation of theſe pieces was on the 21ſt of January 1756.

The Apprentice was introduced that year, January, 2d by Mr. Murphy; who ſpoke a prologue to that farce, which was afterwards inimi-

tably and conſtantly repeated by Mr. Woodward in the character of Dick, in which part he was excellent. The farce had a great run, and ſtill continues in full effect, and ever will, while a clever ſpirited comedian like Mr. Lewis or Mr. Baniſter, jun. has the Apprentice intruſted to his care and guardianſhip.

The Tempeſt as an opera in three acts, with recitative, &c. was introduced that ſeaſon, with a paltry dialogue, as may be ſeen in the magazine, of Feb. 1756: Signora Curioni, an Italian ſinger, performed in it, but it was dreadfully heavy.—It went through with great labour eight nights, but not without the aid of the garland dance, well performed by ſixty children, at the end of the ſecond act, and the pantomime of Fortunatus, or the Genii, after that.

All's Well that Ends Well was revived—I imagine to pleaſe Woodward, who was fond of acting Parolles.—He revived that play at Dublin, and alſo when laſt at Covent Garden; but I never remember any remarkable ſucceſs or pleaſure received from the repreſentation of that play; though here and there, it muſt be conteſſed, there are ſcenes of merit, whimſicality, and genius: but it never will be like the maſter productions of Shakſpeare, a ſtanding diſh or an alluring ſpectacle to the public eye.

The Fair Quaker was alſo revived that winter, and was well acted, but the comedy of itſelf has not much ſterling merit, and its humour and the characters are too coarſe for the nice diſcrimination of the preſent age. However, Mr. Garrick made the play ſtand its ground from the good acting of Woodward, and Mr. Yates in Beau Mizen and Flip, and the parts in general not a little reinforced by the good and popular pieces the manager added as a ſupport, and the new ſong of "Hearts of "oak are our ſhips," by Mr. Beard.

The CHINESE FESTIVAL, at an immenſe expence, was produced on Saturday, November 8, 1755, *(by command of his Majeſty King George the Second)*.*—It was in the time of the war with France.—The multitude conceived it was purpoſely got up by Mr. Garrick to introduce Frenchmen to eat up all the bread, the beef, and the pudding from the Engliſhmen; and they were, by artful incendiaries, (which are never wanting to do evil) ſo inflamed, and the hydra-headed monſter was ſo powerful, as not to let the preſence even of majeſty ſecure a decent repreſentation: It was again attempted, and ſtrongly ſupported, on Wedneſday, Nov. 12, after the comedy of the Inconſtant; but the fatal night of the Great Riot, and entire overthrow of the FESTIVAL, was on the *Tueſday* follow-

* See vol. I. page 73, for bill of the *firſt* night.

ing, Nov. 18.—Eſſex was the play that night, the Earl by Mr. Murphy:—The nobility muſtered all their forces, drawn ſwords, &c.; but the *mobility*, againſt reaſon and their own rational entertainment, like a torrent bore down all before them; Mr. Garrick's houſe had nearly been torn to pieces; infinite miſchief was done the theatre; and John Bull was exulting with triumph. Some nights after Mr. Garrick adverti ſed his performance in Archer, when, on his entrance, ſomething murmured like—Pardon! pardon! on which he advanced with great reſpect, and as great firmneſs, explained how ill he had been treated by the wanton and malignant conduct of wicked individuals, both in his property, fame, and character.—He acknowledged all favours received, but unleſs he was that night permitted to perform his duty to the beſt of his abilities, he was above want, ſuperior to inſult, and would never, *never* appear on the ſtage again.—While he was ſpeaking all tumult ceaſed:—It was indeed a calm after a ſtorm:—They ſeemed ſo ſtruck with the truth which he aſſerted and addreſſed to them, the propriety of his conduct, and the injury from illiberality and wicked wantonneſs he had actually ſuſtained, that from the idea of cenſuring Mr. Garrick unmeritedly, they felt the reproach deſervedly on themſelves, and, like true-hearted Britons, burſt into ſuch an univerſal accord-

ing applauſe, as for ſeveral minutes ſhook the fabric of Old Drury.—Harmony was ſettled before and behind the curtain to the mutual gain and credit of all parties, as Mr. Garrick after that for years enjoyed deſervedly the well-earned ſmiles and unbounded favours of the public; and that public in return had the happineſs of ſeeing him in a conſtant round of characters three times in the week on an average—the firſt actor that ever did ſo variouſly and excellently perform ſuch a contraſt of capital characters, who but for this lucky accident, perhaps might have been loſt, to the great regret of his admirers, who never did, or will, take him for all in all, look upon his like again.—Wherever there are many enemies, there will always be merit to create ſuch envy.

The particulars of the riot, relative to the Chineſe Feſtival, may be ſeen in Mr. Victor's ſecond volume, page 131 to 135.

I do not remember any other remarkable occurrence that year at Drury-Lane theatre, except that on Saturday, March 27, Mr. Garrick gave his firſt performance of Lord Chalkſtone (for Mrs. Clive's benefit), which had a great run, and kept the houſe open later than uſual. The ſeaſon concluded with Mr. Garrick's Benedick and Lethe.

Not acted theſe TEN YEARS.
For the Benefit of Mrs. CLIVE.

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane,
On Saturday next being the 27th of March, 1756,
Will be revived a Comedy called

The LADY's LAST STAKE:
Or, The WIFE's RESENTMENT.

(Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Eſq;)

Lord GEORGE BRILLIANT, Mr. WOODWARD.
Lord Wronglove, by Mr. PALMER.
Sir Friendly Moral, by Mr. BERRY.
Lady Gentle, by Mrs. PRITCHARD.
Mrs. Conqueſt, by Mrs. DAVIES.
Miſs Notable, by Miſs MACKLIN.
Hartſhorn, by Miſs MINORS.
Lady Wronglove, by Mrs. CLIVE.

(Being the Firſt Time of their Appearance in thoſe Characters).

To which will be added, a DRAMATIC SATIRE called

L E T H E.

In which will be introduced,
A NEW MODERN CHARACTER, to be performed
By Mr. GARRICK.
The Fine Lady, Mrs. CLIVE.
In which will be introduced a New Mimic Italian Song.

Part of the Pit will be laid into the Boxes.

COVENT-GARDEN, 1755-6.

Mr. Sheridan's ſucceſs at Covent-Garden the preceding winter, (where he had not taken any benefit-night) did not occaſion inducement from Mr. Rich to propoſe, or Mr. Sheridan to offer, his ſervices.—Mr. Barry returned from Ireland, after the harveſt of a well-fought field—and in his hand, Miſs Noſſiter. Mrs. Bellamy, then in reputation as an actreſs, continued ſtill with Mr. Rich—alſo Mrs. Woffington.—She and Bellamy were implacable enemies.——Negotiations were off and on between Barry and Rich, till November, before any thing definitive occurred; and Mr. Rich, as uſual, went dreaming on with Volpone, Way of the World, Country Laſſes, &c. while Drury-Lane ſeemed as ſecure as if only one theatre was permitted in the capital of London.—However, on Wedneſday, November the twelfth, Mr. Barry acted Hamlet, to a numerous audience, and was deſervedly received with rapture.—But the loſs ſuſtained by Mrs. Vincent being the Ophelia, (a uſeful, but an affected actreſs) in lieu of Mrs. Cibber, made a woeful comparative play to that of Mr. Garrick's at Drury-Lane, with Oſtrick, Mr. Woodward, and Ophelia and the Queen, by Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Pritchard. In-

deed, the only perſon of ſterling abilities, I can remember, in that highly finiſhed character of Ophelia, ſince Mrs. Cibber, is Mrs. S. Kemble. That lady has infinite merit in a variety of playing; but where the artleſs, the feeling, and the impreſſive, to reach the ſoul is requiſite, ſhe, need not in ſuch departments fear the moſt Critical Review; for her natural repreſentations muſt live on ſtage record, and may fearleſs bid defiance to ſatire or *juſtice*.——If Sterne's Maria was properly introduced (as an opera character) I think it would prove lucky for the author to have Mrs. S. Kemble for her repreſentative.

Mr. Barry, on the Friday following his Hamlet, acted Jaffier; and ſtrange to relate, with ſo wonderful and ſo deſerved a favourite, and in a character where he was ſo truly excellent, there actually were only twenty perſons in the upper gallery; a bad pit, (and I may ſuppoſe many orders) and only two ladies in the ſide-boxes on one hand, and not three gentlemen on the other ſide. However, the ſeaſon on the whole was great, as was Mr. Barry's ſucceſs; though I now recollect his acting Henry the Fifth, Wedneſday, December the third, (where his performance was enchanting) to much the ſame kind of houſe as I have mentioned to his Jaffier.

Miſs Noſſiter did not make her appearance till

late in the ſeaſon; on Friday, December the twelfth, in the character of Monimia, which ſhe performed to a crowded audience. Barry acted Caſtalio, ſo excellently, that he was the only one I wiſh to remember.——Some aſpiring youth will ſmilingly obſerve, that when folks grow ancient they pronounce excellencies, and paint beauties of their *old* favorites which never exiſted, becauſe thoſe of the preſent day cannot contradict them; but I have proved myſelf far from being inſenſible of the high merits of the preſent race of performers, in many inſtances; and wiſh not, becauſe I praiſe *Barry's Caſtalio*, to ſee him, were he now living, in the *Count of Narbonne*; as Mr. Kemble there is himſelf *alone*, and ſhews "like a great ſea-mark, "ſtanding every flaw, and pleaſing thoſe that eye "him."

Alexander was revived with very great pomp, of which Mrs. Bellamy's books give a very full account, and alſo of her quarrel with Woffington. —It drew crowded audiences for many nights; was firſt acted on Thurſday, January the fifteenth; where Barry really appeared himſelf the leading God.————

King Lear was revived alſo that year; in which he was highly received; and a critic pronounced, "To Barry they gave loud huzzas,"——"To "Garrick only tears."————

Barry, in the pathetic ſcenes, had infinite merit, and acted all well.—But the character, taken in general, was never ſeen, in my opinion, truly depicted with that fire, neatneſs, energy, quickneſs, and every various requiſite, as by the inimitable Garrick. In tragedy, King Lear was his maſter-piece, (his Macbeth excepted.)

Italian Burlettas were tried a third ſeaſon, but did not meet with ſucceſs after the firſt year.——They had then the ſame ſet of comic ſingers, viz. Signora Nicolina, (*alias* Spiletta) her father, &c. as the two years preceding. Spiletta drew money it muſt be granted; but her firſt year ſhe had been univerſally allowed the inimitable, the charming, the expreſſive SHE. Be it obſerved, that Burlettas had not been introduced at the King's Theatre in the Hay-Market; the entertainments conſiſted only of the ſerious opera, and the grand dancing; not any comic performers whatever, either as ſingers or dancers.——The firſt comic opera, was on Monday the 12th of January, La Comediante Fatta Cantatrice; the ſecond, (and the beſt) was Gli Amanti Geloſi.

Mr. Foote, on Tueſday, February the ſecond, after the play of Lady Jane Gray—(Lady Jane, Mrs. Woffington) produced his new farce of the Engliſhman returned from Paris.—It was well acted; was much followed; and filled the pockets

of manager and performer.—Mr. Rich did ſo well with Barry, Foote, and the revived plays, that he had leſs dependence on pantomime that ſeaſon than uſual. Mr. Foote ſhared the nights of his farce as Author and Actor. He performed Sir Charles Buck, and acted Sir Paul Pliant, in the Double Dealer, and other characters to help his farce.—His benefit, as the author of the Engliſhman Returned, was on the 8th of March Hamlet was the play—Hamlet, Mr. Barry;—Queen, Mrs. Woffington;—Polonius, Mr. Foote;—and was by every one thought a man of talents, but a very bad ſtateſman. He was ſo convinced of his error, that the day before his benefit he reſigned his place at court; and Mr. Arthur was his ſubſtitute for Lord Chamberlain.

Mr. Barry's benefit that year was on Monday, March the 22;—Buſiris; with the Knights:—Hartop, Mr Foote.——Mrs. Woffington's was Ulyſſes; and the Frenchified Lady. Mr. Smith, on Saturday, April 3, again choſe the Siege of Damaſcus, and acted Abudah.—That performer was known then and now by the appellation of *Gentleman* Smith, from that upright conduct with which he ſet forward, and has ſteadfaſtly walked in the ſame path to this day; by which perſeverance he has reached the ſnug retreat of content: He was at that time riſing rapidly into fame as an actor;

therefore poſſeſſed a double claim to applauſe and encouragement. He had ſupported moſt of Mr. Barry's characters the winter preceding; and his long continued good reception and deſervings are ſo well known, that my panegyric would be futile and impertinent.

Wedneſday, May 26, 1756, the ſeaſon concluded with the uſual old bill of fare—Woffington's Sir Harry; and Orpheus.

DRURY-LANE, 1756-7.

Mr. Moſſop returned to his allegiance, and Mr. Sheridan was reinſtated in his Iriſh government; not without numerous ſpies, and lurking enemies; as Barry and Moſſop, on their trips, during his abſence, had infuſed different ſeeds of diſcord, which rankled and kept up the ſmothered flames of party, and ended in mutual ruin: For (as mentioned in my Memoirs) Sheridan was defeated, and obliged for a time to ſeek refuge in England.

Barry at Covent-Garden, was ſinking for want of variety of characters; he playing only in tragedy: (Young Bevil, and Lord Townly excepted.) And though he may be equalled in judgment, or inferior to ſome performers in 1790; yet his voice and countenance can neither be purchaſed, ſurpaſſed, nor acquired, *for the lovers.*—Garrick being reinforced with Moſſop, gave his

company the undoubted ſuperiority; and the little tyrant—

"Look'd, ſpoke, fought, and was himſelf a war."

Barry's novelty, was worn out in ſome degree, and though a darling of the public's, (and next to impoſſible he ſhould be otherwiſe) yet Garrick carried all before him.

Harlequin Proteus, or Harlequin in China, was the pantomime of that year.

Miſs Pritchard's promiſed appearance, 1756, cauſed much converſation and expectation this ſeaſon; her features fixed the eye of every beholder off the ſtage, the face was ſo exquiſitely handſome. She was not much older than a young lady *now* a candidate for ſtage favour 1790: I mean Miſs Wallis. Her public merits, cannot, with any propriety, be here introduced; as it would be out of all time and place, and ſubverſive to the plan I have adopted and obſerved relative to others for the preſent publication. Yet I cannot refrain, for the credit of the ſtage, to be her herald; and with the trumpet of Truth ſound forth, that her purity and good conduct may challenge the breath of Slander, Envy, or Detraction; and her undeniably good character is ſuch, that the more it is inveſtigated——

Like pureſt linen laid in open air,
'Twill bleach the more, and whiten to the view—

Mr. Garrick's Lear ſeemed to have gained additional ſtrength, luſtre, and faſhion.—Mr. Shuter had the year preceding, revived the Wonder! at Covent-Garden theatre, for his benefit, which became in conſequence a ſtock comedy. Gibby, by Mr. Shuter; who was there the leading character.—Don Felix, the hero, was execrably perſonated by a Mr. Gibſon. Mr. Garrick revived it early in the ſeaſon, Saturday, Nov. 6, 1756; and the play was ſo well conducted, (Gibby excepted, by Johnſon, who could ſpeak the dialect, but not act) that the play was perpetually called for, and reliſhed as a perfect performance, particularly Mr. Garrick's Don Felix; and it was equally attractive every year, when he performed that character, (which had never before been noticed in the liſt of *capital* parts.) He valued himſelf on his reputation in performing Don Felix ſo much, that he fixed on it as the laſt mark of genius he ever gave; which was on Monday, June 10, 1776, for the benefit of the theatrical fund. On which night, after the comedy, he took his farewell of the ſtage; when more tears were ſhed from box, pit, and gallery for the loſs of that truly inimitable actor, than at the repreſentation of any tragedy, ſeen in ancient or modern times: Don Felix died that night, and I fear without iſſue to claim *true* right, and do his name equal honour and juſtice.

The Male Coquette (written by Garrick) was alſo well received. The Repriſal, and Proteus, or Harlequin in China, (by Woodward) were both well approved, but not very attractive.

Miſs Pritchard's was a moſt remarkable firſt appearance, Saturday, Oct. 9, 1756:—The partiality for her mother, from the moſt reſpectable and indulgent audience in the world, Mr. Garrick's patronage and tuition, and her own beautiful face, which was faſcinating to a degree, occaſioned curioſity in ſhoals.—The mother, (Mrs. Pritchard,) leading her daughter on in Juliet, as *Lady Capulet*—the tears of the young lady—the good wiſhes and tenderneſs of the town, all combined, made an affecting and pleaſing ſcene.—But that partiality dwindled away in the early part of the ſeaſon.

Her ſecond appearance was on the 25th of October, 1756, in the character of Lady Betty Modiſh, where Mrs. Pritchard had been often ſeen, and was incomparable, in ſpite of perſon;—but the daughter wanted the mother's ſoul, her feeling, her fire, her whim, her imagination: which here plainly ſhews, that teaching and teaching will never do, unleſs Providence has given genius and nature to be moulded.——In that caſe the maſter may juſtly claim credit, and perhaps more than is his due; but without that precious gift, *talents*, which muſt come from the univerſal Ma

ker alone, no maſter can bring a pupil, (however learned) beyond a dull languid mediocrity, to public view with eclat.

I do not recollect more particulars that year, except Mr. Foote's producing the Author, which had a great run indeed; not only from the good acting of Mr. Foote, in Cadwallader, (the outlines of which character he had taken from a private family) in which he gave great proof of humour, ſatire, &c. but from Mrs. Clive being not leſs clever in Mrs. Cadwallader. The piece had great ſucceſs: And wherever it is perfectly acted, and the parts of Mr. and Mrs Cadwallader are done juſtice to in the performance, that farce will ever be a fund of entertainment to all who are ſuſceptible of true comic *force*.——It is not ſo local and confined as many of Mr. Foote's pieces; but is ſo near Nature, (though extravagantly drawn) that the piece whenever done juſtice to, and a favourite actor and actreſs in the two parts, it will live on the ſtage for an age to come.

Near this period, or indeed, two years later, the ſtage was favoured with a new candidate for fame; the eldeſt ſon of the late Mr. Fleetwood, formerly proprietor of Drury-Lane theatre.—His perſon was elegant and handſome: To his underſtanding and education he alſo poſſeſſed intrepidity with coolneſs; and never, on any occaſion, was

thrown off his guard, ſo as for any opponent whatever to look or ſpeak to him but as a gentleman.—This was of infinite ſervice to Mr. Fleetwood as a billiard player; at which amuſement, he was by all allowed ſo excellent, that few would venture to hazard with him.——His well-known abilities were ſo highly rated by all who knew him, that great expectations were formed of his ſtage ſucceſs. He performed Romeo, at Drury-Lane, 1758, as I recollect, on his firſt appearance; and had a grace and eaſe, that ſeemed not only to obtain, but command applauſe: Yet with all theſe advantages, his voice ſeemed conſumptive, and his powers deficient; and the more he played, the leſs he pleaſed either the audience or himſelf, except in Young Bevil: however, tho' little accuſtomed to the ſtage, there was an eaſe, accompanied with elegance and native dignity in his deportment, that, take it from the firſt riſing of the curtain to its fall, he diſplayed more merit, and gentleman-like judgment, than any firſt rate performer I either had at that time ſeen, or ſince, in that difficult firſt rate, and accompliſhed character.——Being ambitious, and of ſtrong diſcernment, he ſoon found the *drama* would not anſwer in that ſtyle of lucrative ſuperiority, at which he only aimed; he therefore in leſs than two years' experiment of ſtage enterpriſe, retired from the theatre, and engaged, (I have been informed) in an underta-

King in the Weſt-Indies, where he has rapidly made a conſiderable fortune, and is, I believe, at this time living in that climate, enjoying the fruits of ingenuity and induſtry; points, which conjoined, ſeldom fail eing the reward of talents and ſtrong genius.——The Ambitious Step Mother was revived for him at Drury-Lane, in 1758, to perform Artaxerxes, but without approbation.

Not having collected this work from notes, but merely from memory, Mr. Fleetwood had not occurred to my remembrance, but from having lately ſeen a ridiculous ſituation on the ſtage at the York Theatre, from beholding Romeo's having a real ſword, inſtead of a foil, to grace his thigh. A circumſtance very wrong to truſt to, even under the guide of the moſt cautious, as hurry, inattention, the ſtage furor, and a thouſand accidents, may, for want of inſtant reflection, occaſion moſt alarming accidents——We often receive hurts from our ſtage battles; I myſelf can bear teſtimony to an honourable ſcar obtained in Boſworth Field.—Bad fencers one cauſe, and blades, not well tempered, too often another, which occaſion miſchief; but to incur the hazard of certain dangerous weapons is ſurely neither pardonable nor ſufferable.

I lately ſaw Romeo with a real ſword, which the fiery Tibalt no ſooner viewed, than he kept

not only a prepoſterous, *prudent*, diſtance, but fell down dead, without an attempt at battle. Another inſtance, was when Mr. Fleetwood, juſt mentioned, was acting Romeo, at Drury-Lane: He had forgot his foil; Mr. Auſtin was the Paris, and not knowing his danger, was determined to be courageous, and fought like a lion; till Mr. Romeo, who fenced well and elegantly, being determined to conquer, (in reality) whipped Mr. Auſtin through the guts *ſans ceremonie*: Swords were *then* prohibited in conſequence, and a ſevere penalty inflicted for wearing one on any account. Accidents of that ſort were more likely then to happen than at preſent; as not any gentleman of the *London* theatres, when dreſſed, was ever ſeen without a ſword by his ſide.

A misfortune of a ſimilar kind to that lately mentioned, is that of the late celebrated Mr. Farquhar, who after being on the ſtage as an actor, obtained a commiſſion in the army, in which ſituation he wrote ſeveral well known and entertaining comedies; the Beaux Stratagem, Conſtant Couple, the Recruiting Officer, and ſeveral others, which at that time, and the preſent, are in deſerved high eſtimation: but an unlucky accident, in the year 1697, put a period to his performing.——Being to play Guyamor, in the Indian Emperor, who kills Vaſquez; and having

forgot to change his ſword for a foil, he wounded a Mr. Price, who acted Vaſquez, dangerouſly, though not fatally. The impreſſion which this accident made on a mind ſo ſenſible, and the reflecting on what might have been the conſequences, determined him to relinquiſh a profeſſion, which might, perhaps, expoſe him to like miſtakes in future.—I have merely introduced this matter here, for every performer ſeriouſly to conſider, that it is no reaſon, but that what has not yet befallen him, may, unhappily, at ſome future period, enſue; and not truſting to the hazard, is a certain preventive to the danger.

From the peril of ſwords, *permit* me to return to my ſtage calendar, and relate, that Miſs Barton (now Mrs. Abington)'s firſt appearance at Drury-Lane, was on Friday, the twenty-ninth of October, 1756, in Lady Pliant.——Sir Paul Pliant, Mr. Foote.——Her ſecond appearance was on the third night of the Wonder, in the Virgin Unmaſked.——Lilliput, a Satire, written by Mr. Garrick, was excellently acted by children: And the ſeaſon concluded with Mr. Garrick's performance of Lord Chalkſtone.——After the play of Lilliex, Mrs. Pritchard's Queen Elizabeth, (from indiſpoſition was read by Mrs. Bennet, (now living.) That night was appropriated for

the benefit of a Mrs. Horton, a celebrated actreſs, for ſome ſeaſons after the deceaſe of Mrs. Oldfield; but I am ſorry to relate, though it was on a charitable occaſion, and Mr. Garrick aided the performance with his powerful aſſiſtance, that neither firſt nor half price gave any appearance of help or ſpirit to ſupport the once admired Mrs. Horton.——It was no more than *ſans box—ſans pit—ſans gallery—ſans every thing.*———

COVENT GARDEN, 1756-7.

This ſeaſon opened rather languid.——Mr. Barry's Lear was not attractive.——Alexander did ſomething. Noſſiter was the Statira; as Bellamy was ill, and had broke her arm. Woffington was on the decline; but ſhe never neglected her buſineſs, tho' her health, ſpirits, and beauty, were viſibly decaying.——Two plays of Beaumont and Fletcher's, (Wit without Money; and the Humorous Lieutenant) were revived at a great expence; they were well conducted, and met with ſome ſucceſs:——The Humourous Lieutenant was performed at the command of his preſent Majeſty, then Prince of Wales, on Friday the 10th of December:———Alſo Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of the Rover was produced, and commanded by his Majeſty—Altered this year, 1790, by Mr. Kemble; which alterations

were requiſite: as in 1757, Ned Blunt actually undreſſed to his drawers.—The London Cuckolds was acted, (for the laſt time, I believe) on the lord mayor's day.——The Engliſhman returned from Paris being publiſhed, (as was ever the cuſtom in thoſe days—not locked up as at preſent, as if afraid to ſee the light) was acted, and ſtood its ground tolerably; aſſiſted by Mr. Dyer, in Sir Charles Buck; Miſs Noſſiter the Lucinda. Bellamy did not play that ſeaſon, except Almeria, for the benefit of Mr. Sparks, in March.—Mrs. Woffington that year acted Lothario and the Frenchified Lady for her own benefit.

That winter Mrs. Gregory's fame had increaſed ſo much in Ireland, that ſhe ventured over to play on ſhares a few nights at Covent-Garden.—Her Caliſta did the moſt for her. She had great merit, and much fire.——Her Hermione was in ſome ſcenes very capital.

Mrs. Gregory, (now Mrs. Fitzhenry) ſome years after, tried Drury-Lane boards, and was intended as a curb on Mrs. Yates. This was ſuſpected by Mrs. Yates's friends and the public, and Mrs. Fitzhenry's perſon ſtood no chance againſt the beautiful Mrs. Yates's: The Iriſh gentlemen were too ſanguine —In conſequence, a violent oppoſition took place; and Mrs. Fitzhenry, (notwithſtanding her good character and great

abilities) was ſeverely and cruelly treated: A circumſtance ſeldom happening from a London audience —But what will not ſpleen effect?— This had nearly proved of fatal conſequence to her fame as an actreſs in Dublin; the ill report being *trebled* to greet her return. But real worth, and the high eſteem ſhe was held in by the worthy, baffled her enemies—She was ſoon reinſtated in her former enviable ſituation of public applauſe and private eſteem; and for years her emoluments were ſuch, as to make happy the remainder of her days by a laudable and well-earned independence; and ſhe now lives beloved, and feels the rapture of daily teſtimonies of regard paid to her unſullied reputation.

Performers of the old and new ſchool may here take a hint reſpecting Mrs. *Fitzhenry*'s good and ill treatment, as it plainly ſhews how little the ſtability of the beſt audience is to be depended upon: For in my ſpace of memory I do not recollect a more favourable reception than was that lady's in Hermione; and though of their own London planting, yet malevolence, party, and ſpleen, wiſhed to caſt her public merit and her private worth, *like a loathſome weed, away*. Hence we may gather and ſurmiſe, it is highly needful we ſhould curb our vanities, (for every one has more or leſs) ſo as to prevent the over-

powering our wits: For the *entire* reliance on public favour, it is plainly evident, too much reſembles truſting to what we judge the faſt gripe of a ſtrong ſlippery eel, which is vaniſhed when we fondly imagine it is moſt ſecure. Audiences, I fear, reſemble each other, in a more or leſs degree, all the world over; and have, like actors on the expanded ſtage of life, their different change of opinions, their caprices, and their contradictions. If that be really the caſe, and that they do not know their own minds, but are unſteady, patronize one year, and abandon the next, what a flaming *prudent* beacon ſhould it exhibit to theatrical reflection to warn againſt truſting too implicitly to public applauſe, or of depending too far on our fancied or real abilities, as too ſurely the breaths that raiſe can ſink us; and we who hold the mirror ſhould recollect, that in the wide world's drama the ring of fickle changes are wholly compriſed in that eſtabliſhed ever-running play called *The Follies of a Day*; wherein all act their parts with applauſe, approbation, diſgrace, or ſink into *oblivion*. The ſtage, with all its attractive brilliancies, which at a certain time of life renders it improving and bewitching, (for in youth even its vexations are reconciled and connected with its pleaſures) yet in its higheſt meridian, had I a dozen ſons, it would be the laſt profeſſion I ſhould adviſe or wiſh

any one of them to adopt, (though I never would prevent genius or ſtrong inclination in its purſuits for life) ſo *many are called but few are choſen.* My advanced reaſons do not ariſe from a mean opinion of the art, (quite the reverſe) but from the too frequent affronts (as obſerved in my ſecond volume) its profeſſors are often liable to receive from the ſupercilious and the domineering; and what is more grating to feeling diſpoſitions, they are ſometimes offered from thoſe we have been taught to believe and look on as (what are termed) friends and acquaintances.—And ſurely it is the ſame compoſition of mind, the ſame reſolution and courage, which make the greateſt friendſhips, and the greateſt enmities; and he who is too lightly reconciled after high provocation (which in a little time *I* really am) may recommend himſelf to the world as a Chriſtian, but ſhould hardly be truſted as a friend. The Italians (I am told) have a proverb to the purpoſe, which is, "To forgive the firſt time ſhews a good man, the ſecond time a fool:"—For love once paſt is, at the beſt, forgotten, but oftener ſours to hate.

I have been led to this digreſſion by the having ſometimes met with inſulting ſuperiority burſting with dignity, when, perhaps, ſuch perſons could not dictate a better letter than myſelf, (and that is bad enough every body knows). It certainly

will be admitted as truly provoking to hear thoſe who are neither poſſeſſed of talents, wit, or humour, yet authoritatively (as arrogantly) caſting ſarcaſtic ſneers; but, as Cibber obſerves, the conſolation ſhould be, that ſuch illiberal behaviour ſeldom or never proceeds from perſons remarkable for good qualities:—And aſſuredly, ſuch ſuperficial critics ſhould note, that it would be conſidered rude (not to add impudent) in a degree, were a player to tell an eminent brewer at table, (with a mixed company) that his laſt caſk of ſmall-beer was traſhy or verjuice; or the wine merchant, that his wine was muſty; or the woollen-draper, that his cloth was rotten: for ſuch real accidents will unavoidably happen to the moſt ingenious and upright trader; and there cannot be a more honourable or eſtimable character. The beſt mechanic is as often put out of his workmanſhip by an unlucky wheel going wrong, as plays, from unforeſeen cauſes, are too often ill-acted. Beſides, good actors and actreſſes are not to be picked or gathered as eaſy as hops; for very good ones are much ſcarcer than pine apples:—Nor ſhould a piece, condemned by one ſnarler, (*as murdering his precious time*) be admitted as a reaſon that others muſt think like him, and neither approve nor applaud becauſe ſuch a play or farce is condemned, and labours unfortunately

under the diſapprobation of one or more overbearing and diſſatisfied critic. And ſurely no great condeſcenſion even for the advantage of untwiſting the features, if ſuch flinty hearts were to yield, and ſometimes approve and ſhew a benevolent face, as if actuated by *charitable motives*. I am aware (and ſorry to ſay) that it is next to impoſſible to avoid creating enemies; and real judgment freely inveſtigated, I fear, is more apt to err, and be warped in the wiſeſt underſtandings, than will be readily allowed or admitted as to matters of opinion. But my experience leads me to ſuggeſt, that it is enforcedly implanted in our natures to be ſwayed by our intereſts and partialities, our likings and diſlikings, and too oft we know not why. As for my own part, I have frequently found it next to impoſſible, when perchance, on beholding two entire ſtrangers boxing in the ſtreet, or two game cocks fighting, but that I, impulſively, and, as it were, inconceivably, have felt a pity and a ſtrong predilection in favour of one in preference to the other.

Ruminating on theatric uſage has, however, produced one good effect, and affords comfort to my peace of mind, when I conſider that (after a toilſome taſk of thirty-three years hard duty in the theatric field, with many hair-breadth ſcapes) I have been inured and reconciled to the

ſufferings I have undergone from my fracture and ſevere illneſs, which threatened diſſolution; as its conſequences has relieved me from the *conſtant* ſtage acting before the period it would probably (with conſiſtency) otherwiſe have happened: And now I rehearſe *ſolus*, like Major Sturgeon, and cry, "It is all over with me.——Farewell the plumed "ſteeds and neighing troops, (as the black man in "the play ſays) for, like the Roman *Cenſurer*, I "ſhall retire to my *Savine* field and cultivate cab-"bages;" and can ſay with Foote——

> Not but there are who merit all my care,
> Pleas'd to applaud, benevolent to ſpare.

And of ſuch noble minds, (which are as nice in their judgments, as in their cenſures they are light and right) I of my audiences with truth can boaſt. Now like a truant (which I often was in my youth) and old boy like, I have ſtretched far beyond my bounds, and juſtly fear the rod of deſerved correction due on coming back to my proper place, where I muſt, as in duty bound, repeat my taſk as well as I am able, and turn back from my fault of digreſſion, to my account of the ſeaſon at Covent Garden in 1756-7.

Mr. Barry, in the month of January, attempted to encounter with the difficult character of Ri-

chard the Third, and am ſorry to relate, that he was lamentably deficient in every point in his repreſentation of that ſpirited and deſigning monarch; the which occaſioned no little exultation to his rival Garrick.

Mrs. Stot (alias Leſingham) made her firſt appearance in Deſdemona, on Thurſday, November 18, 1756, but quickly retired, and did not appear on the ſtage again for a conſiderable time after.

Mr. Rich's Harlequinade of the Rape of Proſerpine was alſo produced, and attended with good fortune, as it filled the houſes for ſeveral nights to the weakeſt plays.

Douglas was firſt preſented in February 1757, and was well, but not greatly received or followed. Mr. Barry's performance was good, but his figure too much for that of the ſtripling; and he looked worſe for the youth by having decorated the ſimple ſhepherd in a rich puckered white ſatin ſhape breeches, &c. Mrs. Woffington, in tragedy, certainly had great merit—in Hermione, Jane Shore, &c.—but the woe-felt grief of Lady Randolph, neither her fine perſon nor accompliſhments, aided by novelty, could reach as Mrs. Crawford has done. The play pleaſed, but no more. Mr. Sparks was approved in Old Norval, but was not more

than tolerable. At that time I did not expect to see what has turned out so contrary—that Douglas is and will be, for the credit of the stage, a lasting ornament. The story is simple, natural, and affecting, its language elegant and beautiful; and the lessons that may be observed from many passages are worthy the attention and retention of the learned, the gay, the giddy, and the wise.

I will here drop my Tablet, as occurrences from this season begin my own particular stage history, to which volumes I refer for many theatrical anecdotes, either of others or myself. The Tablet I have sketched to a considerable length, it being meant as an informant for any reader of quality or no quality, actor or no actor, to know, (if desirous) in any year, from 1747 to 1757, what has happened either as to tragedy, comedy, pastoral, pantomime, theatrical revolutions, &c. The production has given me an amazing deal of trouble, perplexity, and labour. I wish all the materials had been in abler hands, I think something entertaining and improving might have been then collected; as it is, I can only once more repeat, that I am conscious of my own deficiency, and entreat for the many necessary allowances from the public, also from my brethren of the Sock and Buskin. I set nothing down in

LETTERS.

LETTER I. To Tate Wilkinson, Esq.

"I have been reflecting this *half hour* (and "let me tell you that half an hour is a great "while for a woman to reflect) on the predomi-"nance of *self-love*:—The eloquence of De-"mosthenes, the orations of Cicero, would never "have been known, had they not been actuated "by this *all-ruling principle*. When the uncle "of the younger Pliny fastened his pillows to his "head and ascended the burning mountain, did "he risque his life for *curiosity* alone?—No—the "*universal passion* caused his death: And what "is love of *fame* but *self-love*? When the be-"neficent man rescues merit from obscurity, or "old age from the stings of poverty, what is his "motive? Why, *self-love*—If he did not find his "passions more fully gratified by *dispensing* ric. es "than by *hoarding* them, the beneficent man had "been a miser.—Why did Cato fall on his sword "while Utica was free? Did he die to save or "serve his country? No:—But to submit to "Cæsar, or to death, was the humbling alterna-"tive—his pride chose the latter. When Vir-"ginius murdered his daughter, was it from his "love of Virtue? No:—his hatred of Appius, "and his opposition to the Decemvirate power,

" were his darling paſſions. When pretty Miſs " confines the goldfinch, in an embelliſhed cage, " and feeds it with her own dainty hand, is it her " love for the *bird* that prevails upon her to give " herſelf this trouble? No: If ſhe did not find her " own amuſements in its warblings, the "happy " commoner" would be left to ſeek its ſuſtenance " at large.

" I think Shafteſbury, in his *Moral Inquiry* " *into Virtue*, has almoſt proved that there is no " virtue at all; that there is very little independ- " ent of *ſelf-gratification*—And does not that de- " ſtroy its eſſence? I half believe, and till I ſee a " miſer part with his money, merely becauſe it " would make another happy, or a coquette ceaſe " to adorn her perſon, that her rival may for once " have an opportunity of eclipſing her, I ſhall " hardly be inclined to alter my opinion. And " pray, Mrs. Baker, to *what motive* am I to at- " tribute your having favoured me with the crude " indigeſted ſentiments I have juſt received? Why " to *ſelf-love* to be ſure: I like to hear myſelf talk; " (writing whatever occurs to one's mind *is* but " talking you know); the thoughts were natu- " rally produced by a chain of ideas with which " they were connected. I am alone, and throw- " ing them on paper has diverted me:—Beſides, " I had a mind to let you ſee I am not quite ſuch " a trifler as my laſt might beſpeak me; it began

" with a *loud laugh*, and ended with a *poole at qua-*
" *drille*, if I am not miſtaken, for I ſeldom *read*
" what I write—it is enough for other people to
" do that—Ay, and Heaven knows a great deal
" *too much* you ſay.—Thank you, Sir, that's gene-
" rous—I love my friend ſhould be candid with
" me.——The poſtman's tap—a letter from Lon-
" don—one from Mr. Wilkinſon.—I kiſs the ſeals.

" Yours, &c.

Edin. May 7. " ELIZA BAKER."

LETTER II. To TATE WILKINSON, Eſq.

" I THANK you, my dear Sir, for your con-
" gratulations on my arrival in Scotland, where
" by-the-bye I have encountered more perils than
" in a voyage to the Indies:—not to mention
" mountains, precipices, ſavage cataracts, and
" more ſavage men. I was locked up for near a
" week in a village, dirty, diſmal, and deſolate, by
" a deluge of ſnow.

" I think of quitting this town in three weeks
" at the fartheſt, and ſhall certainly pay my ho-
" mage to you in your kingdom of York; but
" not with the leaſt deſign of becoming your ſub-
" ject: all my campaigns ſhall end with this
" place, and my future operations be confined to
" my own principality. I am glad to find that

" your theatre ſtands its ground, though you are " ſo unfortunate as to hobble a little.

" I ſhall let you know by a line on what day I " ſhall be likely to ſee you. I beg my compli- " ments to your amiable queen, and the whole " royal brood. Believe me ſincerely yours,

Edinb. Feb. 16. " SAMUEL FOOTE."

LETTER III. To TATE WILKINSON, Eſq.

" I AM extremely glad I did not anſwer your " laſt letter but one, becauſe if I had, it would " have deprived me of the ſatisfaction of knowing " that my ſeeming neglect had vexed you; but it " was occaſioned by my going to Aberdeen, where " I ſtaid three weeks, ſaw a fine country, made ſe- " veral agreeable acquaintances, amongſt whom " were the Earl of Aberdeen, and the Governor of " Fort Auguſtus,—" though laſt not leaſt,"—and " brought home enough to make the pot boil.

" Mr. Roſs has been ill, but we expect him every " inſtant. He has ſent ſome people: Buck is one " of them; the reſt never bore arms with *martial* " *men*, and therefore I can tell you nothing of " their proweſs. You ſhall have a particular ac- " count of all our ſtate affairs for your amuſe- " ment as they occur.

" I have had a very extraordinary letter from a

" couſin of mine, who keeps a ſhop about ten
" miles from London; where he ſells every thing,
" has ſaved a good purſe, bought land, and built
" houſes. What could the odd ſoul mean by
" ſuch a propoſal! Perhaps he thought it would
" be doing his *noble* family an acceptable ſervice
" if he tranſplanted one of its branches from the
" ſtage to the counter! But it will not do: I had
" rather be a primroſe in the wilderneſs, than a
" polyanthus in a hot-bed. A counter is by no
" means my natural ſoil; though to be ſure I
" might find ſome pretty amuſements in his fa-
" mily, and almoſt as many employments as
" Scrub had: I might ſcold the maids, dun the
" tenants, and ſerve in the ſhop. Do not you
" ſee me with Fontenelle in one hand, and a
" cheeſe-taſter in the other? Then how comfort-
" able to be ſeated on an excellent new pillion am-
" bling to London in a holiday-week, buttoned
" up cloſe in a warm Joſeph, and upon arriving
" at a friend's houſe, pull off this dainty garment,
" let down my cherry-derry gown, (my couſin
" ſells cherriderries) and my cambric apron, then
" equipping myſelf with a cardinal three-quarters
" of a yard too long for the faſhion, and a rich
" handſome black ſatin bonnet, be ſtuffed into
" the gallery at the playhouſe, my own pockets
" replete with gingerbread, ſhrimps, and oranges,
" and my little huſband's provided with a bottle

" of charming rum punch: If we can but get a " front ſeat how delightfully will the time paſs " away till the play begins, ſurrounded by ſuch " ſubſtantial bleſſings. The honeſt man does not " know what a favour I have done him in refu- " ſing him. I ſuppoſe I ſhall have a few remon- " ſtrances from ſome of my wife uncles and aunts, " (for I can gueſs who put ſuch a project into the " man's head, I am ſure it was not his own, for " in the firſt place I know his ideas could never " reach from Surry to Edinburgh, though all the " couſins upon earth lived there; and beſides this, " he repeatedly aſſures me, *that no mortal ſoul* " *knows of his writing)*; but they may ſay what " they pleaſe, let me alone to anſwer them. Now " you are grumbling at me for plaguing you with " ſuch nonſenſe; but what can I do? You will " not give me a ſubject, and therefore you muſt " be contented with ſuch as I can find.—O! by " the way—what took you to York?—You are " horridly provoking, Mr. Wilkinſon! but per- " haps I may find a way to be even with you.— " Yet, hang it, men have not half the curioſity " that women have; at leaſt they ſay ſo. You " ſee I have had patience a great while. Dowſon " is at Newcaſtle; he ſent for the inimitable Rob- " ſon thither, and gave a very notable reaſon for ſo " doing:—he could not live without her. Let me " know (in confidence) what ſort of woman Mrs.

" Roach is:—She's here, and I believe will be " engaged.

" Why do you get up Saliſbury? It is a hor- " rid play—the Novel is worth fifty of it. Have " you done Cymon? It would certainly act well: " I admired it all in the reading, except Urgan- " da's end:—no ſtrong proof of its merit you will " ſay:—But perhaps I had ſpoiled my taſte for " paſtoral at that time, for I had juſt read Sid- " ney's Arcadia, though I cannot ſay I was quite " ſo enraptured with it as when I was a girl.—But " it is ſeven o'clock, and I have another letter to " write; ſo adieu, without any profeſſions, for I " hate them; and I ſhould hate you if I thought " you could have a doubt of my being, with the " moſt perfect ſincerity,

" your unalterable

Edinburgh, " and affectionate friend,

Oct. 21. " ELIZA BAKER."

" I have heard here, (but I do not much re- " ſpect my author) that Mrs. Roach is indelicate " in converſation; if ſo, I ſhun her like a viper.—I " do not think there can be a ſtronger proof of a " corrupt heart. I would ſooner keep company " with a woman of the town, whoſe behaviour was " decent, than with a Diana in fact, if I could not " diſcourſe with her without being frightened out " of my wits every time ſhe opened her lips."

LETTER IV. To TATE WILKINSON, Esq.

DEAR TATE,

"WHEN I thought that you had quite forgot "us, behold I received a letter, and a letter of a "very comic kind. Do you seriously believe that a "man of my age and *great gravity* will turn pimp, "and *procure* a young girl for exportation *? How "could you imagine that I would undertake such "a jobb when you have not even attempted to "make it *worth my while?* This is not an age "to expect services without reward. In short, "I must shift you from friend to friend. I spoke "to Mr. Alderman Forbes, (who is the Lord "Mayor once more) and he sent his bell-man "about, but he played me a devilish trick, for "next morning I had four thousand one hun-"dred and eighteen wenches at my door, to the "great terror of all my neighbours. However, "it has greatly raised my reputation with the ladies.

"I never go to a play, nor do I know the per-"son of any one of them, and am told I have no "great loss. One Dawson manages the puppets "in Crow-street, and Mr. Ryder in Smock-"Alley. Sheridan and Macklin are here, and "have acted occasionally at high prices; but this "is almost over, as they are in the middle of

* Mr. Wilkinson had wrote to Mrs. Chaigneau to engage a young actress.

" their benefits. As our parliament will be up
" in May, the town will grow very thin. In-
" deed we ſhould all be glad to ſee you and Mrs.
" Wilkinſon, and believe you cannot fail amongſt
" us of having a tolerable bed, with bread, cheeſe,
" and ſmall-beer.

" Mr. Acheſon is now in the gout, but will
" write ſoon. All my family join me in kind
" compliments to Mrs Wilkinſon, and believe
" me, dear Tate, your faithful,

Dublin, Mar. 13, " affectionate ſervant,
1772. W. CHAIGNEAU."

LETTER V. To TATE WILKINSON, Eſq.

" HA! ha! ha!——Be all attention.——The
" higheſt adventure!——No—you may untwiſt
" your features from the *furl curious*, for hang me
" if you ſhall have a word of it yet;—it is too
" good for the *beginning* of a letter, but it is a
" noble ſubject for the *end* of one:—I love to
" have a letter and a ſermon conclude as a jour-
" ney in a ſtage-coach does, with a *ſmack*, and a
" *ſpirited tight flouriſh*; or, as Captain Bobadil
" has it, with a *punto*, or with—in ſhort, with any
" other phraſe you like better.——How ſtrangely
" have you jumbled together *Providence*, *work-*
" *manſhip*, *admiration*, and *monkeys?*—Let me ſee
" if I cannot put it into a little method for you,

" and produce a well-turned compliment. Sup-
" poſe *me* ſpeaking for *you* now, and addreſſing my-
" ſelf to ſome fair lady—the agreeable Mrs. Baker
" ſuppoſe. " *Nature*, Madam! (*Nature* is a much
" cleverer word in this place than *Providence:*)
" Nature, when ſhe formed your Ladyſhip, la-
" viſhed on you her choiceſt excellencies, and
" diſplayed the glorious workmanſhip as a per-
" fect pattern of her art, and a proper object of
" *univerſal admiration*,—a *ſenſible*, an *adorable*, an
" *amiable woman*:—But *me!* Lord, Madam, ſhe
" took a quite contrary courſe with *me*;—the fly
" gipſey made *me* a *man*, Madam." There—now
" it is in a much better form, and *man—man* is an
" infinitely more ſuitable word than *monkey*; that
" is, when uſed as a term of reproach, as I will
" demonſtrate. A monkey makes us *laugh*; a man
" oftener makes us *cry*; A monkey breaks our
" *china*; a man breaks our *heart:* A monkey
" plays his tricks in order to *amuſe* us; a man
" ſometimes plays tricks which are not *amuſing*
" at all: We *command* the monkey; the man pre-
" ſumes to *command* us; but, in revenge, we *diſ-*
" *pute* his commands, ſeldom *reliſh* them, and
" *very* ſeldom *obey* them. I have often ſeen a
" monkey, by a pat of its pretty paw, procure a
" kiſs and a lump of ſugar from its miſtreſs; and
" I have known the ſame lady refuſe her huſ-

" band a trifling favour, though made with com-
" placency, and urged with politeneſs :—*ergo*, ſhe
" thought the monkey the more deſerving and
" *nobler* animal. You have ſo often and ſo ſtre-
" nuouſly diſclaimed all attempts to compliment,
" that I dare not accuſe you of it; and I fancy
" you will not give me an inclination to do ſo in
" a hurry, for fear I ſhould oppreſs you with as
" powerful a torrent of nonſenſe as that you have
" juſt encountered with.——Would you believe
" that I have been aſked by ſeveral gentlemen
" here (who profeſs a regard for me) to write a
" novel? They have promiſed five hundred ſub-
" ſcribers; but as I chooſe not to loſe the good
" opinion they have of my abilities, I do not in-
" tend to expoſe myſelf to the mortification of con-
" vincing them that I do not *deſerve it*.

" Take care of yourſelf, Mr. Wilkinſon :—
" Stand out of my way, Sir :—I have juſt mount-
" ed my *hobby-horſe* of *to-day*, (I may be tired of
" the beaſt perhaps *to-morrow*) and ſhall gallop
" and prance, and friſk about at a deſperate rate:
" I therefore repeat, (if you have not a mind to
" be horridly ſplaſhed) *ſtand out of my way*.——
" What can be the meaning of this ſtupid rhap-
" ſody? Lord how fooliſh that is now! Why if
" you interrupt me, I ſhall never finiſh my *ca-*
" *reer*. Bleſs me, Sir, " I never had a lover yet
" above half his age;" and pray let me introduce

" the poor man with a *pompoſity* ſuitable to his *re-*
" *verence:* And give me leave to tell you, Sir,
" that we ought to *reſpect* age; that it is by no
" means a ſubject for *ridicule*; and that we muſt
" *all* live to be *old*, if we do not die when we are
" *young*. I make no apology for introducing
" theſe ſentiments, becauſe I am certain they are
" extremely *edifying*, and very *new*. However,
" ſuch offers do not come every day; an eſtate
" of 200l. a year, and my ladyſhip to have been
" exalted to the Highlands,—a pretty manſion—a
" paternal one—a little in the Gothic ſtyle in-
" deed, but agreeably ſituated, and replete with
" conveniences; defended from the north by a
" *hill*, adorned on the ſouth by a wood:—as to
" proſpect there are neither *carts* nor *coaches* to
" be ſure, but a pleaſant *heath*, (perhaps) a glid-
" ing river, and the whole probably terminated
" by a *very good windmill*.—I love *ruralities*:—
" How comfortably might I have enjoyed my
" contemplations amidſt this pleaſing ſcene?—
" But—heigho! my perverſe ſtars! the idea of
" *ſixty-five* threw me into the horrors:—A hale
" man, however, and not frightful:—But it was
" impoſſible to think of him. I was extremely
" civil to him though—(it is a whimſical air wo-
" men give themſelves of appearing *angry* with a
" man merely becauſe he happens to *love them*)

"thanked him for his good opinion of me, talked "of *decency*, ſhewed him my weeds were not half "worn, never laughed once, and at laſt ſpoke "*very plain*.—I know your *humanity*, but do not "be concerned; I dare ſay my Highlander will "*ſurvive it*.—And ſo you call this concluding with "a *tight flouriſh*, do you? Why, yes, to be ſure, I "do; but not half ſo ſprighly a one as I would have "concluded my *venerable inamorato* with, had I "been miſchievous enough to have *married* him: for "I ſhould have had a mean opinion of my *conjugal* "*tenderneſs* if I had not led him ſuch a *dance*, and "turned his *Gothic manſion* ſo topſy-turvy, that "after a tireſome journey of about a *month*, (Oh, "it could not have been ſo *long* as a month!) the "poor ſoul ſhould have repoſed himſelf quietly "in the *urn of his anceſtors*.—One *ſerious* word:— "May the bare *thought* of *marrying* a man with "the hopes of *burying* him be far, far from the "heart of your *friend*,

Edinb. April 20. "ELIZA BAKER."

"My next ſhall be devoted to buſineſs; at pre- "ſent I have an hundred engagements, and am in "too great ſpirits to attend to it——I muſt go— "Adieu.—Mattadores, and favourite every deal, "or I would not give ſixpence for it."

LETTER VI. To TATE WILKINSON, Esq.

" As I presume you are come from London, I " send to you to entreat you to turn your post- " chaise *immediately* towards this metropolis, where " your presence will be, (as it always will be to " me) most welcome and acceptable.

" Some of the first personages here, with every " friend I have, have long since advised me to " wipe off a long score of old, and, I may add, " imposing and fraudulent demands, by taking the " benefit of the Scottish act of insolvency—I am " now at last about to do so.—This crisis will re- " lieve me of many untoward straits, in which " two large bail-bonds, which I signed for Mrs. " Bellamy, (who I shall ever mention with respect " and compassion) continually involved me. A " few days will end this matter; in the interim, " as the season here is now beginning when " money ever used to come into the house, " I know no moment in which you can be of " more substantial and critical use to YOURSELF " or *me*:—and that I may introduce your aid in " the strongest and kindest manner possible, I will, " when you come, tell the public, in whose fa- " vour I stand in the best light, that you visit this " spot to support me in my *temporary difficulty*.

" I am certain, as Foote has not been here " these two years, that you will attract the utmost

" notice;—*but catch the tide of ſucceſs*—I know
" you need no advice about the tide of kindneſs.
" Often, very often, have I repeated the favour
" to myſelf of drinking the health you thank me
" for:—Now you have no need to thank me for
" doing what I am ſure was meant to be done
" without your *hearing* of it.
" I have a good company.——When Douglas
" was under difficulties, he called upon Percy for
" his aid; and as Home's prologue ſays:——
" *For* Douglas, Percy bent *his Engliſh* bow."——
" So haſten with your abilities, which are arrows
" that never miſs. I am, ſincerely, your obedient
Jan. 21, 1777. W. DIGGES."

LETTER VII. To TATE WILKINSON, Eſq.

"DEAR SIR;

" BE aſſured it was very far from my inten-
" tions to *half* vex you; or to give you the leaſt
" reaſon to ſuſpect that I imagined you wanted de-
" licacy. In all my tranſactions, public or pri-
" vate, my chief objects are tranquility and repu-
" tation. I have no diſlike to *money*, but if *that*
" cannot be acquired with more than an equal
" ſhare of the *other two*, *why then let money go to*
" *the devil!* for I ever prefer my *private* to my
" *public character*. Mr. Weſton has a tolerable
" ſhare of the laſt, without a grain of the firſt;

" therefore I reſolve againſt all concerns with him " but when *unavoidable*.

" As to that gentleman's performing on the " 20th for Mr. Raworth, I can have no objection, " as I would wiſh to promote his intereſt rather " than ſlacken it; though he muſt be meaner " then I think him if he plays at York for *five* " *guineas*; and eſpecially after your abſolute in- " junction to Raworth to aſſure Weſton, that he " will *deceive himſelf* if he thinks of GETTING " MORE. Let the tranſaction proceed upon that " ground, and I think it will be for the advan- " tage of *all parties*.

" I reſove, if nothing unforeſeen prevents, to " turn my back upon Edinburgh on Thurſday " the 11th at noon, ſo as to be able to ſleep on " the ſouthern ſide of the Tweed; then I fancy I " may be able to come into York to a late din- " ner on Saturday 13; and, that I may not be " *ſmoaked* by any of the theatrical gentry, my firſt " dinner there ſhall be at an inn.

" You know my *forcible* characters as well as " I do;—you know the taſte of the public where " you preſide, and therefore make choice of plays " and characters that ſeem moſt advantageous in " your own judgment. I am told your catalogue " of plays far exceeds any of our theatres royal, " and if that be true, when we meet we ſhall not " be at a loſs to chooſe.

"Notwithſtanding you ſeem to be tired of the "correſpondence, I am reſolved not to finiſh it "ſo ſoon perhaps as you expect; and therefore "call upon you for three or four plays and farces "that you would recommend:—in *London* I "would determine; in *York* you ſhall;—the "greater the contraſts, the more agreeable, I ſup-"poſe, to your audience, yourſelf, and,

"Dear Sir,

Edinburgh, yours ſincerely, &c.
Mar. 26, 1771. HEN. WOODWARD.

"P. S. Pray do not forget my compliments to "Mr. Swan; and if you will introduce me to "Mrs. Wilkinſon a fortnight or three weeks *be-"fore I ſee her*, by *Jaſus*, my *ſowl* I ſhould *eſtame* "it as a very great favour."

LETTER VIII. To TATE WILKINSON, Eſq.

"SIR,

"I AM ſorry it is not in my power to comply "with your requeſt, to ſend you the corrections "lately made in Hamlet; but no ſuch favour can "be granted to any one, as I preſume the play "will never be printed ſo altered, as they are far "from being univerſally approved; nay, in ge-"neral, greatly diſliked by the million;—there-

"fore, no doubt, your country 'ſquires would be "for horſewhipping the actor that had ſtruck out "that natural ſcene of the grave-diggers.

"As to alterations there are few or none, "at leaſt *additions*, which alone make material "alterations. I can therefore tell you, the firſt "act being remarkably long, great part of it is "carried into the ſecond :—and the ſending Ham-"let to England, and the grave-digging ſcene, is "by that means cut out; and the introducing the "ſcene that has been long omitted, where Ham-"let intercepts the officer at the head of a party "going to engage the enemy for a bit of land.— "*That* ſcene reſtored, and the diviſion of the firſt "act, makes ample amends for what is cut out.

"No doubt Hamlet's conſenting to go to Eng-"land, and being prevented and brought back "by a miracle, is altogether abſurd, when his ſo-"lemn engagement with his father's ghoſt is duly "conſidered. However, as I have already ob-"ſerved, the million will like, nay, underſtand, "Shakſpeare with all his glorious abſurdities, nor "ſuffer a bold invader to cut them up.

"I ſhall be very glad to ſee you when you "come next to London, and at all times to do "you any ſervice in the power of, Sir,

"your moſt humble ſervant,

"B. VICTOR."

LETTER IX. To TATE WILKINSON, Esq.

DEAR TATE,

"IT is now a conſiderable time ſince I wrote "to my good friend Sir John O'Carroll, and in- "formed him of all the misfortunes that have "happened to my family, and requeſted that he "would be ſo good to let you know of them: "As I have received no anſwer, I am really very "uneaſy, particularly as I mentioned ſomething "that nearly concerned his intereſt: I muſt there- "fore requeſt that you will inquire about it, and "inform me.

"I was in France near a year with my wife "and Mrs. Forbes, whom I left at Montauban, "and got home in June 1775. My poor ne- "phew Jack had been a long time ill, and was "then at Mallow Waters. Alderman Forbes "went to viſit his wife in October laſt, but the "ſhip was daſhed to pieces in Wales, and he and "many others were loſt. In March laſt my dear "Jack exchanged this life for a better, and was "ſoon followed by his broken-hearted mother, "and your good friend my poor brother Ache- "ſon. You may eaſily conceive the diſtraction "of our family. My brother John has been "much affected, and my niece Hannah is, I fear, "in a dangerous ſituation from the immenſe fa- "tigue ſhe had with her brother and mother.

"My dear ſiſter Forbes, could not ſupport her "loſs, and laſt June ſhe followed her huſband. "This is too melancholy a ſubject to dwell on. "I know you feel for us all. Mrs. Chaigneau "and Mrs. Acheſon, (who lives with me) and "all the remainder of your old friends, deſire to "be remembered to you in the kindeſt manner, "and believe me,

"Dear Tate,

Dublin, Aug. 16, "your very ſincere ſervant,

1776. "W. CHAIGNEAU."

LETTER X. To TATE WILKINSON, Eſq.

"DEAR SIR,

"IF I had not a pretty ſhrewd knack at gueſs-"ing, it would not be quite ſo eaſy a matter to "anſwer your favour from Hull.

"You deſire to know if I had commiſſioned "Giordini to give a particular ſum (but whether "to a horſe, a man, or a woman, does not ap-"pear) for this or the next ſummer.

"Your old friend Shuter is locked up in the "playhouſe, and is ſoliciting a letter of licence "from his creditors, in which number I find "Jewel is included for ten guineas borrowed du-"ring the laſt ſeaſon: Fye upon him! I am glad "to hear that your affairs proſper. I have a piece "of three acts, not my own, which I ſhall give

"in the month of May, called the *Tailors*:—
"The ſubject is a rich one—the diſpute between
"the maſters and the journeymen of that reſpect-
"able profeſſion—and I think the author has done
"it exquiſite juſtice. It is a parody of the beſt
"paſſages in the moſt favourite plays conveyed
"with great gravity in blank verſe:—I think you
"will appear in it to advantage, and I ſhall be
"glad of your aſſiſtance. I cannot ſay I am
"quite ſo well as I had reaſon to expect: I
"thought myſelf obliged to give Barry a lift two
"critical nights, which injured me extremely;
"but I am now better, and, except the trifle of
"a leg, as much yours as ever,

Nov. 3. "SAM. FOOTE."

LETTER XI. To TATE WILKINSON, Eſq.

"I thank you for the florid beginning of your
"laſt letter but one, though I can neither admire
"the delicacy of the ſentiment, nor ſubſcribe to
"the truth of the obſervation. For Heaven's
"ſake, why ſhould not women be as deſirous of
"ſincere profeſſions as men are? Or why ſhould
"not even an indirect falſity, told to the former, be
"held as ſcandalous as it is acknowledged to be,
"when offered to the latter?—Would not that
"man be thought the veriеſt *poltroon* in nature,
"who ſhould draw his ſword upon one who had

" loſt the uſe of his hands?—What then can we " ſay of him, who by argu.ments equally *ſpecious* " and *falſe*, ſhall endeavour to impoſe upon a de- " fenceleſs *woman*, who has neither underſtanding " enough to repel his attacks, nor a poſſibility of " revenging them?——So much for *ſincerity*, my " dear Wilkinſon: And be aſſured, I have at leaſt " ſenſe enough to prefer it, (when it is attended " neither by ill-nature nor rudeneſs) to all the re- " finements which the moſt ſubtile politeneſs (di- " veſted of it) can dictate.

" I have had a miſerable cold, or I ſhould have " wrote to you *before*; do not grumble at this, " for I am ſo horridly out of ſpirits, you may " thank me for writing to you *now*.——Beatt has " taken himſelf to his brother's in Fifeſhire, and " lives ſecured from duns, upon the fat of a lean " land. The magnanimous Staley was left be- " hind us in Edinburgh; where he is employed " in writing madrigals to his own praiſe: *ſad* " ones they are indeed!—Mr. ——— is gone " to Aberdeen to paint miniatures, which the ori- " ginals may *fancy* copies of *themſelves*; and Lan- " caſhire draws beer oppoſite St. Mary's Wynd. " So that you ſee our company is but thin; yet " we have found our quarters here extremely " good, indeed much better than could have been " expected.—I am ſorry to hear you are inclined

" to gallop—depend upon it, my friend, you are " got upon a ſober demure beaſt, that will not " bear to be pranced with; take care then how " you put him out of his pace, for fear he ſhould " throw you out of the ſaddle.——I have no in- " clination to make this letter longer; take it " therefore by way of *bon bouche*, you ſhall have a " full meal preſently.——The concluſion of a let- " ter often occaſions more trouble than all the " reſt of it; therefore as I am vaſtly inclined to be " idle, you muſt take for granted, all the eſteem, " regard, friendſhip, and affection, which are uſu- " ally *expreſſed*, when you read the name of

" ELIZA BAKER."

" I do not know what you mean by your em- " phatic inquiry in regard to Mr. B———: He " is very well—but I ſhould be ſorry if you could " imagine me capable of preferring a new ac- " quaintance to an old one—or that there is a man " in the world, who has power to alter the *real*, " the *warm* friendſhip, which I have for Mr. " Wilkinſon."

LETTER XII. To TATE WILKINSON, Eſq.

" IF I had not been greatly engaged by playing " every night, and ſtudying two or three parts, " yet I have an excuſe for my ſilence, from the im-

" pertinent concluſion of your laſt letter.—*Every*
" *thing* muſt be impertinent in friendſhip which is
" not *ſincere*.—For Heaven's ſake why will you be
" perpetually teizing me with the idea of my ſuperi-
" ority, which, when you have ſaid all you can, is
" *but* an idea!——I look upon *politeneſs*, (proper-
" ly defined) to be only another name for *huma-*
" *nity*, which can ſcarcely exiſt, independent of the
" ſtricteſt truth: In conformity to this ſentiment,
" you will not wonder if I tell you, that the com-
" pliment you have paid me in your laſt is not only
" *impolite*, but *inhuman*; becauſe I am ſenſible I
" do not deſerve it; there is no truth in it: And
" can a generous mind ſuffer a more degrading
" mortification than from the having thoſe merits
" aſcribed to it, which it is conſcious it by no
" means deſerves?—Therefore for the future, a
" little more *ſincerity*, and fewer your *profeſſions*,
" I beſeech you Sir.———

" You tell me if I come to York I muſt have
" many diſagreeable things to encounter. But you
" may believe me, when I aſſure you with the
" ſtricteſt veracity, that Mr. Wilkinſon's conver-
" ſation and *friendſhip* would enable me to bear
" them extremely well, without any amazing
" ſhare of either *ſenſe*, *philoſophy*, or *good humour*:
" However, it will be ſome time before I can tell
" you my fixed reſolves; but let them be of what

" nature they will, I ſuppoſe you can have no ob-
" jection to my paying my compliments to your-
" ſelf as I paſs through Newcaſtle or York in my
" way to London a little time hence ——Adieu!
" —What ſatisfaction would it be to me, if I
" thought my arrival in Newcaſtle, would give
" you half the pleaſure that it will afford to

Glaſgow, July 13. " ELIZA BAKER."

LETTER XIII. To TATE WILKINSON, Eſq.

" Do you know that our correſpondence begins
" to grow extremely critical?—The people here
" wonder what we can write about ſo conſtantly,
" and really make ſome remarks which are pretty
" enough.—Your laſt letter but one was directed
" to Glaſgow, and returned to me from thence on
" the ſame day that I received your mad one——
" both at the playhouſe too—then what an uproar!
" " Good God, Mrs. Baker! What! two letters
" from Mr. Wilkinſon in one day?—both long
" ones too!—Bleſs me, what can he find to write
" about?——Sure you muſt have found him an
" intereſting ſubject?—we always thought Mr.
" Wilkinſon the idleſt correſpondent in the
" world." What anſwer do you think I give to
" all this?——Why, as Lady Betty ſays, I hate
" malicious people: ſo in order to afford their cu-
" rioſity all the ſatisfaction it deſerves—I juſt raiſe

" my eyes from the paper, and look at them with
" a vacant ſtare, as if I was ſenſible *ſomething* had
" been ſaid, but was too much abſorbed by the
" contents of my letter to know *what*——then
" fold it up carefully, depoſit it in my pocket with
" great circumſpection, figure out of the green-
" room, with a " God bleſs me, how extraordi-
" nary! For Heaven's ſake, Dick, haſten the re-
" hearſal, for I want to go home and write imme-
" diately."—then returning—" What were you
" all talking of juſt now? but I do not care what;
" *I am in that harmony of ſpirits it is impoſſible to*
" *put me out of humour.*"——But as it would be
" unnatural for a woman to appear *always* pleaſed,
" for fear they ſhould ſuſpect me of artifice, or of
" an *intention* to heighten their impatience for our
" mighty ſecret, I ſometimes ſit ſullen after read-
" ing a letter—bite my lips—read it again—then
" exclaim in a whiſper, (loud enough to be heard,
" you may be ſure) " Unaccountable!" And if
" any of them pretend to rally me, or want to
" know what is the matter——" Pray Sir—I beg
" —upon my word it is very rude——if *you* had
" met with any thing to make you uneaſy, I ſhould
" not think myſelf excuſable in teazing you."—
" Ha! ha! ha!—don't you ſee it?—And can
" you blame me for playing thus with their im-
" pertinent curioſity?——Heaven ſend I may

"not drop one of theſe myſterious letters—for "what a terrible figure would the poor mouſe "make if the mountainous ſecret ſhould be blown "up?

"I am very angry with you for your debauch: "you think that is the way to eſtabliſh your "health? Dear Wilkinſon take care of yourſelf. "——I have a thouſand things to ſay, which can "be only ſaid.——Mr. Bland and Mr. Didier "are in the room, and have talked to me ſo much "that they have obliterated every idea of what I "intended to ſay. I am ſo bothered that I am not "even able to tell you that you have not a friend "in the world that eſteems you ſo much as

Edinburgh. "ELIZA BAKER."

To the READER.

A Conſiderable miſtake having taken place in this Work, my duty calls on me to explain it in this concluſive page:

It is relating to the *rank* I have affixed to the name of Thornton, and dubbing him Colonel of the *Yorkſhire Blues*, where it was not right to do ſo. My being an entire ſtranger to the county of York, at the time I was honoured with the acquaintance of the gentleman alluded to, in my early part of life, gave riſe to the egregious blunder; but tho' I have unfortunately loſt my patron General St. Leger, who could have prevented my being ſo wrong, yet I am ſo lucky as to be ſet right by the favour of a letter, of undoubted authenticity, from a gentleman of rank and fortune, to whom I am highly indebted for his infinite politeneſs: it is as follows:

To Tate Wilkinson, Eſq.

"DEAR SIR,

"I ſhould be happy if I could give you the "leaſt aſſiſtance relative to the matter you have "wrote to me about. I can only ſpeak from me-"mory, and my then knowledge of the army.

" I was at that time at Portſmouth. Sir Robert " Rich's regiment of dragoons, to which I then be- " longed, was all 1758 in Scotland, except the light " troop, which marched into England on Thurot " with his fleet appearing off our northern coaſt, " and I marched with it, as Lieutenant, in Septem. " 1758. I knew Capt. Anthony St. Leger, in the " 3d, or King's own regiment of dragoons, who was " then at Portſmouth with the light troop of that " regiment. I am confident there then was not a " colonel or lieutenant colonel Thornton belong- " ing the horſe at Portſmouth, or in the Engliſh " ſervice at that time. If I recollect right there was " only one field officer appointed to command the " light troops upon the expedition that went out " that ſummer againſt Cherbourg, which was Ma- " jor George Warde, of the 11th dragoons, now " Lieutenant General Warde. In 1758 every re- " giment of heavy dragoons had a light troop be- " longing to it, which were detached corps in order " to be ſent upon thoſe expeditions; ſo that each " troop had only a captain, lieutenant, and cornet " ſent with it.

" You are miſtaken with regard to the rank of the " gentleman you mention. There was at that time " a *Lieut. William Thornton* of the 7th dragoons, " who was there, and went upon the expedition; " he was a man univerſally known and beloved by

" every body who knew him: He had lived much
" in the world, was very much of a gentleman,
" and very ſenſible, but was rather partial to his
" bottle.——I wiſh to be as particular as poſſible,
" as I think he was the perſon you mean. He
" was about thirty years of age, about five feet
" eight inches high, handſome face, and well
" made.——There was a circumſtance happened
" upon that expedition. Captain Lindſay of the
" 11th dragoons was killed; and General Bligh,
" who commanded upon the expedition, and had
" power given him by his Majeſty to fill all va-
" cancies that ſhould happen in the army, ap-
" pointed *Lieutenant William Thornton* to a troop
" in the 10th dragoons, which he commanded till
" they returned to Portſmouth, where Lord New-
" bottle, now Marquis of Lothian, came to com-
" mand the troop, being appointed to it by his
" Majeſty; the 10th dragoons being then his fa-
" ther's, Lord Ancram's, regiment.——The cir-
" cumſtance was much talked of in the army, as
" Thornton would not return to his former regi-
" ment or rank.——The latter end of that year
" we had in our regiment a captain who died, and
" Thornton was appointed captain in his room.
" Thornton died in London in 1765. I remember
" Captain St. Leger, (afterwards Major General
" St. Leger), was very intimate with Thornton.—

" Colonel Thornton, father to the preſent Colo-
" nel Thornton of the militia, who was member
" for York, uſed to be diſtinguiſhed by being cal-
" led *of the Yorkſhire Blues*, from raiſing a compa-
" ny of men who were clothed in blue in the time
" of the rebellion, with which he marched into
" Scotland."

THE END.

FAREWELL—REMEMBER ME!

W. T.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 21, Line 2, before *inſtead* read *where*.
—— 53, —— 25, for *9th of Jan.* read *8th of Jan.*

VOL. II.

—— 28, —— 10, before *ſuch* read *ſelf*.
—— 33, —— 25, dele *but*.
—— 130, —— 21, for *at* read *as*.
—— 136, —— 16, for *joy* read *jog*.

VOL. III.

—— 81, —— 1, for *promiſing* read *premiſing*.
—— 82, —— 26, for *Amicé* read *Amici*.
—— 166, —— 8, for *effect* read *aſpect*.
—— 222, —— 10, for *Swetart* read *Stewart*.

VOL. IV.

—— 5, —— 11, for *vgazers* read *gazers*,
—— 13, —— 25, dele *reply*.
—— 14, —— 13, for *Aprice* read *Mr. Apreece*.
—— 52, —— 4, for *received in* read *receive when at*.
—— 86, —— 5, for *that's tortur'd* read *that, tortur'd*.
—— 112, —— 3, for *Varnicè* read *Vainewit*.
—— 166, —— 18, for *Macbeth forty nights* read *Macbeth forty nights*.